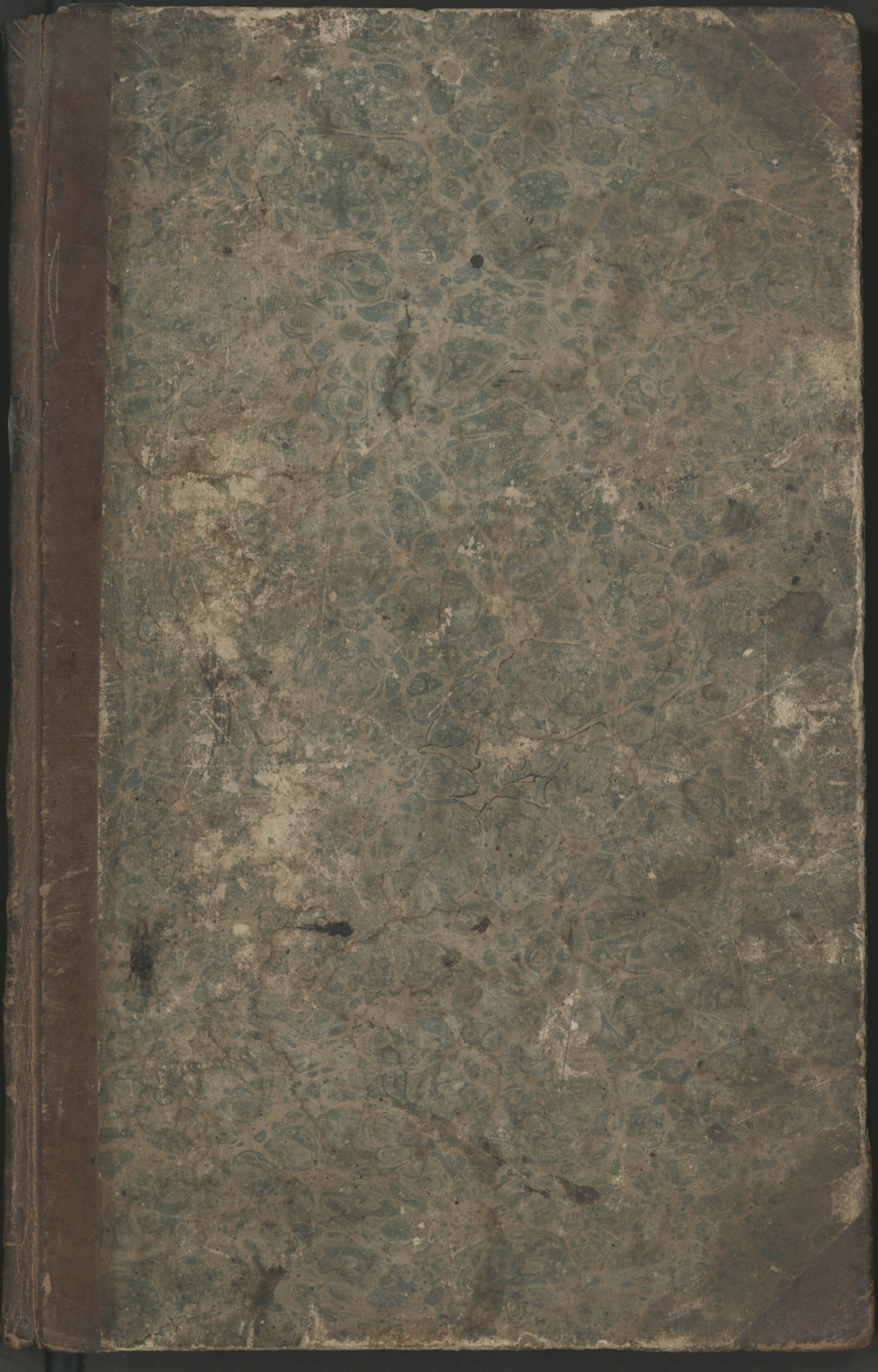

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Truth.—An old German song says, in accounting for the want of veracity among men:—

"When first on earth the truth was born,
She crept into a hunting horn;
The hunter came, the horn was blown;
But where truth went was never known."

An Italian frigate, with four hundred and six persons on board, was spoken by the Star of the West on the seventh, with topmast gone and in a sinking condition. The Star of the West layed by during the night and the next morning nothing was seen of the frigate. It is feared that she went down.

From the Liberia Advocate.

The Interior of Africa.

One of the missionaries to Liberia lately made an exploring tour of 623 miles, on foot, into the interior. He passed through thirty villages of the Goulas, Deys, Condoes and Queaks. He says:—

"Such a country as we passed through in that missionary tour I have not seen surpassed in any one of the fifteen West India Islands which I have visited, from Trinidad to Tortola and the Virgin Islands. It is an elevated, mountainous country. Ranges of mountain, running, most generally parallel with the line of the coast—from northwest to southeast—rise up before the delighted eye of the traveller, convincing him that he is no longer in the land of burning sands and deleterious and disease engendering swamps, such as are encountered in proximity with the shores, but in quite another region. And such are the gradual undulations of its surface as would greatly facilitate the objects of agriculture. There are few, if any, very steep acclivities—nothing like the bold, precipitous mountains of our Eastern States. Beautiful and extensive valleys lie at the base of these mountains, which gently slope down to the level country lying between them.

"It is a well watered country. During the eight hours travel which we were frequently obliged to perform in a day, we never walked more than two hours, or two and a half, at a time, without coming to some beautiful stream of cool and very pure water, either tributary of the St. Paul's or some other of the many smaller rivers which intersect that African Canaan. And here it may be proper to add, my attention was directed to an examination of the adaptation of these streams to the purposes of machinery, sites for mills, etc., and I hesitate not to affirm, that, within the Goulah country especially, any number of the most eligible situations may be found, where, at any time during the year, good water may be obtained for any one of the purposes which an enterprising community of agriculturists and mechanics may require. My journey was performed in the very middle of the dry season, and yet we found plenty of water in the streams.

"It is a well timbered land. Through an extensive forest of acres of miles, which lay in our return route, I was so struck with the gigantic trees of immense height, which reared their towering heads and united their luxuriant foliage in forming above us one dense and rich canopy, that I called the attention of the colored ministers of the Liberia Annual Methodist Conference, who accompanied me, to this evidence of the richness of the country which God had given to the Africans, and to which their exiled brethren were invited by many powerful considerations. I measured several trees, and my journal, kept at the time with scrupulous exactness, records twenty-three, twenty-four and twenty-five feet, as the circumference of many of them, within six feet of the ground. Let me here remark that the variety and superior quality of the wood found in these forests, and indeed all along the borders and around the settlements of Liberia, from Grand Cape Mount to Cape Palmas or Maryland, cannot be excelled any where within the torrid zone. From a species of poplar, soft and adapted to all the purposes for which the white pine is used in America, up to the teak, a variety of mahogany, a beautiful species of hickory, very abundant at Cape Palmas, the iron wood, the brimstone, susceptible of polish, for furniture, of great beauty, and many others, an almost endless variety may be found.

"It is an exceedingly fertile soil. The immense undergrowth of shrub and vine interwoven round the giants of the forest, so thick, and so impenetrable, without much effort, and through which a footpath only conducts the traveller, is the best proof of this. But the grains, roots, fruits, vines of the tropic, all concentrate here, and may be raised with a degree of comparative ease, rapidity of growth, and an abundance almost incredible.

"I have stood erect under the branches of a cotton tree in a Goulah village, as they spread forth from the main trunk, laden with bolls and supported by forked sticks, and found, on measuring, that the tree covered a space of ten feet in diameter. On examining the staple, as the ripened bolls burst into maturity, it was found as good and equal in fineness of its fibre to the cotton of any country. As to the coffee, I will only borrow the words of the report as a comment on themselves: 'Coffee, of a superior quality to the bes[illegible] Mocha, is raised in Liberia, and can be cultivated with great ease to any extent.' It is a country where tobacco, that great article of commerce, may be cultivated in any quantity, with success.

"But the region in the vicinity of Liberia is one of great mineral wealth. This remains for science fully to develop, but we may confidently arrive at the conclusion from what has been discovered. Of the gold coast, your committee say right when they assert that 'England has received altogether two hundred millions of gold from Africa. Liberia is adjacent to the gold coast.' But I would speak of what is better than gold—iron. And such is the purity of the iron ore obtained by the natives of Africa immediately in the vicinity of Liberia, which they describe as being abundant, that they have no furnaces—they need none. All their rude agricultural and warlike instruments are made by them of ore so pure that when heated it becomes at once sufficiently malleable to admit of being wrought into any shape or form. They make knives, bill hooks, cutlasses, spears, axes, hoes, etc., out of this ore without the process of smelt-

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From the Liberator.

Man's Nature and Development.

Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development. By Henry George Atkinson, F. R. S., and Harriet Martineau. Boston: Published by Josiah P. Mendum, 35 Washington street—1851. pp. 396.

This volume of Letters has just been put into our hands by the publisher. As yet, therefore, we have had no time to give it a careful and critical perusal; and such it ought to receive, in an ingenuous and fearless spirit, before judgment is pronounced upon it. This we are prepared to say—we are glad to see this American reprint of the work, as we shall be able to read it with our own eyes, and form our own opinion of it, whether to accept or reject it, in whole or in part. None of the American publishers have had the courage to place it on their list of publications, not because their consciences are peculiarly tender, but in consequence of its theological condemnation as an "atheistical" production by those who deem no injunction more pernicious than that given by the courageous, truth-seeking apostle—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good"—or by others, whose faith in God, notwithstanding a high religious profession, seems to be about the weakest thing in the universe. It is neither unpopular nor unprofitable to publish works in defence of war, slavery, superstition, and bigotry; and of the many publishers alluded to, there is scarcely one who is not ready to do so. But a work on science—a philosophical inquiry into the "Laws of Man's Nature and Development"—calling in question some of the theological opinions of the age, or rather of the ages, and attempting to show that they are not in accordance with truth or reason—that must be repressed, for the safety of society and the soul's eternal welfare! This is not to possess faith, but is a proclamation of its absence; it is not to exhibit conscious integrity, but rather a pusillanimous spirit.

There is no investigation which an honest mind fears; there is none which an enlightened mind condemns. The evil that is in the world is not that men reflect, that they refuse to be fettered by traditional teaching, that by searching they attempt "to find out God," but that they are generally disposed to take things upon trust, to blindly reverence the past, and to believe in the existence of a God as they accept of any other popular notion. An inquiring spirit is not an irreverent one. He who honestly doubts is not a dangerous member of society.

If any one can show, or thinks he can prove, that God is Nature without personality, let him do so. Who is afraid? "Is our faith," pertinently inquires Arch-bishop Whately, "based on the sand or on a rock? Is it too brittle to bear touching?" Our answer is, no! We entertain no opinion, advocate no principle, promulgate no sentiment, which is not honestly cherished, and which we do not at all times desire to be thoroughly tested. "It is our office," says Lord Bacon, "as faithful secretaries, to receive and note down such laws as have been enacted by the [illegible] of Nature herself; and our trustiness must stand [illegible]uitted, whether they are accepted, or by the suffrag[illegible] general opinion rejected." What is the precise obje[illegible] the volume before us is summarily expressed in [illegible]llowing table of contents: Letter 1. Inquiry for a [illegible] 2. Proposal of a Basis. 3. Preparation of the Groun[illegible] 4. What is the Brain? 5. Inquiry about its Structure. 6. Early Days of Phrenology. 7. Inquiry for New Discoveries. 8. Methods of New Discovery—Organic Arrangement of the Brain. 9. Illustrative Cases. 10. Organic Arrangement of the Cerebrum. 11. Dr. Howe's Report on Idiocy. 12. The Senses and Nervous System. 13. Illustrative comment. 14. Facts about the Senses under various Conditions. 15. Raising Questions. 16. Bacon on Matter and Causation—Inferences and Dreams—Associations of Ideas. 17. Nothing. 18. Knowledge and Notions—Results of each. 19. Release from Notions—Entrance upon Knowledge. 20. Natural History of Superstition. 21. Theology and Science. 22. Central Law and Pervasive Unity—Light—sense of Identity—Ghost-seeing—Unrevealed Human Relations. 23 and 24. Position and Privilege of Truth-speakers. To this is added a very curious and instructive Appendix.

These letters appear to be equally divided, in number, between Mr. Atkinson and Miss Martineau. Of the former, we know comparatively little. The latter is every where known in the [illegible] and reformatory world for her strength of mind, independence of thought and expression, fidelity to her own convictions, and rectitude of life. Her regard for principle, above all worldly considerations, was strikingly evinced during her sojourn in this country in the most perilous period of the anti-slavery cause, when she publicly gave to that cause her womanly sympathy and courageous support,—at the sacrifice of her great American popularity. Her testimony, at that trying crisis, was of immense value, and cannot be too highly appreciated. How far she may have wandered into the regions of metaphysical or philosophical speculation, beyond what appears to us reasonable and sound, we yet remain to learn; but our apprehension and regret for her will become positive, mainly when we find her disposed to compromise with palpable wrong, and go with the multitude to do evil.—In matter purely ideal and abstract, we claim for ourselves the largest exercise of charity, and mean to extend it to others. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Education of the Heart—Keep an Account of Your Own Conduct.

An old man named RULOFF was recently convicted of murder, at Binghamton, in this State, and sentenced to be hanged. He had once before been convicted of murder, the victims in that case having been his own wife and child; but the Court of Appeals reversed the conviction, on the ground that the bodies of the alleged deceased had never been found, and there was no absolutely conclusive proof that they might not be living. Subsequently, however, RULOFF was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State Prison, for the *abduction* of the same wife and child.

A great deal has been said, in the newspapers, about this case, on account of the superior education of the convict. He excels in his knowledge of languages, as well as in his acquirements in other branches of education; and the circumstance is thought to prove that mere intellectual cultivation has no moral influence.

This may not be true, without some qualification; for ignorant and uncultivated people are more apt to commit crimes than the educated and intelligent. But nevertheless it is certain that something more than mere intellectual culture is requisite in any complete system of education. The heart governs the actions of men quite as much as the head. Therefore the heart must be purified and ennobled. Boys and girls must be taught that to be high-toned and conscientious is the first requisite of excellence. How to accomplish this, how to inculcate this idea so as to make it always operative and effective—a living faith—is the great practical question which interests and concerns every parent.

We have seen tried, apparently with a great degree of success, the system of having children give, daily, an account of their own moral conduct. It was practiced in a day-school of boys and girls. At the close of school hours, every day, the names of the scholars were called over, in alphabetical order, and the question put to them successively, "Have you done anything, to-day, to deserve any black marks against your name?" And it was surprising to see with what frankness, after a little while, the whole school would tell of any—and apparently every—little dereliction of duty of which they had been guilty. The steady improvement of the moral conduct of the scholars was very marked.

We doubt whether there is, in the world, a person whose life would not be rendered better by the habit of writing down, every night, every wrong act of which he was conscious, committed during the day; and this, not for exhibition to any one else, but merely for his own inspection, as an aid to reflection, and as a quickener of the conscience. Any one who will faithfully try the experiment, even for a single month, will hardly differ from us in this opinion.

A Growing Nation.

When the first census of the United States was taken, in the year 1790, the population was found to be 3,929,827. By the census taken last year, it appears that the population of the United States is now 38,170,050—a trifle less than ten times what it was eighty years ago. The population of the State of New York alone now exceeds that of the entire Union in 1790. Fifteen States now respectively have a population exceeding one million. Illinois has 2,540,000 inhabitants; Ohio, 2,675,000; Pennsylvania, 3,500,000, and the Empire State 4,370,000. If we go on at the same rate of increase for the next eighty years that we have shown since 1790, we shall become the most populous nation on the globe, with the single exception of China.

WEDDING SERMONS.—Of these old-fashioned affairs, a writer in the Atlantic Monthly says:

"The practice of wedding discourses among the Puritans was handed down into the last century, and sometimes beguiled into rather startling levities. For instance when Parson Smith's daughter was to marry Mr. Branch (what graceful productions of pen and pencil have come to this generation from the posterity of that union), the father had permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her text for the sermon, and she meekly selected 'Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her,' and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild young sister Abby was bent on marrying a certain Squire Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, she boldly suggested for the text 'John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine and ye say he hath a devil.' But no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and the mother of another."

The rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a magnificent building; all the stones gradually cemented together. There is no one subsists by himself alone.

BORN POOR.

A well-posted gentleman, who spent an hour with us in our sanctum yesterday, in naming over the eminent divines in the Methodist denomination, remarked that they were nearly all the sons of poor women. We believe this will be found true with distinguished men generally. Look over the list of earth's magnates,—her royal kings of intellect, her lords of genius, patents of whose greatness originated in the courts of the Most High, ere this little world brought forth its mock nobility,—and tell us what proportion of those great ones were the sons of rich mothers? Very, very few. The best statesmen, the proudest poets, the holiest divines,—those thunders by whom the earth was shaken to its centre,—men who have dethroned kings and founded nations, the masters of rhetoric and elocution, the most profound philosophers, the bravest generals, the noblest authors, were nearly all the sons of poor women, some of them widows who suffered in loneliness and sorrow.

In our own day our best and brightest names have been given to little babes by the lips of poor women, their heads cradled upon coarse pillows, their little bare feet trained over carpetless floors.

Daniel Webster was the son of a poor woman. The first grandeur he knew was that of the hills that lift their granite brows in eternal worship toward heaven, the only splendor that of majestic clouds and leaping torrents, the triumphal entry of the sun through the avenues of golden glory, and his western march like that of a monarch, wrapping robes of crimson and ermine about him.

Cheer ye Each Other.

Cheer ye each other with words
Of mild and pleasant intent;
To strengthen the loosening chords
Of life with delight and content
The smile of thy sister recall---
Relieve thou thy brother's alloy;
Be loving, and throw over all
The sweetest emotions of joy.

Yes, cheer one another along
In paths ye delight to pursue---
A word to dishearten is wrong,
To those who are striving to do;
A breath is the pinion of thought,
And thought is the breath of the soul,
And spirit by spirit is taught,
With good or evil control.

Speak cheeringly unto the sad,
The wounded in heart and the poor---
A word of affection makes glad,
And helpeth the wronged to endure;
Disturb not the hope of thy friend,
If sorrow it maketh to thee,
But keep up the dream to the end---
In joy let his spirit go free.

Deal gently with others that err---
'Tis mercy that saveth the lost;
And all that thy love may confer
Can never God's bounty exhaust.
Oh! cheer one another along,
And joy and affection impart,
Unkindness of spirit is wrong,
But blessed the cheerful of heart.

Each life is a link in the chain
Of kindred humanity's race;
And sympathy softens the pain
And helpeth to bear it with grace.
Then cheer one another in gloom,
Since cheerfulness brighteneth care;
'Tis a short road to the tomb---
Oh! cheer one another till there.

A GREAT KINDNESS. The Royal Family (1761) run loose about the world, and people do not know how to treat them—nor they how to be treated. I have heard no bad story of the Duke of York. When he was at Southampton, in the summer, there was a clergyman in the neighborhood with two very handsome daughters. He had soon wind of them, and dropped in for some reason or other; came again, and again, and grew familiar enough to cut a bone of their mutton. At last he said to the father, "Miss ——— leads a mighty confined life here, always at home; why don't you let one of them go and take an airing with me in my chaise?" "Ah, sir," said the parson, "do but look at them—a couple of hale, fresh colored, hearty wenches; they need no airing—they are well enough. But there is their mother, poor woman, has been in a declining way many years; if your Royal Highness would give her an airing now and then it would be doing us a great kindness, indeed!"

POETRY.

For the Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The following lines came into my possession in 1861, and supposing they have not previously been published, I send them to you, thinking they may interest my Nantucket friends, as they have interested me. They were written by a lady whose name I do not feel at liberty to give. I may add, however, that she is a scion of the Quincy stock, a name well known and honored in Massachusetts history and literature.

Yours, P. A. H.

Beverly, Mass., Feb. 21, 1864.

NANTUCKET.

Why do I love thee, sea-girt isle?
Why is thy memory like a smile
Bright beaming from the heart?
Thy sterile plains are bleak and bare,
Nor do thy children breathe the air
That flowery meads impart.

E'en when stern Winter's icy chain
Excludes thee from the neighboring main,
Still, to their bosoms dear,
Thou, like the halcyon bird, art blessed,
Reposing on thy ocean nest,
Lulled by the breakers near.

Though shifting bars of sand surround,
And bursting through their wonted bound,
Impede thy liquid way;
No icy fetters bind the soul,
No barriers can the mind control,
The heart's warm current stay.

Can I forget that festal train,
When thousand flocks enrobed the plain,
As with a veil of snow?
In purity long may they be,
Meet emblems of thy history,
And wealth bestow.

The fisher's hut I see once more
On Siasconset's sea-gemmed shore,
So hospitably kind,—
Whose simple flattery pleased my ear,
More than the honeyed words I hear,
From many a gifted mind.

And Cliff, and Beach, whereon I strayed,
Upheld by Friendship's gentle aid;—
Moments too bright and fleet!
The swift-winged hours I still recall,
In Atheneum's learned hall,
Or mid exotics sweet.

And surely I can ne'er forget,
Where Friend with Friend in union met,
For God's best gift was there;
United souls on heavenly things,
Seemed list'ning for the Spirit's wings,
To bear aloft their prayer.

Long may thy moral atmosphere
As now be healthful, bright, and clear,
With an unshadowed sky;
Long may thy children sweetly sleep,
And while the Lord thy watch-tower keep,
Espy no tempest nigh!

Farewell! farewell! I owe to thee,
Thou unwrought jewel of the sea!
This humble lay of mine:
Still may thy kind affection's light,
Shine radiant as thy beacons bright,
A guide to thee and thine!

without the process of smelt-

VARIETY.

Farmers and Mechanics.—It is a perverted public sentiment that esteems the industrial pursuits more humble than clerkship and trade, and assigns to the producing classes a lower grade in social life than is awarded to the mercantile portion of the community. The adage of Pope, "Act well your part, there all the honor lies," is a sublime truth. It should nerve the souls of our farmers and mechanics, to assert the dignity of their callings, as the true and only sources of the public wealth, and to maintain their claim to personal respectability.—But to do this successfully they must cultivate their minds and manners, and see to it that in science and general knowledge, and in true refinement, they are not behind those whose delicate pursuits have generally secured the pre-eminence in personal adornment and social elevation. Let them take illustrations of Franklin for their model, emulate other mechanics who have risen to wealth, and high public respect, and they never will have occasion to be ashamed of their business or condition in life.

Cleopatra's Needle.—The motion of Mr. Hume in the British House of Commons, for an appropriation of £5000 to bring to England the granite obelisk called Cleopatra's needle, has been withdrawn. This interesting relic of remote ages has been lying on the beach at Alexandria since 1801, when the army and navy subscribed funds to carry it to England, but it was stopped by the Admiral on that occasion. Since that period the late Mehemet Ali has made a present of the column to the British nation, but it had remained at Alexandria for the want of the necessary funds for its removal. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion on the ground that Sir Gardiner Wilkinson said the obelisk was so injured, and the inscription upon it so obliterated, that it would not be worth the expense of removing.

Singular Discovery.—Dr. Read, a traveller through the highlands of Peru, found lately in the desert of Atacama the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, 5 or 600 in number, men, women, and children, seated in a semicircle as when alive, and staring into the burning waste before them. They had not been buried; life had not departed before they had thus sat around; but hope was gone; the Spanish invader was at hand, and, no hope of escape being left, they had come hither to die. They still sit immovable in that dreary desert; dried like mummies by the effect of the hot air, they still keep their position, sitting up in solemn council, while over that dread Areopagus silence broods everlastingly.

"The Horse that saw the Elephant."—A very remarkable case of the effects of fright upon a horse occurred in Franklin a short time since. A horse belonging to Joseph Palmer was grazing in the yard near the fence, when the elephants belonging to the menagerie recently in this city were passing along. The horse did not notice them till they were quite close to him, when looking up and seeing the huge animals he started back in a fright, ran to the opposite side of the yard, stood for a moment quivering, and then dropped dead. He was literally frightened to death. The extreme aversion of horses to animals larger than themselves is nothing new, but this is the first instance we ever knew of such a remarkable result.—[Norwich Aurora.

Young America.—"Father," exclaimed the hopeful son and heir of a gentleman of our acquaintance, on Friday last, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon his smartness in his scholastic studies—the youngster having attained eight years of age—"Father, I'm an American, aint I?"

"Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent.

"Well, father, you aint, are you?"

"Not by birth, my son."

"Well, then," exclaimed Young America, in a thoughtful manner, "when I grow to be a man, I will be able *to lick two like you*—won't I?"

Queer Animal.—When men wish to get out of trouble, they seek advice from a lawyer—the only man in the world who can make money by sowing dissentions.—When they wish for health, they apply to a doctor—the only man in the world who can make money by keeping people sick. Queer animal that human being—well, he is.

Rich.—The following is the concluding paragraph of the circular of Dr. T. A. Grant, who is a candidate for Representative in Austin county, Texas, addressed to the voters of that county:

"To conclude, I have earnestly to request that those who run their property to Texas to avoid paying their just debts, will please not [illegible]pport me. If I cannot be sent to the Legislature by the votes of honest men, I won't go."

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Dress.

While the newspapers are over-zealously engaged in ridiculing a proposed change in female costume, it may not be amiss to take up the subject of dress in general, and inquire what are the original principles that governed it, before fashion, pride, ostentation, and caprice came in to vary, modify, and new model it?

Health is obviously the starting point of all dress.—We clothe the body to keep out the cold—moderate the heat—ward off disease, and promote health; and subject to this consideration as a primary law, we vary its *mode* to please the fancy, tickle the vanity, or gratify pride. Any fashion of dress that interferes with the development of the body, also obstructs the development of the mind; and by generating disease in both, inflicts as much private misery as it produces damage to the public. Next to health, as a law of dress, is convenience; or the adaptation of garments to the occupation you are engaged in. Short garments are for quick and active business. Long ones are for show, ostentation and parade. Loose garments for children, allow them a full and healthy development; and the same rule, for the same, and *some additional* reasons, applies to females; modesty, of course, being an essential law in female attire.

An innate and natural taste is peculiar to women in all that concerns dress, and they seldom fail to make themselves attractive, dress in what fashion they may, and as a consequence, they have been left in undisturbed supremacy on this their own field of conquest and display; so that, with one exception, a rather too extravagant inclination towards what is gaudy and high priced, they may safely be entrusted with the exclusive management of their own costume; and as this has reference to the fabric, rather than the fashion, it does not even form an exception. Simplicity in dress is a beautiful trait of character, even in women. Too much ornament destroys all beauty. A distinctive dress for the sexes has prevailed in all ages among the most savage people, and seems to have its origin in nature, and an instinctive sense of decorum, that is one half of virtue, and more than one half of chastity. The best censors of female apparel, therefore, are the women themselves, and accordingly we leave them their supremacy, not only unquestioned, but confirmed.

New Hampshire and Vermont.

At the dinner of the Story Association, on the 22d of July, the Hon. Joel Parker, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, related the following anecdote:—

Many years since, there sat upon the Supreme Bench of Vermont a judge who although not educated as a lawyer, possessed very strong common sense. Sitting with him, in the county court, were two men, selected from the yeomanry of the country, who had even less knowledge of the science of the law. A case was called, and the counsel remarked that it stood upon a demurrer. "A demurrer!" said one of the associates, jogging the elbow of the presiding judge, "a demurrer! what does that mean?" "Don't you know what a demurrer means?" was the reply. "Why, it means *what of that?*"

This is as good a definition of a demurrer as can be found in any of the books. Upon this sally from Judge Parker, the Hon. Milo L. Bennett, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Vermont, related the following incident, which occurred in that State:—

On one such occasion, it is said, Sir, that when the counsel for the defence was zealously pressing upon the court, a certain decision, which, although ably argued, and well reasoned, seemed to him somewhat too fine spun, and not in accordance with his views of equity, the Judge raised his spectacles and said, "Mr. A——, where did you get that case?" "This, may it please your Honor," said the counsel, "this is in the first volume of the New Hampshire Reports." "*New Hampshire!*" said the Judge—"that is a good place for hired men, but whoever heard of going to New Hampshire *after law?*"

Cincinnati, which in the year 1800 held but 750 inhabitants, now nearly (if not quite) outnumbers Boston! The last census tells of its 116,000 inhabitants! Her imports, domestic and foreign, amount to upwards of $50,000,000, and her exports to $60,000,000 annually. She has some dozen journals and twenty-five weeklies.

The End of a Villain.—The assassin of Evangilisti, a Popish priest at Rome, is said to be a woman, who, having obtained from him at the price of her virtue, the liberation of her husband, took the first opportunity of killing the author of her dishonor.

Arkansas. — This is the only slave State that has doubled her population within the last ten years. In 1840 her population was 77,639—in 1850 it numbered 162,678. Such are the fruits of her liberal policy, a few years since, in securing to actual settlers a section of land.

HOW EGGS SHOULD BE BOILED.—Everybody knows Mr. Charles "Forbes" Claffey, of the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, and with what grace and courtesy he presides over the gentlemen's great parlor of that establishment—his tasty dress, the grand gold chain, the London made watch, (as true as the sun,) the brilliant diamond studs and the glittering ring on the little finger of the right hand. He was here last week attired in Ackerman's best and decorated in Tiffany's brightest, and suffered with us, in common, during the recent "cold snap," at the Atlantic Hotel.—To Mr. Forbes Claffey's imagination, the Atlantic hitches. He pronounced the beds hard, the towels coarse, the heating contrivances of the inn bad, decidedly, and the servants dull. He never could get his eggs done to suit him. On Friday last he called Apollo, an old darkey, and stated his grievance. "Here," said he, to the servant, "take my watch, and boil my eggs with it just three minutes." "Yes, massa," said Apollo, "I'll do that ar," and so saying he bounded off to the kitchen. In due time he returned, three eggs on one plate and the smoking watch and chain on another plate. "My God, man!" shouted Mr. Forbes Claffey, "what have you done?" "Jus what the massa tol me; boil dem eggs with it, jus three minutes, as you said, massa." The guests saw what had happened, and the table was in a roar of course. Apollo stood alone mute. He seemed searching for some solution of the sudden merriment of the breakfasting party. Mr. Forbes Claffey could not refrain from laughing at last, and turning to his neighbor, he said—"I am in the condition of the profane man, the tail-board of whose cart came out as he was ascending the hill, and spilt his potatoes. "There is no use swearing; I cannot do justice to the subject;" and so saying, he pocketed his watch and proceeded to devour his morning meal."—*From the Norfolk, Va., New Regime.*

ROMANCE IN REALITY.

THE essential romance of Garibaldi's character has been often enough observed by those who narrowly watch his career; but a recent incident in his life, if it be true, is one of the most touching and beautiful in modern history. It may not be true, but it ought to be. It would hardly be possible in England or France or America, but in Italy, where romance survives and people are not ashamed of it, it is not necessarily impossible.

Then again if it be not true, the readiness with which we all believe it might be, is another light upon our real estimate of the men who lead the great Italian movement of the hour. There are a great many men of whom the world does not naturally believe what is picturesque or poetic, however it may respect them. Lord Pam., for instance, could not easily be conceived as the hero of a romance; no, nor even his friend Louis Napoleon. On the other hand, Kossuth might be, and Mazzini. Lamartine would belong rather to the department of melodrama than romance.

The story of which we are speaking is of the return of Garibaldi to his island of Caprera. The island is small and rugged, and Garibaldi has lived there in the simplest and roughest manner. But upon his recent return to it after parting with King Victor Emanuel at Naples, a parting which was said to have been for some reasons not altogether friendly, he stepped ashore to resume his rough life in his partially tilled and primitive farm, when a kind magician seemed to have been before him.

Pleasant and well made roads and paths instead of the old ways; cultivated fields instead of the half wilderness; fences in place of thickets, and a neat, simple, graceful villa instead of the old cabin, saluted his wondering eyes. But passing through the miraculous change into the villa, he found its rooms suitably and amply furnished, and upon the parlor wall a portrait of the King with the legend upon the frame, "Victor Emanuel to his friend Garibaldi."

Is it not a pretty story, and ought it not to be true? Yes, and might it not easily be true from what we know of the two men? Certainly, as we were saying last week of the heroism and suffering of the brave sailors upon the lakes, there is really no need of going beyond the newspapers for tales of the great and beautiful qualities that make the epics of the world.

A BRIDEGROOM in Cleveland kept the wedding ring in his mouth during the first part of the ceremony, so that he could find it when the right time arrived. He mumbled the responses all right till the minister winked at him as a hint to produce the ring, when, in his nervousness, he swallowed it, and the marriage had to be concluded without a ring.

A YOUNG lady of Stockbridge recently attended a ball, danced till two o'clock in the morning, had a quarrel with her beau, went home, and died before noon of that day. The physicians say the symptoms indicated poison; and the question now is, By whose hand was it administered?

Religious Services Yesterday.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON—THE LESSONS OF HIS LIFE AND DEATH."

The life and death of the last Emperor of France was the theme from which Rev. Wm. R. Alger sought to draw lessons of profit to the edification of a large and interested audience in Music Hall Sunday forenoon. When great men fall, he said, there is a sudden pause, and the voice of Omnipotence is heard, saying, "Be still, and know I am God." Sultans, Popes and inmates of lunatic asylums sometimes assume for themselves divine prerogatives and imagine that they are gods, but in a few short years they pass away and their clay mingles with the common dust of all mankind, and the world learns that even these are mortal. In the life of Pius IX. or Louis Napoleon may be seen a drama; still to them life is just as commonplace and weird as to the humble seamstress or the drayman. The enjoyment of life does not consist in the social position which a person holds, but in the integrity of the heart. The deeds of great men, though more conspicuous, do not more really affect the destinies of humanity than the simplest act of the lowliest peasant. God has placed all men alike in this world on probation; every man to perfect himself as an instrument of the divine will and to use his every effort to aid others in fulfilling the same mission. In a certain sense man may represent God in governing the world by following the leadings of His providence. There is a class of truly great men who seem to be, at first, hand in hand with God in carrying out His plans. Alexander the Great, Cæsar and the first Napoleon are representatives of the outer man; Shakspeare and Plato are examples of intellectual leaders. There is another class of sham great men, who dream that they are great and mighty while gazing at the lives of the former class. Among the sham great men may Louis Napoleon be classified. He was rather the nephew of his renowned uncle than his own individual self. He brooded over his relationship with his uncle and contemplated his thought till he became no more a freeman, but a medium of his thoughts or "spirit," as some would claim. His error was in throwing himself back to the ideas of bygone ages that he might learn how to govern his people, instead of following and striving to inculcate the principles of justice, freedom, science and universal peace among his subjects. The great man of the present age should not try to govern a people with his own wisdom, but allow the truths of God to govern them. He should observe the providence of God and work in harmony therewith. Such was not the course of Louis Napoleon. Unlike most kings, he had noble ideas, but failed to be guided by them. That he was not a truly great man is clearly proven by his first act, in making himself Emperor of France by bloodshed, and for this act alone he will be stamped as one of the gigantic criminals of all time. Again, he chose for his companions libertines, gamblers and scoundrels, men devoid of every principle of morality; and in endeavoring to manipulate these for his own aggrandizement he was overpowered and became their besotted tool. His own habits and practices were licentious in the extreme. Gambling and trickery were resorted to by him in order to replenish the treasury and gratify his own vile propensities. He prejudiced one faction against another and wrung his tributes from both. He bribed the military, flattered them and pampered their tastes. Had he been a great man a different course would have been pursued. He should have surrounded himself with upright men and utilized science and art for the benefit of the nation. Glorious were his chances for blessing the world and he might almost have been termed "Second Messiah." God gave him the opportunity, but he declined. The worst circumstance in his guilty career was his temporary success and the influence it would have upon the world. His example puts trickery, sharpness and ostentation at a premium among men. He waged wars on a mere pretext and met with a terrible retribution at last. Indeed, his whole career is a striking illustration of the justice and retribution of God. There was no end to his sufferings. He was caricatured and stigmatized by the public press of the whole world; yea, his very statues have been torn down and trampled in the dust. But the Emperor is dead; a solemn sadness mingles in the sound. One destiny awaits us all. In charity would we draw the curtain over the faults and failures of this unhappy man and learn the lesson his life has taught us, the folly of selfish, outward ambition.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE public debt of the United States, less cash in the Treasury, on the 1st of September was $2,274,122,560 38, which shows a decrease of $9,206,279 60 during the month of August. The coin balance is $90,813,691, the currency balance $7,968,345, and certificates $16,738,000.

A circular has been issued by the State Department requesting all claimants who have not already filed their claims for losses sustained by the depredations of the *Alabama* to file them at once in the State Department. Notice is also given to claimants against the British government for losses not caused by the rebel cruisers' raids to send their claims to Robert C. Hall, Esq., in Washington, the agent of the United States to present and support such claims. The latter class of claims are to be adjusted by the Commission which sits in Washington.

On Sunday afternoon, August 27, the boiler of the steamer *Ocean Wave*, lying at the wharf at Point Clear, near Mobile, exploded, killing about sixty out of two hundred passengers. Out of seven persons comprising one Creole family six were killed. The captain, engineer, and pilot were killed. Only three of the officers escaped.

IF the plaints of the pawnbroker are to be believed, he is a poor loan man.

A PRINTER'S monument should be an imposing-stone.

"OUR relations with Prussia"—Cousins Ger-

A poor fellow, whose name was George King, lying in prison under sentence of death, in King George's reign, sent his Majesty the following simple but earnest petition for pardon:

"George King to King George
Sends his simple petition,
Hoping that King George would pity
Poor George King's condition;
And if King George to George King
Will grant a long day,
George King for King George
Forever will pray."

Such a poet was not to be hanged. His Majesty acknowledged the wit by returning a full and free pardon.

An old lady read about the strike of the wire-drawers in Worcester, Massachusetts, and said that of all new-fangled things wire drawers must be the queerest.

BLUE FISHING—Getting nary a bite.

A young man, serenading, sung the following under the wrong window,

"My dear Canora,
My dear Canora—"

Just at that point an old scratch poked her head out the window and sang,

"Young man below there,
Young man below there,
Your dear Canora
Lives four doors below here."

Lowly Pleasures.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Methinks I love all common things;
The common air, the common flower;
The dear kind common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

Methinks I love the horny hand
That labors until dusk from dawn;
Methinks I love the russet band,
Beyond the band of silk or lawn;
And oh! the lovely laughter drawn
From peasant lips, when sunny May
Leads in some flowery holiday!

What good are fancies fair that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto our happy years again!
But the white rose without a stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours.

E'en now, were I but rich, my hand
Should open like a vernal cloud,
When it casts its beauty on a land
In music sweet but never loud;
But I am of the humble crowd;
And thus am I content to be,
If thou, sweet muse, wilt cherish me.

A Singular Revenge.

The *Hudson* (N. Y.) *Star* relates the following:

"About forty years ago there resided in the town of Jackson, Washington county, a well-to-do farmer, by the name of Ferguson. He was industrious and frugal, but after a time became addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, and when under the influence of his favorite beverage, would be liberal to such an extent that he would give away any property which might be at his disposal at the time. Fearing that he would thus squander all his effects, a commission was obtained and the property placed in the hands of his son. When the papers were served on the old man, he remarked, 'You have taken my property from me have you, and are obliged to support and take care of me? Well, then, take care of me.' He immediately took to his bed and continued to remain there, day and night, for twenty years. For the first few years he would get up and shave himself every Saturday, and then immediately take to his bed again, but for the last fifteen years of his life he was waited upon as an infant, notwithstanding he enjoyed good health and was in the possession of all his faculties, mental and physical."

Devotion of a Daughter.

The Hon. WILLIAM SCHLEY, for many years past one of the leading lawyers at the Maryland Bar, died a few days ago of small-pox. His daughter encountered the risk of contagion from the dreadful disease, and remained by his side throughout his illness. The *Baltimore Evening Journal*, in announcing his death, says:

"Our whole heart goes forth to that heroic daughter, who has ennobled her sex by her courage in this terrible ordeal, and the sympathy of the good and the true will go forth to her who is as brave as her dear father, and who, throughout
'The anguish of her mute and fearful tenderness,'
heroically performed her duty."

CAN men be charged with thinking too much of this world when they trample it under foot every day?

THE deliberations of ecclesiastical bodies are conducted with the wisdom of solemn men.

WHY do fine ladies squeezing linen remind us of going to church? The bells are w-ringing.

IN what month do ladies talk the least? February; it being the shortest month.

WHY are clergymen like brakemen? Because they do a great deal of coupling.

"How happy could I be with ether," is the favorite song of the dentist's patients.

For the Boston Investigator.

Priestly Despotism.

No. III.

The indirect insinuation, that the people have the right of self-government, cost ALGERNON SYDNEY his life. How does our blood curdle when reading the awful sentence which the judge pronounced on that political martyr!—The clergy of the present day, had they the power, would inflict a punishment equally severe on him who should assert the right of the people to dethrone the Pope or revise the Bible. In the days of King Charles, the King was held to be as sacred and infallible as the Pope or the Bible is now. The enlightened man knows very well that the Bible is but a book, and Kings and Popes are but men.

It is as much idolatry to believe that a book, written, copied, translated, and printed by men, is the word of God, as to believe that an image made by man is God himself. The belief in the image is less dangerous. The idol is silent; it does not contradict the truths of philosophy, nor justify the crimes of men: while in the adored book are found commands for the commission of all kinds of folly and wickedness. The Protestant priest holds up the Bible to his hearers as divine and infallible authority, to which they must yield unconditional submission. He selects such passages as suit his purpose, and thus his own will is urged on the people as the will and law of God. In like manner, the Catholic priest proclaims the authority and infallibility of the church and the Pope. So long as the Christian clergy can *frighten* the [illegible] to obedience, so long they will rule, but no longer.

Wherever and whenever they have been resisted, they have been obliged to meet force by force, the same as other men. Nothwithstanding the large stories which they tell of terrible things that were done in old times, they can no longer call down fire from heaven or roll back seas to destroy armies. They tell us that the prophets of Baal were put to death because they could not bring down fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice on the altar. Would not the Pope himself and the whole pack of the Christian clergy, Catholic and Protestant, suffer the same fate if *they* were put to the same test?

The present state of politics at Rome is enough to show any man, if he be not as blind as an owl and stupid as an ass, that the claim of the Pope to divinity and infallibility is all a humbug. He, the boasted vicegerent of God on earth, is in reality the miserable vassal of the President of France! His own people, had it not been for the protection of foreign bayonets, would ere this have torn the tiara from his head, and sent him and his cardinals to prison or the tomb. We will leave the old man at Rome, alone in his troubles. His French guards cannot save him from the grave He must die some day, and then some other cardinal will become the *vicegerent of France at Rome.*

Having disposed, for the present, with the holy man at Rome, we will turn our attention to King James's holy book "appointed to be read in churches." This book begins with an account of the creation of a world which which we know nothing about—a world where light was separated from darkness, the one called day and the other night; where there were evenings and mornings without a sun, is not the world that we live in at all. The earth of that world was covered by "a firmament" in which its sun, moon, and stars were placed. This firmament, it seems, was a kind of water-tight ceiling, which separated the waters which were above the firmament from the waters which were under the firmament. Surely, there is no such structure in our universe!

What put it into the head of this cosmographer to invent an upper ocean, might at first appear mysterious; but it afterwards proved of great use in furnishing water to drown the world, when the windows of heaven were opened and the fountains of the great deep were broken up. If it be meant that it was our earth that was thus flooded, it is difficult to imagine what has become of the vast quantity of water that once covered the tops of the highest mountains. It does not appear to be contained in our atmosphere, which, with all its moisture, only balances about thirty-three feet of water. According to the story, those waters were forty days in falling, but it took about a year to dry them up again. It would require a strong heat a long time, according to our present philosophy, to evaporate twenty-six thousand feet of plomb water. If the monuments of nature and the monuments of art can prove any thing, they *do prove* that no such event as the flood has taken place on *our earth* within the last six thousand years.

From the story of the three sons of Noah, the Christian priests profess to account for the existence of the red, white, and black races of men; and from an incident of this fabulous affair, they justify the perpetual servitude of the blacks. I will here close this article, with a repetition of an idea before expressed, that there is no security for the continuance of human liberty, personal, political, or religious, so long as the ignorance and superstition of mankind make them the victims of priestly deception.

A RATIONAL PURITAN.

Salem, Columbiana Co., (Ohio,) July 20th, 1851.

A TOURIST recently found, in a New Jersey graveyard, a plain tombstone with the following inscription: "Julia Akon, died of thin shoes, April 18, 1829, aged nineteen."

POETRY.

Birds.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh! the sunny summer time!
  Oh! the leafy summer time!
Merry is the bird's life,
  When the year is in its prime!
Birds are by the water-falls
  Dashing in the rainbow spray;
Every where, every where,
  Light and lovely there are they!
Birds are in the forest old,
  Building in each hoary tree;
Birds are on the green hills;
  Birds are on the sea!

On the moor and in the fen,
  'Mong the whortleberries green;
In the yellow furze-bush,
  There the joyous bird is seen;
In the heather, on the hill,
  All among the mountain thyme;
By the little brook-sides,
  Where the sparkling waters chime
In the crag; and on the peak,
  Splintered, savage, wild and bare,
There the bird with wild wing,
  Wheeleth through the air.

Wheeleth through the breezy air,
  Singing, screaming in his flight,
Calling to his bird-mate,
  In a troubleless delight!
In the green and leafy wood,
  Where the branching ferns up-curl
Soon as is the dawning,
  Wakes the mavis and the merle;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough;
  Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;
Wakes the mother ring dove
  Brooding on her nest!

Oh! the sunny summer time!
  Oh! the leafy summer time!
Merry is the bird's life
  When the year is in its prime!
Some are strong and some are weak;
  Some love day and some love night;
But whate'er a bird is,
  Whate'er loves—it has delight
In the joyous song it sings;
  In the liquid air it cleaves;
In the sunshine, in the shower;
  In the nest it weaves!

Do we wake, or do we sleep;
  Go our fancies in a crowd
After many a dull care—
  Birds are singing loud!
Sing then linnet; sing then wren;
  Merle and mavis, sing your fill;
And thou, rapturous skylark,
  Sing and soar up from the hill;
Sing, oh! nightingale, and pour
  Out for us sweet fancies new!
Singing thus for us, birds,
  We will sing for you!

The Man.

Is a man a bit the better,
  For his riches, golden gains,
  For his acres and his palace?
  If his inmost heart is callous,
    Is a man a bit the better?

And if the man's no bit the better,
For his coffers and his mines,
For his "purple and fine linen,"
For his vineyard and his vines?
Why do thousands bow the knee,
And cringe in mean servility
  If the man's no bit the better?

Is the man a bit the worse
  For a lowly dress of rags?
  Though he owns no lordly rental,
  If his heart is kind and gentle,
    Is a man a bit the worse?

And if the man's no bit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an ever empty pocket,
And a brawny working hand;
Why do thousands pass him by
With a cold and scornful eye,
  If the man's no bit the worse?

A MOSQUITO STORY.—Two Irishmen, stopping at the Island House, Toledo, lit their gas, and, with windows open, sat down to enjoy a chat. The hungriest of Toledo mosquitoes soon flocked in and drove them desperate. The clerk, who was summoned to devise some defence against them, told them to close the windows and put out the gas. They acted on the suggestion and placed themselves between the sheets. Just as they began to dose, a lightning bug, which had strayed into the room, caught the eye of one of the travellers. He aroused his companion with a punch. "Jamie, it's no use. Here is one of the craturs sarchin' for us wid a lantern."

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—There is no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal a gift as the Irish. When Leitch Ritchie was travelling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back. "If you are in want," said Ritchie, with some degree of peevishness, "why don't you beg?" "Sure, it's begging I am yer honor!" "You didn't say a word." "Ov course not, yer honor; but see how the skin is speaking through the hole in my trousers! and the bones cryin' through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starin' in me eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?"

The Late Mr. John Walter, Jr.—The Uncertainty of Life.

[From the New York Times.]

We have seldom published a sadder story than that which we copied yesterday from the London *Times*. A young man of the highest promise, surrounded by all the circumstances which could render life attractive to himself or useful to others. had safely escaped all the dangers incidental to a voyage round the world, only to perish in a sheet of ornamental water in front of his father's house. It is a startling illustration of the uncertainty of life. Mr. JOHN WALTER, M. P., [the proprietor of the London *Times*,] had devoted more than twenty years of care to the training and education of his son. The father is himself a most conscientious and truly pious man, and although such fathers are rarely blessed with children who walk in their steps, yet in this case the fruits of a wise training were unusually rich and abundant. The younger Mr. WALTER was, from his youth up, one of the best sons a father ever had. He approached the serious business of life in an earnest, high-minded, God-fearing spirit, knowing well that the position which he was destined to fill was one involving the greatest responsibilities, and desiring honestly to prepare himself for a proper discharge of his duties. He had spent his time well at Eton, and at Christchurch, Oxford, and had afterward gained that knowledge of the world without which mere book learning is of little worth, and which can only be acquired by judicious travel. In 1866 he first visited this country with his father, and was so true an appreciator and admirer of it that, had he lived, there would have been at least one faithful friend of America and Americans connected with the London *Times*.

He had been home but one day and night from a second and more protracted tour, embracing all the principal cities of the world, when the brilliant promise of his life was suddenly eclipsed. On Christmas Eve, Bearwood, his father's noble seat, was filled with guests, and Mr. WALTER, with some brothers and cousins, went skating upon a lake in front of the house—a lake made by the young man's grandfather for the purpose of adding to the picturesqueness of the grounds. Mr. WALTER'S brother and cousin fell through the ice, and he went to save them. Although apparently using every care, he also fell in, and almost immediately sank to rise no more—in sight of his father and all his family. Well may a surviving friend say of this calamity: "It is one of those dispensations of Providence of which we can see nothing but the mystery, and which it needs the strongest faith to support with resignation." It would be idle for strangers to attempt to mitigate a loss which is irreparable, and which must necessarily plunge the family of the deceased into bitter and lasting grief; but the bereaved father may find some consolation in remembering that his son always cherished for him a most tender and touching affection, that his life was a pure and blameless one, and that his actions were always guided, not merely by the standard of honor which prevails among men, but by the higher and nobler doctrines of religious faith. The recollection of such a son cannot be altogether a sad one, nor will such a man as the father, though heavily afflicted, mourn "as one without hope."

A Bachelor's Lament.

[From the Boston Herald.]

A breath of terrible suspicion comes from New York. A gentleman at a fashionable party was admiring the dress of a pretty woman, when a female friend informed him that she had seen that identical dress and those identical ornaments on another lady at a ball in New York recently. "It's getting to be quite a trade in New York to rent out ball dresses, and it has been extensively introduced here this winter. It is done very quietly, of course, but very largely." At this rate marriage becomes more of a venture than ever. One might formerly be deceived in character, but he thought he was sure of the clothes. Going to a party in a hired liveried carriage, with a hired wardrobe and an enamelled face, is indeed keeping up appearances.

Dr Daniel Ruſsell

1837			
April 26	1/4 lb S H Tea 14 — 10 lbs Sugar 1$ —	1	14
"	1/2 " H Tea 35 — 1/4 " Candy 6 —		41
"	1 Bottle Ink 13 — 1/4 " Caſsia 8 —		21
21	1/2 gl Molaſses 24 — 1/4 lb Saleratus 3 —		27
27	1 " " 48 — 1 Safety Chain 50 —		98
"	1/4 lb Candy 6 — 1 Bottle Sweet Oil 28 —		34
30	10 lbs Sugar 1$ 1 Gall Molaſses 48	1	48
May 10	1/4 " Saleratus 3 — Snuff 2 — 1 doz Eggs 18 —		23
"	1/4 " Caſsia 10 — 1 Gall Molaſses 48 —		58
June 4	1 Box Mustard 20 — 1 Gall Molaſses 48 —		68
9	10 lbs Sugar 1$ 1/2 lb Starch 8 — Salt 4 —	1	12
18	1/2 Quire Paper 15 — 1/2 lb Ginger 6		21
"	1/4 lb Saleratus 3 — 1 Gall Molaſses 48 —		51
28	1/4 " " 3 — 1/4 Saleratus 3 —		6
July 1	1 Box Matches 8 — 1/4 " 3 —		11
10	1 Gall Molaſses 48 — 1/4 lb Candy 6 —		54
	1/4 Saleratus 3 + Pins 8 — 1/2 lb Tea 35 —		46
24	1 Box Matches 8 — 1 String Beads 75		83
27	Starch 8 — Butter 28 — Ginger 6 — Sal 6 —		48
"	Caſsia 10 — " 14 — 1/2 lb H Tea 28 —		52
Aug 7	1 oz Nutmegs 13 — Saleratus 3 — do 3 —		19
25	Salt 4 — Saleratus 3 — do 3 — Nutmegs 13 — Mace 37 —		60
	1/4 lb H Tea 18 — Cider 6 — Saleratus 3 —		27
Sept 9	1 Pt Brandy 13 — 2 lbs Ginger @ 9 —		38
Oct 3	1 lb Pepper 25 — 3 Bottles @ 4 1/4 lb S Savory 10 —		54
"	1 Bottle Pepper Sauce 25 — 3 Bottles Peppermint 15 —		40
	1 Box Mustard 20 — Ginger 4 — Saleratus 3 —		27
7	Paper 10 — Caſsia 8 — 1/2 lb Y H Tea 28 —		46
	Saleratus 3 — 3 Doz Buttons @ 6¼ Pepper 7 —		28
18	" 3 — Salt 4 — 1 Gall Molaſses 48 —		55
Nov 4	1/2 lb Tea 28 — Saleratus 3 — Wafers 3 —		34
	Paper 25c — 9th — Tea 14c — 17th Molaſses 48c —		87
	Ginger 6c — Celeratus 3c — Tea 28c — Sugar 10c —		47
Dec 6th	1/2 lb O Hyson Tea 70d — 11th — qt Molaſses 12c —		47
		17	25
1837 Dec 18th	Bottle S Oil 50c — Gall Molaſses 48c —		98
28th	Celeratus 3c — Salt 4c — Tea 28c —		35
	1/2 lb Y Hyson Tea 55c — Pepper 4 — Tea 35c —		69
Jan 8th	1/4 lb Celeratus 3c — 1/4 lb do — 3c — Rottenstone 3c — Paper & Snuff 22c —		31
		2	33

Priests and Priestcraft.

The following extract from Warren's "Para on the Amazon" shows the superstition which prevails in Northern Brazil :—

"The chief executive of the province is termed a 'Presidente,' and receives his appointment direct from the emperor.

"In the selection of officials no regard whatever is paid to color. The president himself was a full-blooded mulatto, and not only that, but he was reputed to be the son of a *padre* ; and as the *padres* are excluded from matrimony by the statutes, his genealogy certainly cannot be of the *most honorable* character.

"All are obliged to do military duty at Para ; none are exempted from this service but *padres* and slaves ; and as the duty is very onerous, it becomes quite desirable to assume the garb of a priest. Consequently it is not so much to be wondered at that the number of these 'pious and highly favored individuals' in the city alone amounts to several hundreds.

"'But how, under the heavens, do so many of them earn a livelihood?' methinks I hear the reader exclaim. This doubtless would be difficult indeed, in such a heathen community, by the practice of the principles of religion and virtue alone. To tell the truth, they do not earn their living by the practice, but by the 'practises' of their profession. Superstition aids them in the imposition by which they ensnare the uususpecting natives, and wring from them the earnings of their industry and labor.

"The most profitable branch of their profession is that of consecrating small stones, shells, and other articles of trifling value, and then vending them to the natives at enormous sums. as sovereign charms against certain diseases or evil spirits. We noticed that every black or Indian we encountered in the streets had more or less of these baubles strung about his neck. Even Chico, our invaluable cook at Nazere, had at least a dozen of them, for which he paid as many dollars, and sincerely believed in their power of warding off the different evils for which they were severally intended. Whenever one of these 'holy trifles' is found in the streets, it is immediately carried by the finder to one of the churches, and there suspended on a certain post, where the original owner, may, in his search, recover it again."

* * *

REV. JESSE LEE'S WIT.—Mr. Lee was a Methodist parson of the old school. He lived in an age when it was not considered a sin for ministers to have some wit and use it. In the pulpit, and out of it, he had his joke when he got a chance. Mr. Stevens, in his memoir of Mr. Lee, gives one or two samples of his wit. These are copied into the Christian Times. The story runs on this wise :—Mr. Lee was riding from Boston to Lynn, and on the road was overtaken by two Boston lawyers. The profession of each was soon known, and in reply to a query if Mr. Lee ever made a mistake in his preaching, and if so if he rectified it, Mr. Lee answered that he did make mistakes sometime, and if trivial, he did not stop to correct them. "For instance," said the preacher, "I went to quote the text, 'all *liars* shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone,' and by mistake I said, 'all *lawyers*,' and it was so nearly true I did not think it worth while to correct it." So far Mr. Stevens. But the lawyer turned and asked the reverend preacher if he knew the reason why in heaven men and women "neither married nor were given in marriage?" But the parson could not tell. "Because," said the lawyer, "*there are no clergymen there to celebrate the banns!*"—]Post.

* * *

THE SUNDAY IN GERMANY.—In a notice of the Autobiography of Bretschneider, the eminent German Theologian, one of the editors of the New York Tribune gives the following account of his Sunday habits :—

"Though an effective preacher and most industrious student, he also took care to give exercise to the body, and for this purpose was exceedingly fond of bowling.—At Gotha he was employed to preach in the forenoons, and as the bowling-alley was near the church, would go from divine service and spend the rest of the Sunday at his favorite amusement. This was noisy, and distracted the congregation, who in the afternoon were edified by another clergyman. They presented Bretschneider with a petition, not to leave off bowling on Sunday altogether, but to postpone it till after the services in the afternoon. The story, which is recalled to us by seeing the announcement of his autobiography, affords a curious illustration of the difference in the German view of Sunday from that of the more puritanic Christians of America."

* * *

THE POPE AND THE BIBLE.—The Pope has issued an edict that whoever is found guilty of bringing into or trying to carry into Rome, any copy of the word of God in the Italian language, shall be sent to the galleys for four years.—[American Messenger.

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SPRING'S FIRST GIFT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Oh! Spring, if thou hadst nothing brought
  Save thy sweet self to win us,
If only thy fair hand had wrought
  A spell of beauty in us,
Need were that we should sing thy praise,
  Who thrill to thy caresses,
And feel the gladness of the days
  That all our beings blesses!

For we had thought thy coming slow,
  And had no heart to wait thee!
Forgive us, love, since long ago
  We all went out to meet thee.
We went by each untrodden way,
  We sought in silent places,
For well we knew our patient faith
  Should find thy flower traces!

And, hidden half by sere dead leaves,
  We saw a vine-life growing;
Sure never fullest Autumn sheaves
  Awakened joy so glowing.
Hereafter Summer's roses may
  In red or white salute us,
But this is Memory's crowning day,
  The day we found arbutus!

Oh! clover on the meadow slopes,
  Oh! daisies by the river,
Oh! little bud to light that opes,
  Oh! cedar green forever!
Not one so wins our heart to day
  As this, whose brown disguises
Of withered leaves and lances gray
  Gave us such glad surprises.

So shy and sweet beneath our feet,
  Green leaves and waxen flowers,
The snow-white, blushing pink to meet
  Such looks of love as ours!
And Spring no more may hide away,
  Nor shun our smiling faces,
Since linger wheresoe'er she may,
  We know her trysting places.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Welcome Home to Miss Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College.

Hail, daughter of Science! fair child of our isle!
Loving hearts greet thy voice and are cheered by thy smile,
In joy and in brightness, like sunbeams they come,
We welcome, we welcome, we welcome thee home!
  "Home, home, sweet, sweet home!"
  We welcome, we welcome, we welcome thee home.

'Tis thy glory to mark the comet's wild track,
And ours to give thee the sweet welcome back;
May the echo ring out in thy night watches lone,
We welcome, we welcome, we welcome thee home!
  "Home, home, sweet, sweet hom."

We boast many jewels; broadcast they are strewn,
Who share as a birthplace our lone ocean home;
But thou of them all art the true, rarest gem,
That sparkles and gleams in the bright diadem!
  "Home, home, sweet, sweet home!"

We hail thee with gladness, thou bright beaming star!
Thy light shines upon us and still streams afar;
Other lands give thee praises, but yet there are none
Save ourselves, who can give thee the true welcome home!
  "Home, home, sweet, sweet home!"
  We welcome, we welcome, we welcome thee home.

**

Selections.

Among the stories told of General Thomas, is one of an incident which occurred when he and his chief of staff, General Garfield, were inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga in 1863. They heard a shout, "Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you," and General Thomas found that he was the person addressed, by an uncouth back-woods, East Tennessee soldier. He stopped, and the dialogue which ensued was as follows :—

"Mister, I want to get a furlough."

"On what grounds do you want a furlough my man?"

"I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long since you saw your wife?"

"Ever since I enlisted, nigh on to three months."

"Three months!" good naturedly. "Why my good man, I havn't seen my wife for three years."

The East Tennessean stopped whittling for a moment, and then stared incredulously; at length he said: "well, you see, me and my wife ain't that kind."

Even General Thomas's grimness was not proof against the laughter which he rode away to conceal, leaving the astonished soldier without an answer. Of course it is General Garfield who tells the story.

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Dr Charles S. Stubbs &Co—

1837 April 6	5¼ Galls Molasses @ 50— — — — — —	2	63
	10# Sugar $1 — — — — —	1	

Dr Henry M. Pinkham

1837 Dec 18th	½ Gall Rum 30c Dec 25th ½ Gall Rum 30c ½ Gall do 30		90
Jan 8th	½ Gall do 30c ½ Gall do 30c Horsehive $1 — brot from old book Folio 78 Nov 20th 1834	1	60

Dr John Custus

½ Gall vinegar 12½ — 2# Hops @ 1/ — —

Dr Hepsy Brooks

1838 March 10	1 Broom 25c—		

Dr Doct Southward

	2# Tea @ 4/6— 10½# Coffee 7# for $1 — —	3	00

Dr Doct Johnathan Sweet

To 2 Gall N.E. Rum @ 4/— Gall vinegar 1/6—
Sheep Skin 2/6— ½# Hops 8c—

What the Olive Branch says.

The comments of the religious papers upon Miss Martineau's philosophy in regard to spiritual matters, show a great deal of uneasiness at her unpardonable presumption in daring to dissent from the church—and the religious papers aforesaid. They will never forgive her, and most likely if she lived in Massachusetts she would be "indicted" under the statute in such cases made and provided! Here is what the Olive Branch says of her, and it manifests such a stirring up in our Christian neighbor, that we are almost tempted to send him a little morphine to allay his agitation:—

"We are sorry that our neighbor Mendum of the Investigator has republished Harriet Martineau and Atkinson's Development of Man's Nature, as it is called.—Harriet is a fallen woman, and instead of inculcating the high principles of Christianity and a Christian morality, has given herself over to the dangerous imaginings of Infidelity, and has thrown aside what principally makes woman an object of love and of trust. Alas! for poor human nature!"

"Hung be the heavens in black!" sure enough. *We* too are sorry that our Christian neighbor takes it so hard. But he will get over the shock, probably; and when he comes to himself, and learns more of the philosophy and the practical goodness of the gifted and estimable lady in question, he will confess, if "the dangerous imaginings" of Methodism have not taken away his candor, that HARRIET MARTINEAU possesses the very qualities of mind and heart that makes woman an object of love and of trust." Her whole life has been passed in the cause of humanity, instructing the ignorant, relieving the poor and afflicted, and rebuking the oppressor. She "is a fallen woman" from nothing save from an absurd, corrupt, pharasaical, slaveholding Christianity; and this is equivalent to saying that she has "risen" to become one of the principal ornaments of her sex.

☞ The following dialogue gives a pretty correct idea of the somewhat simple style of architecture which marks the old fashioned meeting-houses, and the extravagant and showy style that marks the new. Fashion seems to dictate the decoration and finery of church buildings as much as it does theatres and saloons; and a meeting-house of fifty years' standing is looked upon now-a-days as too unfashionable for the times and not fit for the present generation of worshippers. Religion likes to "appear well" in these genteel times, for she is well aware that going to Heaven must be made easy.—The worshippers now will not patronise, as they used to, the old meeting houses with their high-backed pews and hard seats—stuffed backs and soft cushions being so much more cosy and comfortable.

Dialogue Between Discipline and Steeple.

Dis.—"Steeple, what right have you to *be*?"

Steeple.—"A foolish question, neighbor Discipline, in these days. The question is, what is expedient?"

Dis.—"Are you not a *proud* thing, sticking up there so high?"

Steeple.—"No prouder than the purses will warrant that put me here."

Dis.—"Are you not ashamed of yourself for your extravagance?"

Steeple.—"I only cost $7000."

Dis..—"The price of a very good, commodious, plain church."

Steeple.—"A barn rather! Who wants to worship now-a-days in such an old-fashioned affair?"

Dis.—"I do! I am old-fashioned enough for that. I say give me plain, convenient, economical churches, to worship God and save souls. All this splendid architecture is *unconstitutional* if it is not wicked."

Steeple.—"Unconstitutional? Fiddlestick! Dear Mr. Discipline, you've had your day. A new order of things has begun. Why can't you be civil and lie on the shelf, and wink at what you cannot help?"

Dis.—"This to my face? Thou audacious pinnacle! Ah! it is such heathenish things as you that have seduced my once simple-minded followers from the Gospel—and now rich men are necessary to them. No, I feel that I have not long to live, but my last breath shall be uttered in a protest."

Steeple.—"Why! you bigoted, old, canting, snuffling, methodistical ——"

Dis.—(Interrupting.) "Stop, stop, you have said enough! I am methodistical, which you are not. It is my nature. Once such a reproach came from the world and I cared not—now it comes from my own household, and it cuts me to the heart."

Steeple.—"Oh! get along. Don't whine! What harm after all? Fact is, times change, and we change too."

Dis.—"I suppose *I* ought to change to be in fashion, but I cannot. So I must e'en hold my tongue. But when I see my children, gayest of the gay, ringed, jewelled, and flaunting; when I see rich men courted, and plain meeting-houses despised, and sumptuous temples sought after, I feel that my poor sheep are being led back to B [illegible]

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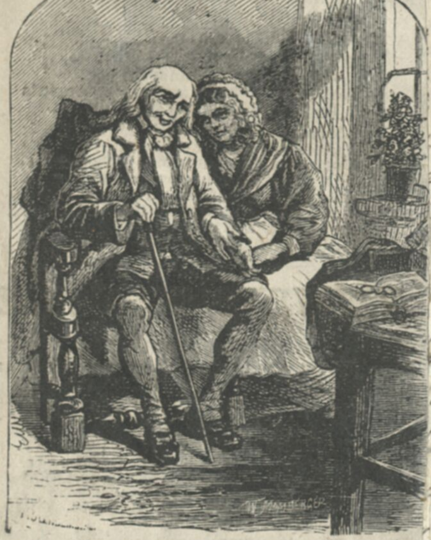
GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Do you know I am thinking, to-morrow
  We shall pass, on our journey through life,
One more of the milestones that bring us
  Still nearer the goal, my good wife?
The glad anniversary morning
  Of our wedding-day cometh once more,
And its evening will find *us* still waiting,
  Who had thought to have gone long before.



We are *old*, wife: I know by the furrows
  Time has plowed in your brow, once so fair;
I know by the crown of bright silver
  He has left for your once raven hair;
I know by the frost on the flowers
  That brightened our life at its dawn;
I know by the graves in the church-yard,
  Where we counted our dead yestermorn.

Your way has been humble and toil-worn,
  Your guest has been Trouble, good wife—
Part sunshine, more trials and sorrows,
  Have made up your record through life.
But may the thought cheer you, my dear one:
  Your patience and sweet, clinging love
Have made for me *here* such a heaven,
  I have asked, "Is there brighter above?"

In Life's winter, sweet wife, we are living,
  But its storms all unheeded will fall.
What care we, who have love and each other—
  Who have proved, each to each, all in all?
Hand in hand, we await the night coming;
  Giving thanks, down the valley we go;
For to love and to grow old together
  Is the highest bliss mortals can know.

Some children are still left to bless us,
  And lighten our hearts day by day;
If hope is not *always* fruition,
  We will strive to keep on the right way.
We have sowed, and have reaped; but the harvest
  That garners the world we await
And haply, at last, we may enter
  Together the beautiful gate.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

One of the prettiest sights to be seen in the early morning is that of the little girls going to school. I like them best of a rainy day, because then their sweet little faces beam from out little close hoods, drawn about their red cheeks; and their little fat calves have such a tussle with the wind as they try to get round gusty corners; so that what with battling with their sandwich-boxes, and what with their geographies, their gleaming white teeth make a very lovely show between their rosy lips. What policeman, with the heart of a father, but would rather help a flock of these pretty birds across the street than a bevy of panier-ed ladies who shrink from their touch, all the while they are ready to scream with fright if they are *not* taken by the arm.

Commend me to the little girls of six, eight and twelve, who, not yet having come to their wickedness, squeal out with delicious frankness, "Mr. Policeman! Mr. Policeman! please come carry me over the street." And so they swarm round him like a cloud of bees till they are all safely landed on the other side.

Bless their little innocent faces! It is as good as a chapter of the Bible to any policeman, to see such sweet white lilies blossoming amid the physical and moral filth which they meet, in their rounds in the New York streets.

As it is rather an exception to find a little school-*boy* who is not either a little saintly prig or a little well-dressed ruffian and bully, I have not contemplated their goings and comings with the same satisfaction as I do that of their little sisters; though *why* a little *boy* shouldn't be as well-mannered as a little girl, I have always been at a loss to know.

FANNY FERN.

THE ACRES AND THE HANDS.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;"
  Saith God's most Holy Word;
The water hath fish, and the land hath flesh,
  And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming, o'er all the earth,
  And the earth hath numberless lands;
    Yet millions of hands want acres,
    While millions of acres want hands!

Sunlight, and breezes, and gladsome flowers,
  Are over the earth spread wide;
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
  And shackled with iron bands,
    While millions of hands want acres,
    And millions of acres want hands!

Never a foot hath the poor man here,
  To plant with a grain of corn;
And never a plat, where his child may cull
  Fresh flowers in the dewy morn.
The soil lies fallow—the woods grow rank,
  Yet idle the poor man stands;
    Oh! millions of hands want acres,
    And millions of acres want hands!

'Tis writ that "Ye shall not muzzle the ox
  That treadeth out the corn!
But behold! ye shackle the poor man's limbs,
  That have all earth's burdens borne;
The LAND is the gift of a bounteous God,
  And TO LABOR His Word commands;
    Yet millions of hands want acres,
    And millions of acres want hands!

Who hath ordained that few should hoard
  Their millions of useless gold?
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
    While profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
  Shall fence round miles of lands,
    While millions of hands want acres,
    And millions of acres want hands!

SELECTIONS.

Confidence in Wives.

If you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your sweetheart, or your mother, or your sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanly affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions or insight are more subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling one to tell his troubles to his wife, we would go further and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate it, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his impulses.—"Help-meet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is helpmeet to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is *confidence*—without which love is never free from a shadow.

BARBAR-OUS.—A gentleman was traveling in New Hampshire some years ago, before railroads were in fashion, and while the stage stopped at noon to dine the passengers, he stepped into a barber's shop which adjoined the tavern to be shaved. After being duly lathered, the barber commenced his operations,—but the first scrape of the razor caused the poor subject to jump out of the chair, and almost out of his skin. "What's the matter, sir, did I hurt you?" "Hurt me? to be sure you did, your razor is as dull as an oyster knife; you ought to be ashamed to shave a man with such a tool as that." "Well, the fact is the edge *is* a little rough, but I guess I can put it through, I'm very strong in the arms."

Speaking of barbers, there is a story of one in an Eastern town, who showed so many evidences of insanity that it was thought to be dangerous to allow him to flourish edge tools about the throats of peaceable and unsuspecting citizens, and the Selectmen therefore took his razors away from him. He continued however to open his shop as usual, and spent his time there very quietly, and, to common observation, as well as anybody. A stranger came into his shop one day, took off his coat and cravat, and sat down in the chair, "for to be shaved." The barber was very polite, tucked a clean napkin under the gentleman's chin, and proceeded to lather him. And he lathered and talked, and talked and lathered, till he had raised quite a white mountain of soap suds; and the customer becoming impatient said, "there, there, my friend, that's enough, certainly." "Yes, sir, said the barber, I should think that would do." He then took a newspaper and very composedly sat down to read. The customer in surprise said, "come, are you not going to shave me?" "Oh, no sir, said the barber, I only lather,—*the Selectmen shave.*

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SUNNY WEATHER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The sweet sunshine,
Like a mellow wine,
Fills me, and thrills me with life divine,
Till the purple flood
Of my bounding blood
Breaks into a riot of bloom and bud!

A brimming cup
The gods might sup,
The soul within me is lifted up,
And the hodden gray
Of my cares to-day
Like a worn-out garment slips away.

Like a blasted pine,
Some graceful vine
Hath clothed in the glory of sweet lang syne;
With the mingled snows
Of the lily and rose,
The barren tree of my Spring-time glows;

Sweet as regret
For the loves that forget,
Pansy and passionate violet
Sprinkle the sod
My feet have trod,
On the lonesome journey that leads to God.

The balmy breeze
In the blossoming trees
Rings with the idyls of birds and bees;
Over woods and fells
It sinks and swells,
With the far-off tinkle of morning bells.

And I seem to hear,
In the budding year,
The jubilant joy of another sphere—
Some beautiful star,
In the heavens afar,
Where the garnered loves of my lost youth are!

◆

WAS HE MARRIED?

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Remember, Edith, you have promised to be at the picnic to-morrow. If you are not there, I shall not care a fig for the whole thing."

And, through the illusive glitter of the golden July moonlight, the last impression that Edith Hall received was that of a tall, graceful figure vanishing through the aisle of lilac bushes, and the flash of dark, brilliant eyes.

Edith went slowly up to her own room to look over the pile of text-books on the little table by the window—for Edith Hall was one of the preceptresses in the Southdale Academy, and the class followed so closely on the outskirts of the little mistress' learning, that she had to "study up" each night, to keep the requisite space between teacher and pupils.

But she opened neither Latin Grammar nor Blair's Rhetoric; she only sat down, letting the auburn curls droop over the one slender hand that supported her head, and closed her blue-lidded eyes to muse and dream.

"I am not in love with him," said Edith Hall to herself, feeling the rosy blood flush cheek and brow at the very idea. "Of course not; I have known him only a month; but I wonder if he really *does* care so much whether I go to the picnic or remain at home?"

Edith Hall was a fair little blonde, with bright hair and heaven-blue eyes and a sensitive red mouth—one of the women whose pretty helplessness and winning softness appeal irresistibly to every man's chivalry and protection. Mr. Evelyn, the handsome surveyor who had come to Southdale to lay out the line of the new railroad, thought her the loveliest creature he had ever seen in his life; but then a man of twenty-seven is apt to be an enthusiast.

Meantime Mr. Evelyn strode homeward over the dewy, sweet-smelling fields, to the old red house on the outskirts of the village where he dwelt temporarily.

Miss Sophronia Silsbee sat on her piazza, enjoying the balmy sweetness of the night, as the young stranger came up, the lighted tip of his cigar glowing like a fire-fly through the darkness.

Sophronia Silsbee and Edith Hall were both women, but there all likeness and analogy ceased. Edith was eighteen, and Sophronia was eight and thirty!

"A lovely evening, Mr. Evelyn," said Miss Silsbee gently.

"Yes," assented Hugh, as he came up the piazza steps.

Miss Silsbee edged herself a little to one side of the settee, by way of making room.

"Won't you sit down and enjoy the moonlight a little while?" she asked blandishingly.

"Thanks," said Mr. Evelyn indifferently, "but I am in a hurry."

"Humph!" uttered the fair Sophronia to herself, rather dissatisfied at the indifferent success of her attempt at sociability.

"Dreadful likely young man that!" said the widow Bentley, who was knitting just inside the door-way. Rheumatism and moonlight generally go together when one has passed the Rubicon of sixty, and the widow preferred being on the safe side of the door-sill. "They say he's makin' up to Edith Hall."

"Edith Hall, indeed!" echoed Miss Silsbee scornfully. "A mere child—a raw, undeveloped school-teacher!"

"Well," said the widow, "you know there an't no accountin' for tastes. I'm only sayin' what I've hearn tell. Miss Jones says they're either engaged or next door to it, and Miss Jones ought to know, for Edith Hall boards there."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Miss Silsbee energetically.

"Just as you please," said the widow, a little piqued at the incredulity with which her choice item of news was received.

Whether Miss Silsbee believed it or not, the tidings annoyed her; and when Mr. Evelyn had gone out to spend the evening with some brother surveyors, Miss Sophronia went up stairs, ostensibly to see that Mr. Evelyn's towel-rack was well supplied with homespun linen—really to "prospect about" a little. It was just possible that Mr. Evelyn might have been writing a love-letter to the obnoxious Edith, or to—to somebody else, and left the torn fragments conveniently in his scrap basket.

Miss Sophronia had never looked for the good fortune which befell her then and there. An open letter—yes, actually an open letter—on the table, the envelope addressed to H. Evelyn, Esquire, and beginning, "My Dearest Husband."

Miss Sophronia became straight and rigid in an instant, as if every bone in her body was changed to an iron bar.

"Stop!" she gasped epileptically; "don't let me judge my fellow-creatures too rashly! Where is the signature? Oh, here: 'Your own wife, Essie!' Oh, *my* gracious! I wonder it hasn't rained fire and brimstone on my poor roof. I wonder we haven't all turned to pillars of salt, or been swallowed up in burning lakes! A *married* man! I'm glad I never encouraged his sinful attentions. Edith Hall will have her own bold-faced pertness to thank for this. I always knew Edith would come to some harm. Yet," Miss Sophronia piously added, "it's my duty to warn her—my painful duty—and I'll do it!"

She chuckled grimly to herself as the idea crossed her mind. Ah! if poor Edith Hall's skin had been less like rose-velvet, her eyes less blue, her hair less golden bright, would Miss Sophronia Silsbee have taken so fervent a pleasure in doing "her duty?" We trow not.

Edith was all dressed for the picnic next morning, when Miss Silsbee was shown into her room, and looked distractingly pretty in fresh white muslin and floating blue ribbons, her hair freshly curled, and a little tuft of violets pinned coquettishly into her corsage.

"Ah!" said Miss Silsbee, "you look very pretty, Edith, but we must remember that all flesh is dust."

"Yes, I know it," said Edith rather absently; "but—did you wish to see me, Miss Silsbee?"

"Yes," nodded Sophronia. "Going to the picnic?"

"Yes," said Edith marvellingly.

"Mr. Evelyn to be there?"

"I—I believe so."

"Then you hadn't ought to go."

"I don't know why not," said Edith, intent on rearranging her violets.

"Folks say he's sweet on you," said Miss Silsbee, closely watching the crimsoned cheek.

"Folks had better mind their own business," flashed back Edith.

"Edith Hall," said Sophronia, lowering her voice to a sepulchral whisper, "beware of the serpent!"

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Evelyn is a married man."

"Nonsense!" cried Edith incredulously.

"But I *know* it," said Sophronia. "I have seen a letter from his wife, written to him."

"Did he show it to you?"

"No matter," said Sophronia, slightly discomfited. "I *saw* the letter, that's enough; and it's the duty of young girls, Edith, like you and me, to punish his falsehood and deceit."

"He is nothing to *me*," said Edith, coloring violently. "Good-morning, Miss Silsbee. I—I'm rather in a hurry this morning."

And when Sophronia was gone, she bolted her door, and sat down to cry until her blue eyes looked like forget-me-nots swimming in forest pools.

"And I thought he was so true—so noble!" sobbed poor little Edith Hall. "Oh, how could he—how *could* he deceive me so cruelly!"

Miss Hall was not at the picnic that day, and Hugh Evelyn stalked about the grounds like an unquiet ghost, until it was quite too late for any possibility of her arrival. Then he went to see what had changed her resolution of the night before so signally.

Edith was sitting drooping among the roses in the garden; but if Hugh had not caught a glimpse of her white muslin dress, and come on her unawares by means of a cross-cut through the meadow, she would have fled from his presence. As it was, she sat still, looking very cold and white and lovely, like a fair snow-drift.

"Edith!" he exclaimed reproachfully, "why did you treat me so shabbily?"

"My name is Miss Hall," said the little blonde haughtily. Evelyn bit his lip.

"Miss Hall, then, if it pleases you better," he corrected himself, half smiling at what he imagined to be her mood of girl dignity. "Why have you deceived me thus?"

"Why have you deceived *me?*" asked Edith, her blue eyes flashing a warlike gleam.

"I don't understand you," said Hugh, staring at her.

"You are very difficult of comprehension," said Edith coldly. "If I must put the question plainer, why have you never spoken to me of your *wife?*"

"Because a man can't very well talk of what he hasn't got!" said Hugh, wondering more and more.

"You are telling me falsehoods," said Edith, with her pretty lip beginning to quiver between grief and anger. "You are a married man, and you have been playing a treacherous part all this time!"

"I am *not* a married man," said Hugh, with equal positiveness; "and I have been playing no treacherous part—to you least of all, Edith, my own fair-haired darling!"

"Then what did Miss Silsbee mean?" said Edith, beginning to cry after a very undignified fashion.

Evelyn set his teeth tight together.

"What did Miss Silsbee say?"

"That—that you were married."

"Miss Silsbee must have gone crazy with spite and ill-nature!" exclaimed Hugh Evelyn. "But I shall not allow her tongue to wag after this fashion on the subject of myself. Edith, will you walk down there with me? It is a lovely day, and we can keep in the shade nearly all the way."

Miss Sophronia Silsbee was considerably startled by the apparition of Mr. Evelyn and Edith Hall, as she sat shelling peas on the kitchen door-step.

"Miss Silsbee," said Evelyn, who had never alluded to the mooted subject since they started from Edith's home, "what is this story you have been telling Miss Hall about me?"

Sophronia bridled up.

"It's no story; it's the truth."

"What is it, then?"

"That you're a married man—and a villain and a deceiver! So there now!" cried Miss Silsbee spasmodically.

"Where are your proofs?" demanded Evelyn calmly.

"A letter from your own wife up stairs."

"A letter directed to *me?*"

"It's directed to 'H. Evelyn, Esq.'"

"But there are more 'H. Evelyns' than one in this world," answered Hugh, curving his lip. "For instance, my brother Harry, to whom that letter was written by *his* own wife. If you had taken the trouble to read the whole, instead of a part of the document which was not originally intended for your eyes, you *would* have seen that the letter was *sent* on *to* me to read solely because my sister-in-law alludes playfully in its pages to the loss of my heart to this young lady at my side. Shall I show it to you, Edith?"

"No," murmured Edith shyly. "I don't deserve to read it; I was so wrong to believe a syllable against you!"

"As for you, Miss Silsbee," said Hugh, "I can only recommend to you the future study of the Eleventh Commandment: 'Mind your own business.'"

And he bowed his adieux.

So Miss Silsbee's delicious morsel of gossip turned to dry ashes between her lips, like the apples of Sodom, which romancists are so fond of quoting.

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ECCENTRIC EDUCATION OF TWO BAVARIAN PRINCESSES.—Although eccentricity is said to be a plant of island growth, we occasionally see it cropping out in continental households, and sometimes even in royal palaces. For instance, the queen of Naples and her sister, the empress of Austria, two of the most beautiful women in Europe, were brought up by their father, a Bavarian prince of a collateral branch, in the strangest manner possible. Fond of low society, he would take them with him incognito to the taverns of Munich and the tents of the gypsies. He taught them to ride, row, shoot, drive, and swim, and no one else thought of supplementing this very defective education. Their mother, a hypochondriac rather than an invalid, used to sit up all day reading novels in a darkened room and feeding her precious lap-dogs. Her children were now and then ceremoniously brought in to see their mother, who had nothing to say to them when they had come. They hated the dogs, naturally enough, and were given to slyly pinching their ears in consequence. The dogs yelped, and the mother querulously complained of her head. Thus ended the interview, and the girls went back to their father and their sports. It was de rigueur that they should receive religious instruction, and the archbishop of Munich chose among his clergy one whom he thought most competent to the post of teacher to the princesses. After a month the unhappy chaplain was sure to ask as a favor to be relieved of his duty. The girls would laugh and talk to each other, utterly unheedful of any remonstrance, and generally managed to tease their poor preceptor beyond all patience. When the archbishop himself, with infinite pains, had instructed them for confirmation, they laughed in his face during the ceremony. All these facts we learn from his own lips during his stay in Rome, where he has since died. The empress of Austria, however, improved very much after her marriage; learned French and Hungarian, and many other useful things, and became very popular, both with the court and the people, especially in Hungary. Her sister's career, less fortunate, has been also more romantic, but one cannot help rejoicing that in her so much energy, misdirected or rather lying waste, has led to much domestic happiness.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

DONNA CATALINA'S REVENGE.

A SPANISH STORY.

Don Cayetano Balboa, a respectable and wealthy merchant of Encija, in Andalusia, had an only son, named Don Pedro, on whom he bestowed a liberal education, and for whom he subsequently obtained a post in the Health Office at Madrid. In this city the young Pedro, who was left in a measure his own master at the early age of nineteen, formed connections which deeply implicated his own future peace and that of his family. He was of a generous disposition, but weak-minded in many respects, and easily biased by the arts of designing persons. The half-medical character of Don Pedro's employment brought him into intimate acquaintance with most of the principal physicians and apothecaries of Madrid, and with their families. Among others whom he met in this circle was Donna Catalina, the widow of an eminent chemist who had been banished to Africa for participating in some political conspiracies, and who had, it seems, died in exile. At the period of her husband's banishment, Donna Catalina was very young, but her character had already fully developed itself; and what that character was, may be in part imagined from the confession which her husband made to some friends before his departure, that "his sentence was endurable, because it freed him from the bonds of his imperious helpmate."

Donna Catalina was considerably under her thirtieth year, and yet very beautiful, when she became acquainted with Don Pedro de Balboa. Her wit and charms fascinated the young Andalusian, and she, in her turn, formed for him a deep and ardent passion. In Catalina's disengaged and widowed state, there was no obstacle to the formation of a matrimonial alliance between them, and in all likelihood a marriage would have ensued, but for the discovery which Balboa made of Catalina's violent and intolerable temper. Still after the advances he had made, he could not easily give up his imperious beauty. She had acquired a power over him, and he *feared* to dare the outburst of her passion. At length he found the means of withdrawing himself. His father sent an express order for his return home without delay, and as this injunction could not be disobeyed, or trifled with, Pedro tore himself away from the company of Catalina, and returned to the paternal mansion.

When Don Pedro reached his father's house, he found that the old merchant had become anxious—probably from having heard of the state of matters at Madrid—that his son should marry and settle in life. He had even provided a match for the youth, in the person of a young and lovely cousin, whom Don Pedro, at the period of his return, found resident in his father's family. Nor was Pedro long in becoming captivated with the simple and amiable character of his young relation, so unlike that of the enchantress who had formerly enthralled him. Everything, in short, went on as the father wished. But, meanwhile, the deserted Catalina, alarmed at the prolonged absence of her lover, wrote him letter upon letter, reproaching him with his apparent infidelity, and urging him in the strongest and most passionate terms to return to Madrid. By degrees the tone of her letters changed from reproach to menace, and the conclusion of one of these epistles ran thus:

"Yes, traitor! I now know why you went to Andalusia, and I know why you remain there so long."

Alluding to Don Pedro's cousin, she then continues:

"But beware! for, with the aid of the blessed Virgin, I will kill her, then I will kill you, and lastly I will kill myself!"

She then, with the same inconsistency of spirit which other parts of the letter betray, commends her lover to divine guardianship, and signs "Catalina."

This effusion fell by accident into the hands of Don Pedro's father, who opened it by mistake, and thus became fully acquainted with the serious nature of the ties which his son had contracted at Madrid, of which he was, perhaps, but in part aware. The result was that the old man, desirous that his son should be extricated from the connection fully, as well as honorably, wrote to Donna Catalina, informing her of his son's intended marriage with his own cousin, and offering at the same time to settle on his correspondent a respectable annuity, if she would pledge herself to abstain from seeking any further correspondence with Don Pedro.

The proud and passionate Catalina returned no answer to this proposal, nor did she again write to Don Pedro. Hoping that his letter had made her give up all thoughts of the matter, the old merchant hurried on the match between the cousins; and with that pliability which formed a prominent part of his nature, Pedro also was perfectly willing to have the marriage completed. Accordingly a dispensation from the church—necessary on account of the consanguinity of the parties—was obtained, and the connubial ceremony was fixed for an early day. When that day came the rites of the church were performed, and its blessing pronounced upon Pedro and his bride—in peace. But the parties had scarcely left the altar, when a fearful and lamentable catastrophe took place. The newly married lady was just leaving the portico of the church, when she was met by some young ladies of her acquaintance, who presented her with a nosegay. She blushed at this mark of attention, and raised the flowers to her face; but she had inhaled their perfume but for a very short time, when she instantly fell back a corpse in the arms of her husband. All attempts to recover her proved ineffectual—she was dead! The nosegay must have been poisoned. It was sought for everywhere, but it had vanished; in the first moment of confusion it had been entirely forgotten.

The young ladies who had presented the flowers were first examined. They related that they had received the nosegay from a stranger, who was to have accompanied them, but who had failed to keep her promise. Then did the father of Pedro recollect the menaces of Catalina. Eager to avenge his niece's death, he applied to the ministers of justice, and had Catalina brought from Madrid. She was confronted with the young ladies, and they all recognized her as the person from whom they had received the fatal nosegay. Catalina, on her part, declared that she had not left Madrid, and numerous witnesses were brought forward to confirm her statement. The report of the medical men tended to make the affair yet more complicated. They declared that, on opening the body, they had not found in the organs of respiration any trace of the action of poison. The brain they had found strongly injected; but though such an alteration might have been caused by violent narcotics, it was also possible that it might have been the effect of sudden apoplexy. Some of the physicians denied the possibility of poisoning so suddenly by means of a nosegay. The hydrocyanic acid, they said, could alone operate with such violence, but would have lost its power if exposed for several minutes to the air; besides which, this, as well as several other poisons that they enumerated, would have been sure to leave a trace behind. Other physicians, on the contrary, maintained that we are but imperfectly acquainted with the science of poisons, in which the Orientals, and even some savage nations, had made much greater advances. The consequence of these contradictory reports, and the positive evidence adduced that she had not quitted Madrid, was, that Catalina was ordered to be set at liberty.

While in prison, she had addressed several letters to Don Pedro.

"My affection for you," she wrote, "is the only cause of the persecutions to which I have been exposed. I am innocent, I am innocent!—but had I ever been guilty, it would only have been because I loved you too well; surely you will not forsake me!"

Whatever may have been his motive, Don Pedro, it seems, visited her while in prison, and she succeeded in resuming her ancient influence over him. Not satisfied with this proof of her power, she succeeded, on her liberation, in involving him in a lawsuit with the family of his deceased bride, and was on the point of persuading him to return with her to Madrid, when his father once more interfered, and, by a vigorous exertion of parental authority, prevailed on Don Pedro once more to abandon all ideas of marrying her. Catalina found an opportunity that very day to enter the merchant's house, and the apartment of her vacillating lover. She played off all her arts of seduction, but in vain, for this time Don Pedro proved firm in his purpose. Gradually giving way to the violence of her passion, "Dastard!" she exclaimed, "you allow yourself to be fooled by the words of a silly old man; but do not fancy that I am to be outraged with impunity! I have not yet forgotten how to take vengeance on those that insult me! Know it was I that killed your bride, and you also shall die!"

As she said this, she seized him by the arm, and it was not without a feeling of dread that he contemplated the altered countenance of the fury. He perceived that she held between her fingers a pin that she had drawn from her hair. He had scarcely noticed this movement when he felt himself pricked in the arm.

"I have killed thee!" she exclaimed, and rushed out of the room, flinging away the pin with which she had inflicted the wound. Don Pedro almost immediately felt his head grow heavy and his sight dim: he uttered a few faint cries; but before he had time to say a prayer he fell senseless to the ground. The servants heard the fall, and hastened to the room. A physician was sent for, who succeeded in recalling him to life. Don Pedro related what had happened. The pin was sought for and found, and on a chemical analysis, some traces were discovered on it of the juice of a certain subtile poison in which the native hunters of Spanish America used formerly to dip their arrows, to enable them to kill their game the more speedily. The poisoned weapon had passed through the several folds of Balboa's dress, by which means, probably, a part of the venom had been rubbed off, for he recovered in a short time. Catalina, on being brought before the Alcaldes del Crimen, not only avowed her crimes, but added that her failure was the only circumstance that she regretted. She was condemned to the scaffold, and met her death with firmness. Her husband's skill as a chemist had of course given her the opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of poisons which ultimately caused her own end.

This tale is taken, without the slightest change of facts, from the records of the criminal courts of Seville, where the trial of the unfortunate and guilty lady took place but a short time since.

—"I always think," said a reverend guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner." "Oh no, sir," replied his host, "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does the mischief."

"Josie" Mansfield in Court—A Graphic Description of the Queen of the Demi-Monde.

The sensation in the Stokes trial yesterday was the appearance in the court room of the notorious Helen Josephine Mansfield, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mansfield, and cousin, Mrs. Williams. A reporter of the Brooklyn Eagle thus describes the appearance of this trio of women, all of whom are large, and weigh in the aggregate not less than seven hundred pounds:

"Josie" was, of course, the most interesting of the three; everybody looked at her and she returned their gaze with just brass enough to make the most impudent feel that she could give any of them points and beat them at staring. She has got a black eye, full of the devil, and all the accompanying graces. It has got all the traditional fire supposed to be the gift of the swarthy angel. They are finely set in her head, beneath prettily arched eyebrows. There is just the slightest trace of wrinkles around the corners, but so skillful is her use of powder and cosmetics that these little notches of "the enemy" are hidden from all but the most curious observer. Her nose is large and straight, and is almost classic in its mold. It lacks delicacy of outline. There is, however, that peculiar Roman turn of the nostrils denoting at once frequency and strength of passion. The chin and mouth are passionate to the last degree. The lips are full and red and have that peculiar but indescribable curve which denotes the refined courtezan. She has got a pretty ear, from which jewels of a costly character depend. The whole cast of the head conveys an impression of affectation—of that affectation which is the result of long and persistent application, but which has been so delicately cultivated that it almost passes current for nature. Over her face hung a slight black veil, dependent from a black crape bonnet, on top of which waved a blue feather. Her hair hung in graceful abandon over her shoulders—shoulders fat and round—concealed only to be made the more visible. Around her neck was woven an immense gold chain, attached to which is a locket and a lot of brilliant little knick-nacks, which lie upon her exposed breast. Her dress of light gauze has been cut to set off to advantage the charms of her large person. Indeed this was about the only feature in her attire which destroyed the impression of ladyhood and conveyed through all the jewelry, gauze and lace that of the kept woman. From her shoulders a fine black lace shawl hung gracefully, gathered easily together at the waist and held by gold bands. Under her white overskirt she wore a black silk, which seemed unnecessarily long for this season of the year, but which, long as it was, did not prevent her from showing her small foot, cased in silk, to those in her immediate vicinity. Taken all in all she has quite an imposing appearance and looks well calculated to win the esteem of such a man as Fisk, and through his unbridled lust to make an abject slave of him. But it is not so clear how she contrived to trap and work Stokes. How old she is it is difficult to tell; she is one of those ladies who make it part of their business to keep but an indefinite record of time. But despite considerable painting and powdering, she looks as if at least thirty-five summers had smiled upon her head, and that they have not fled without leaving her a dower of craft, is shown by the success which has attended her efforts to rise from the gutter to a 5th avenue palace. To describe this queen of the demi-monde of the day in a word, she is the embodiment of voluptuousness. Her mother was so gaily attired and so thickly powdered that she looked not more than forty, but the record showed her to be on the shady side of fifty. Her eyes look dim, and there are conclusive evidences of padding about the form in order to give it the outline of youth. Still she wears well and dresses neatly. Mrs. Williams looks younger than Josie, and is probably not more than thirty, but she does not compare for personal charms with the mistress of Fisk. She looked arch, however, and seemed a lady who would not object to a little quiet flirtation with the proper parties. Her eye is large, clear and full of fun. Taken collectively, the two formed an important and suggestive feature in the legal picture. On the one hand the courtezan, fanning herself in the gaze of thousands, come to give testimony in the case of one keeper who had killed another. On the other hand the young man led to destruction by she and such as she, on trial for his life, surrounded by his parents and kinspeople, weeping for the blasted prospects of a favorite son and brother.

JENKINS OUTDONE. In a clever burlesque of the Jenkins style of describing weddings, recently published in the Indianapolis News, the bride's dress is described as a white megatherium silk trimmed with prussic acid blue pompaded front and lambrequins of the same, looped up with calla lilies flecked by furiginated potassite and mellaced trivere—imported expressly for her. Her veil was a biassed polonaise, trimmed with double fluted ruchings, surmounted with the wreath of the snowy trichinallis. Some of the presents were a set of teeth and an oyster-freezer,—from the bride's mother; a gold-lined hash-receiver and a set of chaste and elegant terra-cotta jewelry from the groom; a quilt pieced by the donor when eleven years of age, and a package of cabbage seed, from the bride's grandmother, aged ninety, who can read fine print without glasses, and who cracked all the nuts for the banquets with her own teeth.

— A man of standing—the street-car conductor.

— They have auctions in Fall River called "Fag-end Sales." All the ladies go.

[Philadelphia Ledger.

AMUSING TYPOGRAPHICAL BLUNDERS.

The amusement afforded by ludicrous typographical errors will be inexhaustible while printers are fallible and editors write with abominable indifference to legibility. One of the most astonishing blunders of this kind was committed some years ago in an editorial in the Bulletin. The writer, who had cautioned his readers against "casting their pearls before swine," was amazed and grieved to perceive that the compositor had warned the public against "carting their pills before sunrise." This was corrected in the proof; but the reporter who declared of a new store that it had "sixty fancy windows," was even more indignant than the storekeeper when he saw in his paper the statement that the establishment contained "sixty faded windows." And then there was the poet, in Muncy, who sought to soothe the wounded feelings of a bereaved family by publishing in the local paper a poetical tribute to the deceased daughter, Emily, in which he declared that "we will hallow her grave with our tears." He was pursued next morning by Emily's exasperated brother, because the printers insisted that "we will harrow her grave with our steers."

The poets suffer most deeply. Nothing could be worse, for instance, than the misery of the bard who asserted, in his copy, that he "kissed her under the silent star," only to find that the compositor compelled him to "kick her under the cellar stairs." A certain Jenkins, also, was the victim of an aggravated assault, because when, in his report of a wedding, he declared "that the bride was accompanied to the altar by eight bridesmaids," the types made it that "the bride was accompanied to the altar by tight bridesmaids." These things are peculiarly unpleasant when they occur in remarks upon death; as in the case of the editor, who, while writing a sympathetic paragraph, observed that "Mr. Smith could hardly bear the loss of his wife," only to find that the printer had made it "Mr. Smith could hardly bear such a boss for a wife."

Even more deplorable is the injury done to the journalist who complimented a certain candidate with the observation that he was "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State." Imagine the indignation of the candidate and the horror of the editor, when the paper the next day contained the assertion that the said burgher was "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state."

But the printers do not make all the mistakes. We remember the laughter and comments provoked by the statements of a provincial reporter, who called the attention of the constable to the fact that, on Sunday last some twenty or thirty men collected in the hollow back of Thomas McGinnis, and engaged in fighting during the whole morning." Mr. McGinnis's back must have been uncommonly large.

During the Franco-Prussian war a great deal of fun was poked at the New Jersey editor who read in the cable despatches that "Bazaine has moved twenty kilometres out of Metz."

DUTIES OF AN APOTHECARY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

As indicating how defined the duties of an apothecary were even in the sixteenth century, the following quaint rules for an apothecary's life and conduct deserve quotation:

1. Must fyrst serve God, forsee the end, be clenly, pity the poor.
2. Must not be suborned for money to hurt makynde.
3. His place of dwelling and shop to be clenly, to please the sences withal.
4. His garden must be at hand, with plenty of herbes, seeds, and rootes.
5. To sow, set, plant, gather, preserve, and keep them in due tyme.
6. To read Dioscorides to know ye nature of plants and herbes.
7. To invent medicines, to choose by coloar, taste, odoar, figure, etc.
8. To have his mortars, stilles, poltes, filters, glasses, boxes, clene and sweette.
9. To have charcole at hand to make decoctions, syrups, etc.
10. To keep his cleane ware close and cast away the baggage.
11. To have two places in his shop, one most cleane for the physic, and a barer place for the chirurgerie stuff.
12. That he neither increase or diminish the physician's file (*i. e.* prescription), and keep it for his own discharge.
13. That he neither buy nor sell rotten drugges.
14. That he peruse often his wares, that they corrupt not.
15. *That he put not in quid pro quo* (*i. e.* use one ingredient in place of another when dispensing a physician's prescription) *without advysement.*
16. That he may open well a vein for to help pleurisy.
17. That he meddle not in his vocation.
18. That he delight to reade Nicolaus Myrepsus, Valerius Cordus, etc.
19. That he do remember his office is only to be physician's cooke.
20. That he use true weights and measures.
21. To remember his end and the judgment of God; and thus do I commend him to God, if he be not covetous and crafty, setting his own lucre before other men's help, succour, comfort, etc.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for March.]

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

[*After the Danish of Christian Winter.*]

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Where, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg,
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower.

Then spake the king to Henrik, his young and faithful squire:
"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire?"
"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me:
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."

Loud laughed the king: "Tomorrow shall bring another day,
When I myself will test her; she will not say me nay."
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about him stood,
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the ancient town
From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose looks down:
The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of morn,
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and spins,
And, singing with the early birds, her daily task begins.
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her garden-bower,
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and white
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round wrists in sight;
Below the modest petticoat can only half conceal
The motion of the fairest foot that ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm;
But, look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.
And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn,
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume streamed gay,
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way;
And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on heel,
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for thee!"
What noble knight was this? what words for modest maiden's ear?
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek the door,
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crimsoned o'er.
"Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and hand,
Bear witness these good Danish knights who round about me stand.

I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you may,
For tomorrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day;"
He spake the old phrase slyly as, glancing round his train,
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in vain.

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden hair,
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.

And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow;
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to and fro.
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face;
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place.
Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw,
And lifted up her eyes to his steady and clear and blue.

'I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;
will no t trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight.
If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not a lord;
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away,
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay."
"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never bear;
A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you must wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider gayly spoke,
"And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet cloak."
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant love must ride,
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well, let him wander free;
No other man must ride the horse that has been backed by me.
Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk,
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and flask and can;
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-man."
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my generous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and boss,
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly knee across.
And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at last he knew
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-plight true.
"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well:
You know that I must bear my shield and in my castle dwell!

The lions ramping on that shield between the hearts aflame
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her ancient name.
For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder towers,
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly home of ours!

I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know is true;
Would God that all our maidens were good and pure as you!
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall well repay;
God's peace! Farewell! Tomorrow will bring another day!"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good steed then,
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gallant men.
The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on winds of morn
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening Henrik cried;
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by Elsie's side.
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from afar,
The Golden Goose that watched them from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers that throng
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my song.
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's skill;
Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty still!

PANCAKES. Not to eat pancakes on a Shrove Tuesday is a sort of irreligion; even though, like confession, it may go against some stomachs of a criminal weakness, especially in these sedentary times. Delicate pancakes, not too thin, tossed up by a proper hand (for they ought to be literally tossed in the pan, otherwise part of the old charm is wanting), brought up hot and hot, rolled on one's plate, slightly touched with an acid, and cut across in that state, lump by lump, are to our taste the finest possible eating of the paste or pudding order. We think we could dine the whole year round (supposing the gods would provide us with such goods at all seasons) upon a pancake for our pudding, a bird for the meat, and old port for the drink. But what matters this epicureanism to our sedentary faculties? We thrive better on water than on wine; cannot eat a bird with the right pleasure, unless sure it was handsomely killed; and would fain, with beloved Shelley, see all the world eating vegetables, and getting as harmless and strong as horses do on hay diet. There would be enough mortal necessity remaining to strengthen our thoughts and hinder us from growing effeminate. [Atlantic Almanac for 1872.

The heart is ready enough at feigning excuses for all that it does or imagines of wrong; but ask it to give a reason for any of its beautiful and divine emotions, and it can only look upward and be dumb. When we are in the right we can never reason, but only assert. [J. R. Lowell.

By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable. [Jeremy Taylor.

I rejoice that I could once think better of the world's improvability than it deserved. It is a mistake into which men seldom fall twice in a lifetime; or, if so, the rarer and higher is the nature that can thus magnanimously persist in error. [Idem.

If you are ever at a loss as to the individual character of a person you wish to gain, the general knowledge of human nature will teach you one invaluable specific—flattery! Only never (or very rarely) flatter when other people are near. In that case you offend the rest, and you make even your intended dupe ashamed to be pleased. [E. B. Lytton.

Lines Worth Preserving.

The following beautiful and appropriate lines were written by Dr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, on receiving from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, a piece of the tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. The tree had been blown down in 1812 :—.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The war fiend raised his horrid yell,
And midst the storm which realms deplore,
Penn's honored tree of Concord fell.

And of that tree that ne'er again
Shall Spring's reviving influence know,
A relic o'er the Atlantic's main
Was sent—the gift of foe to foe.*

But though no more its ample shade
Waves green beneath Columbia's sky ;
Though every branch be now decayed
And all its shattered leaves be dry :—

Yet midst the relic's sainted space
A health-restoring flood shall spring,
In which the angel form of peace
May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.

So once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen,
To swell with life through every pore,
And bud afresh with foliage green :

The withered branch again shall grow,
Till o'er the earth its shade extend,
And this—the gift of foe to foe—
Become the gift of friend to friend.

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*England and the United States were then at war.

Dare and Do.

Dare to think, though bigots frown,
Dare in words your thoughts express,
Dare to rise when you fall down,
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart,
Dare the priceless pearl possess,
Dare to wear it next your heart,
Dare, when sinners curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong,
Dare to walk in wisdom's way,
Dare to give where gifts belong,
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right,
Do what reason says is best,
Do with willing mind and might,
Do your duty and be blest.

Letter and Poem from John G. Whittier.

AMESBURY, 22d 1st mo. 1859.

Dear Friend: I gratefully acknowledge, through thee, the invitation to the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birthday of the poet whom I have long regarded as the truest and sweetest of all who have ever sung of home and love and humanity.

As I may not be able to be with you, I venture to offer a few lines, which, however inadequate to the occasion, attest a sincere tribute to the great World Singer.

Very truly thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER

JOHN S. TYLER, ESQ., President of Boston Burns Club.

How sweetly come the holy psalms
From saints and martyrs down,
The waving of triumphal palms
Above the thorny crown!
The choral praise, the chanted prayers
From harps by angels strung;
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,
The hymns that Luther sung!

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,
The sounds of earth are heard,
As through the open minster floats
The song of breeze and bird.
Not less the wonder of the sky
That daisies bloom below;
The brook sings on, though loud and high
The cloudy organs blow!

And, if the tender ear be jarred
That haply hears by turns
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,
The pastoral pipe of Burns,
No discord mars his perfect plan
Who gave them both a tongue,
For, he who sings the love of man
The love of God hath sung!

To-day be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy;
We take, with thanks, the gold of heaven,
And leave the earth's alloy.
Be ours his music as of spring,
His sweetness as of flowers,
The songs the bard himself might sing
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
Of household melodies,
Come singing, as the robins come
To sing in door-yard trees.
And, heart to heart, two nations lean
No rival wreaths to twine,
But blending, in eternal green,
The holly and the pine!

FUNERAL MOURNERS NOT AMONG THE EXCEPTIONS. The Knoxville Press gives the following:

"Your fare, if you please, madam," said the conductor to an elderly lady who had got aboard at a way station. The elderly lady looked up, and drawing forth a letter, spoke with a voice that was shrill: "Two of Mr. ——'s children is dead, and they've writ me to come to the buryin' today. Isn't it terrible?" The conductor looked as shocked as possible, and expressed sympathy. "And," continued the old lady, "I want you to let me ride free." "I can't let you ride free, unless you have a pass," returned the conductor, mildly. "Not to go to a funeral?" said the old lady. "No, madam," replied the conductor; "I'm sorry to say that the rules of the road are very strict, and I am not allowed to discriminate." "Well, I think you oughtn't to charge folks for going to a funeral," persisted the old lady. "If we let everybody going to funerals ride free," again spoke the conductor, "it wouldn't pay. Besides, in would be encouraging the funeral business in a way that would cast a gloom over the entire country. Your fare is a dollar and a half, madam." "Well," retorted the old lady, drawing out a well-filled purse, "I think you might let me go free, 'specially as I'm going to a *double* funeral. Mr. ——'s children is both dead, and they'll be buried in the same grave, I reckon. Oh! it's a *turrible* blow!" And the old lady, wiping her eyes, paid her fare. As the conductor moved on, she turned to a passenger and remarked, with some indignation, "These railroaders is the most unfeelin' folks I ever seed."

MUSIC POUNDING. I don't like your chopped music, any way. That woman—she had more sense in her little finger than forty medical societies—Florence Nightingale—says that the music you *pour* out is good for sick folks, and the music you *pound* out isn't. Not that exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two, and fluffed down on to it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop,—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me, I know the difference between a bullfrog and a woodthrush. [O. W. Holmes, in the March Atlantic Monthly.

HOW A DUTCHMAN GOT EVEN. Once on a time there lived a jovial Dutchman, whose name was Henness von Shrimpetiffel. He had a wife. He had a little grocery, where beer and such personal property were sold. He gave credit to a parcel of day customers, and kept his book with a piece of white chalk on the head-board of the bedstead.

One day Mrs. Shrimpetiffel, during a neat fit, took upon herself to clean house and things. So she did, and she cleaned the head-board, and with soap and water settled the old man's accounts by wiping away every chalk-mark.

Pretty soon, before long, the old vender of things came into his house and saw what ruin his frau had wrought. Then he said:

"Mein Gott, Frau Shrimpetiffel, what for you make a ruined man of me, I guess not? You make wipe away all dem names and vigures what I owe them feller's what's going to pay before they get ready, and I lose more as zwie hundred dollar!"

His frau left the room in fear and disgust. When she returned he had re-covered the head-board with chalk-marks. Then she said:

"Hanness, you have make them all right, don't it?"

"Well, mein tearer frau, I make the vigures all right, but I put down some petter names as dem old fellows vot you wiped out."

LONGINGS.

The flowers languish for the blessed light,
For brilliant stars still languishes the night;
The parchèd furrow languishes for rain;
The sick man longs for a relief from pain;
The orphan child longs for a mother's breast;
The evening languishes for soothing rest;
The morn, impatient, longs to see the sun;
The soldier longs to see the battle won;
The silent harp longs for the song's accords,—
And thus I languish for affection's words.
They are to me what light is to the flowers,
My heart refreshing, as soft rain the bowers.
They for my hopes are as the morning sun,
As for the soldier is the battle won,
As is a brilliant star in gloomy night,
As to the wanderer is his cottage light—
A sweet repose for my prolonged unrest,
And for my orphaned heart a mother's breast:
For my soul's sorrow a sweet litany,
And for its love a heavenly harmony.

BOSCAWEN.

A BOOK ABOUT FASHION. According to Carlyle, "a smack of human life lies in the tailor: its wild struggles toward beauty, dignity, freedom, victory"—and according to Mr. George P. Fox, whose book on "Fashion" has just issued from the press of Sheldon & Co. in all the glory of large type and handsome binding, the men "who pay more attention to the decoration of their houses than to the proper adornment of their persons" sadden the hearts of their friends by "a slovenly exhibition of poor attire." It is for the benefit of these careless bodies that Mr. Fox brings the wealth of his experience and the weight of his logic to the elucidation of the problem of dress. He magnifies his office, as is meet, and he puts together in an amusing way a considerable variety of fact, suggestion, and anecdote. He tells his reader that not one garment in a hundred is a perfect fit, and that he who produces beautiful combinations is a genius worthy of all honor. Inconsiderately as men speak of tailors, he says, no painter or sculptor of any proficiency is ever heard to disparage the successful efforts of a capable knight of the shears; and he believes with Carlyle that the universe and all that it contains is but clothing, and that the essence of all science lies in the philosophy of clothes. But it costs much money to follow Mr. Fox's suggestions for the wardrobe. He obligingly furnishes a "memorandum schedule" of gentlemen's furnishing goods essential to a proper equipment, from which it appears that fifty-six different articles must be procured before a man can be said to be well dressed. Among these articles are numerous varieties of scarfs, ties, studs, pins, gloves of silk as well as kid, boxes and dressing cases, and other conveniences, which are costly but handy; and nineteen different kinds of boots and shoes are recommended. Hints concerning fashion and polite address, with historical notes about ancient and modern fashion, are also given, and the author's professional correspondence with distinguished characters winds up the volume.

From the Vermont State Journal.

ON THE CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston's fallen! Shout and sing!
Guns shall roar, and bells shall ring;
Wake the bugle's richest note,
Let the star-decked banner float;
From the mountain to the sea
Wake the song of jubilee.

Charleston's fallen! Hear the cry
Echo from each mountain high;
Through the East, the West, the North,
Speed the glorious tidings forth;
Let a nation great and free
Sing the song of jubilee.

Charleston's fallen! See on high
Oe'r its towers our banners fly;
Where late flew the traitor *bars*,
Proudly float the *stripes* and *stars*,
And the slaves from bondage free,
Sing the song of Liberty.

Charleston's fallen! It was here
Treason did her standard rear—
It was here the *deed* was done—
Here *this* cursed war begun;
Now the traitors bow the knee—
Wake the song of jubilee.

Charleston's fallen! See them fly—
See the flames ascend the sky;
Traitor hands the torch applied
To the city, late their pride;
While its lurid flames you see,
Sing the song of jubilee.

Charleston's fallen! Shout and sing,
Cannon roar, and bells loud ring;
Over Charleston's towers on high
Now the star-decked banners fly;
Praise the Lord, ye brave and free—
God alone gives Victory.

The Old Chimney-Place.

A stack of stones, a dingy wall,
  O'er which the brambles cling and creep,
A path on which no shadows fall,
  A door-step where long dock-leaves sleep,
A broken rafter in the grass,
  A sunken hearth-stone, stained and cold,
Naught left but these, fair home, alas!
  And the dear memories of old.

Around this hearth, this sacred place,
  All humble household virtues grew,—
The grandsire's love, the maiden's grace,
  The matron's instincts deep and true;
Here first sweet words were lisped; here broke
  Life's morning dream, and yet more dear,
The love that life's best impulse woke,
  Grew warmer, gentler, year by year.

How cheerful, while the storm without
  Muffled the earth and iced the night,
The ruddy glow gushed laughing out
  On merry groups and faces bright!
How chimed the crackling, freakish flame
  With rosy mirth or thoughtful ease,
Or, may be, syllabled the name
  Of one rocked o'er the stormy seas!

What fairy scenes, what golden lands,
  What pageants of romantic pride,
In the weird deep of glowing brands,
  Saw the fair boy, the dreamy eyed,
Till musing here, his spirit drew
  Strong inspiration, and his years,
By Beauty's subtle nurture, knew
  The paths of Nature's inner spheres

Here, as the swooning embers sent
  A faint flush through the quiet gloom,
In the warm blush have lovers blent
  The fragrance of their heart's fresh bloom;
And, veiling in soft-drooping eyes
  Her tremulous joy, here blushed the bride;
Here, o'er [illegible] forms in funeral guise,
  Farew[illegible]m broken hearts were sighed.

This spot the pilgrim, 'neath strange skies,
  Saw in his wayside dreams; here stood
Old friends with gladness in their eyes;
  Here grew the beautiful and good—
Sweet friendships—faith serene and sure—
  Manhood's strong purpose, warm and bold—
Courage to labor and endure,
  And household feelings never cold.

Here, leaning in the twilight dim,
  All round me seems a haunted air;
I hear the old familiar hymn,
  My heart goes upward in the prayer
That made the night so full of peace;
  Kind lips are on my brow—my ear
Hums with sweet sounds—they faint—they cease—
  And night o'er all broods calm and clear.

If you would work any man, you must either know his nature or his fashions and so lead him; or his ends and so persuade him; or his weaknesses and disadvantages and so awe him; or those that have an interest in him and so govern him. [Bacon.

If you cultivate the worship of beauty and truth; if the sanctity of the moral speaks to your heart; if all beauty and all truth bring you back to the hearth of holy life; and, if arrived there you forbear speech, you cover your head, you perfectly confound thought and language in order to say nothing partial in the presence of the infinite, how dare you talk of atheism? [Renan.

Man must believe in immortality; this belief corresponds with the wants of his nature. But, if the philosopher tries to prove the immortality of his soul from a legend, that is very weak. To me the external existence of my soul is proved from my need of activity. [Goethe.

Man upon the earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapor and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbor such a feeling,—this by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, this is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is. [Jean Paul.

We should begin life with books; they multiply the sources of employment; so does capital; but capital is of no use unless we live on the interest;—books are waste paper, unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought. [E. Bulwer Lytton.

Blind enthusiasm, absorption in one idea, is generally ridiculous, and must be fatal to the respectability of an ordinary man; it requires a very high and powerful character to make it otherwise. But a great man attains his normal condition only through the inspiration of one great idea. [Hawthorne.

At first, harmony is generated by the conformity of tastes and occupations. The parties next confide to each other their past and present passions, and particularly their amorous adventures; but, to complete the intimacy of their connection, it must be strengthened by sentiments more deeply inherent in us. I mean religious sentiments—interests sacred to the individual, the object of which is above the reach of time. It is thus that the basis of friendship is strengthened, whilst its summit is crowned. [Goethe.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST FAREWELL.

I'm going to join the army, my country must be free!
Long since it called for others, but now it calls for me.
I'll wait no longer, mother, I cannot stay away,
The ranks are filling fast, mother, and I must go to-day.
The lessons I have learned from you will keep me safe from harm,
Though dangers may surround me, you need not feel alarm;
I cannot see my country bleed unless I bear a part,
I feel I must not longer chide the promptings of my heart;
So fare you well, dear mother, the time has come to go,
And soon beneath the Southern sky I'll meet the nation's foe.
Perchance amid some fearful strife, when other hearts may fail,
When danger gathers thick around, and many a cheek turns pale,
God will inspire my youthful heart, and giving me new strength,
I'll lead some shattered forlorn hope, and victory gain at length.
I do not seek promotion, I ask not place or fame,
To do my country service, alone shall be my aim.
Thus spake this noble soldier boy, and then one fond embrace;
Alas! heroic mother, never more to see his face.

A wounded Union soldier in a Southern prison lay,
The little life remaining was ebbing fast away;
And pensively he murmured, as across the window fell
The mellow rays of sunlight his young heart loved so well.
In this fetid, crowded prison, I am dying, mother dear;
It were not hard to die, mother, if you were only here.
The death-dew gathers on my brow, and life has almost fled,
I fear your heart will break, mother, to learn that I am dead.
So young, and yet, 'tis glorious, for such a cause to die;
Guardian angels hover round me, to waft my soul on high;
My pulse is beating faintly, and the world recedes from sight,
My ransomed soul's impatient to take its upward flight.
I am going, dearest mother, to dwell with God above,
Where war shall never enter, and all is joy and love.
I trust in heaven, dear mother, we'll meet to part no more,
And sing God's praise forever, on that peaceful happy shore.

The names and ages of the children of Queen Victoria "to date" are:—

1. Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal, born Nov. 21, 1840.
2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9, 1841.
3. Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843.
4. Alfred Ernest Albert, born August 6th, 1844.
5. Helana Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846.
6. Lousia Carolina Alberta, born March 18, 1848.
7. Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850.
8. Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853.
9. A Princess, born April 14, 1857.

Her Majesty, Queen Alexandrina Victoria, is nearly thirty-eight years of age, having been born on the 25th day of May, 1819. She was married February 10, 1840, to Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, who was born August 26, 1819.

Rev. Dr. John Hall on a Certain Class of Daily Papers.

[From the Christian Intelligencer.]

The views of events and tendencies given in the world's history are often, to say the least, one-sided. An earnest man is often a "bigot" or a "fanatic," to the daily paper. Spiritual wisdom is only a little way above folly to your ordinary reporter; and when religion is important enough to make the "notice" of it "pay," too often the touch is so clumsy, or irreverent, that religion gains but little. For who wants a comic history of Christendom? Let something go wrong in the religious world, and many a "daily" is in unwonted force. The "special correspondent" is on hand; and the interviewers—the "creeping things" of literary life—are abroad; and if all the readers of the *Bush-River Vulture* do not know what knaves and fools religious people are, it is not the fault of that fastidious bird. But the *Vulture* must be in most families. It contains the news of the other world—the births, marriages, bargains, and general tidings of human things among which the Bush-River people must live.

A SERVANT AT COMMAND.

Banvard, the original Panorama man, was a dear lover of a good joke, and for telling a story he was not to be beaten. During his travels he gathered the materials for many a rich bon-mot, which he gave to his patrons free of charge. When he was in New Orleans, exhibiting his Panorama of the Mississippi, that celebrated wit and *bon-vivant*, Philip H. Duclese, in company with the glowing and glorious Sergeant S. Prentiss, stepped up to the ticket-office, where Banvard himself stood. The Panorama man had but just commenced his travels upon his first public venture, and the two lions were personally unknown to him.

"Is the great Three-mile Picture to be seen here?" asked Duclese. Banvard had advertised that his Panorama was three miles long.

"Yes, sir," answered Banvard.

"We want to see it."

"All right, sir. You can purchase tickets here."

"Fifty cents apiece, aren't they?"

"One dollar, sir."

"It says 'fifty cents' on the advertisement outside."

"Fifty cents for *servants*, sir,—as you will observe if you read it carefully."

"*Ex*-actly. We are servants."

"*You?* You *servants?*"

"We are, certainly.

"The— Whose servants are you, pray?"

"Yours, sir—*your very humble servants!*"

They went in free; and at the close of the exhibition Banvard adjourned with them to the St. Charles, where he paid in full for the joke.

S. C., JR.

BE CAREFUL! OH, MY SON!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

You are going away from home, my son,
  Be careful how you 're led;
For we all must lie—so the adage says—
  As we have made our bed.

You carry away a boy's true heart,
  And a strength through love attained;
Oh! bring us back in its place, my son,
  A manhood all unstained.

You are going away from home and friends—
  From a mother's loving care—
From a father's counsel wisely given—
  From a hearth of praise and prayer!

Going away to the gay, bright scenes
  That will fire your bounding heart—
That will tempt perhaps your untried feet
  From the better way to part.

"Whatever we sow we shall reap," my son,
  Be it grains or noxious weeds—
Be it laurel wreaths or cypress boughs;
  Then scatter the goodly seeds!

[Given at Union Church, Fairhaven, by Mrs. M. A. Archer.]

The truly united in works of love
  Are contented to disagree.
There is room enough in the garden of God
  For every soul to be free.
The lily can never become the rose—
  The violet never a vine;
The grand old oak would scorn to bear
  The cones of the stately pine.
The stars of the morning, that sang for joy
  At the natal hour of the earth,
Would hurl derision at the noontide sun
  Should he boast of a higher birth.
The dawning thought in the darkened mind
  Is a wave from the measureless sea,
Whose reflux beareth a mighty truth
  From the shores of the yet-to-be.
Each hath his work, and each his weal;
  There's "a penny" for every one;
And moiling in soil, or soaring in lore,
  Each gaineth the last "Well done."
A Paul may plant, Apollos prune,
  A Judas betray with a kiss,
An Archer excuse, or a Grant condemn:
  Light cometh through all of this.
Only unite in the love of God,
  In the love of truth and man,
And honestly live your highest faith
  Though placed in the battle's van.
Whatever you teach, whatever you do,
  Be the mainspring knowledge gained
By actual proof, through your own good sense,
  And never by fear constrained.
Be this the touchstone of right and wrong,
  The test of the false or true:
To any dear child of the loving God
  Will sorrow, or harm, ensue?
The word may be spoken in form of prayer
  That woundeth a friend, or foe;
The hand may be raised in the name of God,
  That dealeth a deadly blow.
You may call it commerce, or creed, or law,
  Upheld by church or state,
By judge, or priest, or pope, or king,
  "Les miserables," or the great,—
Still *harm* is *sin*, and every act
  That beareth the fruit of pain
Infinite justice will redress,
  Making the God-law plain.
Oh, not in long prayers, confessions, rites,
  In sacrifice, or in gloom,
Consisteth thy worship, Father-God!
  Paid off in the day of doom:
But in worthy lives, harmonious
  With the weal of all mankind,
With deeds for prayers, with facts for faith,
  With every sense refined,—
In gathering knowledge of life and death,
  Of the wondrous realm of cause,
Of thee, of heaven, of happiness,
  Of man and his mighty laws,—
In learning the lessons of time and sense,
  In labors of truth and love,
In a union of spirit with thee and thine,
  Such as hallows the saints above.

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Theatrical Prize Poem.

The following beautiful poem, which obtained the prize of $160, was read at the inauguration of the New Theatre in this city, Monday evening, Sept. 11th. It was written by Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, Jr., and spoken by Mr. John Gilbert:—

Welcome, bright eyes! that make our splendors pale;
Ye reverend heads! you generous hands, all hail;
And thou, proud city! to thy triumphs past
Add this to night, nor let it be thy last;
Be it thy glory to the coming age
To have transmitted no adulterate Stage;
That aftertimes may count this beauteous dome
Dear as the hearthstone of a father's home.

Back, airy beings! people of the brain!
Ye kingly shadows! in your grave remain;
Stay, you weird woman! wait the fatal bell!
Thou master of the charm! suspend the spell;
Be not impatient on our scene to burst,
You shall be summoned, but your herald first.

Souls of dead bards! that served our ancient art,
Poets! who largely read the human heart,
Tell us why man, when life serenely glides,
Loves the fierce motion that disturbs the tides?
What God impels him, now his land is free,
To play the hero that he cannot be?
What strong illusion, native *in his* breast,
Made action charm *him in* his day of rest?

When arms and arsenals are idle shows,
And navies playthings for the world's repose,
The heart like *Nemi*, never known to stir,
Becomes a *mirror* of the things that were;
Then grows the wish, and then is giv'n the power
To be and feel beyond life's little hour.
The soldier Æschylus, at *such* a time,
From the dark realm of passion and of crime
Called back those mighty shades *to walk* the earth,
And made them deathless by a second birth.
When all rapt Athens, in the early day,
Sat in the sunshine, at the solemn play—
When to the music of a single lute
The verse was uttered that for us is mute—
When through the orchestra with slow advance
The Dorian measure led the choral dance,
Cold was that soul—oh! dead as Lethe's fen—
That did not fight at Salamis again.

But long ere this, when Bacchus was divine,
At the mad vintage, where the new-made wine
Fired the rude revellers, the learned say
First rose th' uncouth resemblance of a play;
What time Arion of the Lesbian isle
To the wild chorus gave a graver style,
The years are distant, and the light is dim;
Yet hark! the echo of a tragic hymn;
Lo! the fell Mœnads with their visage smeared,
And men made Satyrs by the mask and beard.

Such rites have been where now this temple stands
The savage dramas of the Indian bands;
Near the blue lake and by the midnight fire,
See the red artist and the naked choir!—
When the great Sachem with his Pequod court
After the fray, assembled at the sport—
See!—'twas but yesterday---their dance describe
The hunt, the war, the triumph of their tribe;
These too were actors---but their show is done---
Their last spectator was the setting sun.

In Charles's days, when tragedy was mean,
Once the light Muse went slipshod on the scene;
Was Charles alone at fault? historian, *tell*—
We love the study Puritan too well;
What though the Drama drooped beneath his ban?
Spite of the bigot, we revere the man;
What though he left polluted arts behind?
He brought his sword, his Bible, and his mind.

Something of that austerity be yours;
Since folly loves what easy Taste endures;
Let our purged altar and its blameless priest
Honor the three-hilled city of the East!
That to the wise our theatre may seem
A nobler school, a loftier Academe!
And Shakspeare's mind, transplanted to the shore
Whose rocks are gold, whose sands are shining ore,
(Or far as Freedom's onward march may draw
Arts, without arms, and without conquest, Law)
A sacred well! from whose o'erflowing brink
Each generation in its turn may drink;
So shall your children thank you, not alone
For wealth of empire grasping every zone,
But write these words on Memory's grateful page:
Sons of the Pilgrims! you redeemed our Stage.

A Cyclone in Tennessee.

The *Nashville Union*, describing the destruction caused by a cyclone which recently swept over a part of Tennessee, says:

"The noise increased every moment, and resembled the roar of a mighty cataract. Suddenly an immense volume of black clouds, resembling a water-spout, descended from the skies, whirling like an aerial ocean in a storm. It rushed down upon the forest, accompanied by rain and vivid lightning. Seizing the tallest giants of the forest by the limbs, it wrenched them from the ground and whirled them like straws before it. It passed in a south-westerly direction, in a solid, compact body about three hundred yards wide, cutting a line through the woods as even in width as if lines had been drawn beforehand to guide its course. Wherever the dense black cloud passed, prostrate trees and fences and ruined cabins strewed the ground."

RIDING A CAMEL.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

We see that the camels imported by the United States—*E Pluribus Unum*—have "arriv," and we hope our western Yankees will have a good time in riding them; our own private opinion in the meantime, being, that it is a good deal easier to back a Durham cow than a Bactrian camel. We recollect witnessing a first experiment several years ago at the Lion Theatre in this city. The victim was Dan Reed, a gentleman pretty well known to old play goers in this city, as one of the best stage tyrants of his day. As Gessler in William Tell, he was perfectly excruciating. In private life his temper was none of the sweetest, and we believe it was utterly impossible for Dan to "roar as gently as a sucking dove."

Well, to our story. The management of the "Lion," brought out the melodrama of Blue Beard, with the "whole resources of the unrivalled establishment," "with a reckless disregard of cost," as Mr. Crummles would have said, and in a "style to bid defiance to any other establishment in the world." The great "card" was a bridal procession, in which were introduced two live elephants, a camel, and a stud of horses. Dan Reed was cast for Abomilique, the "three-tailed bashaw," and was expected to mount the camel. Though he protested against a first class actor, in addition to the humiliation of "playing with a menagerie," being obliged to appear on the back of a "ferocious animal," as he styled the camel, still he was obliged to submit to the requirements of the management.

The first night came and a crowded house. At the close of the first act, the procession came on, and went off amidst uproarous applause. Such a big elephant was never seen on any stage. And Dan on his camel was magnificent. His blue *beard shone with the brilliancy* of a *Cairn* Gorme, and his sabre and spangles "brought down" the million. Yet, in the midst of his glories and elevated position some ten feet in the air, those who were nearest to him might have seen a shadow of uneasiness on his painted brow. He was evidently dissatisfied with the motion and doubtful of the temper of his "mount," and, sure enough, just as the procession was leaving the stage, a boy in a blue turban, as the camel was passing, animated by the spirit of mischief, kicked him viciously. The animal, though supposed to be as meek as Moses, resented the affront and kicked at the boy in turn. Up went those clumsy footpads, and off went Dan Reed, his sabre flying out of its scabbard as he pitched upon his head. The act drop went down amidst the roars of the audience. The boy fled, and Dan Reed after him, sword in hand, swearing, like Rob Roy to "cleave him to the brisket." But the rascal made good his escape, and Dan was forced "to nurse his rage to keep it warm."

After the performance, the tragedian, learning that the boy was ward to Andrew Jackson Allen, the costumer of the establishment, sought out that celebrated personage to lay his grievances before him. Now everybody knows that Andrew was hard of hearing and troubled with a perpetual cold in his head. On this occasion, having heard of what had transpired, he saw fit to be impenetrably deaf, and to hear nothing at all, though Dan spoke in the voice of Stentor.

"Mr. Allen," roared Dan, "I come to complain of an atrocious act on the part of your boy—one of the greatest little villains in creation."

"Glad you like the boy," replied "Dummy." "Good boy—clever—subborts his ancient mother add two sisters—picked ib up id Halifax."

"He kicked my camel," yelled Dan, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand and bellowing into Allen's ear—"and made the camel kick me off—*me*, Daniel Reed, a *legitimate* actor—mark you, sir—led the heavy business at the Federal."

"Excellent, good-natured, abiable boy," pursued Allen. "Sends ub all his eardings—I bay his board. Clever lad."

"He's a villain!" shouted Dan.

"Glad you like ib."

"And if you don't flog him within an inch of his life—I'll murder him!"

"Thank you, Dad," said Allen, offering his hand. "All he wants is a liddle idstrucshud. He'll make ad agtor—he will—boud to rise. Good principles. Much obliged for your kide offer. I'll write to his mother—mother and two sisters at Halifax—he subborts ub. Good-night, Dad."

"You be hanged!" yelled Dan. "You're as much of a booby as he is a fool. And if you have any respect for the boy's mother, you'll pay for his funeral—for as sure as the sun gilds the dome of the State House to-morrow morn, that sun shall set upon his bleeding corpse."

It is needless to say that the threat was not executed, and that the next night Dan was biletted upon the elephant, having positively refused to ride the "ferocious animal," on which and off which he had figured on the first night of Blue Beard.

A man who shows himself too well satisfied with himself, is seldom pleased with others, and they, in return, are little disposed to like him.

The Dandy's Farewell to [illegible]ove.

Farewell! It is a horrid bore,
United that we cannot be,
Since I decidedly adore
You, and I know that you like me.

Our disappointment is a blow
To me, and, I believe, to you;
But everybody that we know
Declares our union wouldn't do.

No more, no more, in fact, it would,
I need not name the reason why;
Between us it is understood,
You feel its force as well as I.

I must deny myself your hand,
And you give up the thought of mine,
As one controls the heart's demand
For hounds and horses, pictures, wine.

Too dear, too dear, in short, are we
To one another! idly fond;
Each of us is a luxury,
The other's hope too far beyond!

Yes, you are like the strawberries,
To market which in May they bring,
And I am as the young green peas,
Brought thither, too, in early spring.

Of peas and strawberries, the lot
Is naturally to be sold,
Purchased at heavy sums per pot,
Or basket, by the rich and old.

Thy charms another may possess,
Whose years are many more than mine;
I may be destined to caress
A wrinkled cheek instead of thine.

If we could but a proper state
In fortune and position share,
For both it were a happier fate,
No doubt, to be a wedded pair.

But seeing we could not maintain
The style society requires,
We must, although severe the pain,
Restrain our passionate desires.

Oh, fancy, if thou can'st conceive,
Dress, living, furniture, cut down!
Think what it were the world to leave,
And live, perhaps, at Camden-town!

where is that? Thou knowest not;
I know, in fact, about as well;
It is some distant wretched spot,
In which the working-classes dwell.

Then let us part without a scene,
Without absurd and useless shrieks,
With smiling lips and brows serene—
Let tears disfigure vulgar cheeks.

Of course our hearts are torn to bits;
But let us keep our pangs from view,
And not fly into any fits
In interchanging our adieu.

Forget me, that is, if you can,
I mean, considered as a flame;
And I shall act like every man
Whose circumstances are the same.

And, since I can't afford to wed
The girl I fancy for a wife,
Live a gay bachelor's, instead
Of leading a domestic life.

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THE PRESENT.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

We may look for joy to our longing hearts
In what the Past may show,
And through many hours drink a bliss
From our memory's fruited glow.
We may seek it in the visions shaped
By the fancy, where the mist
Of the Future hangs, and see it full
Of the gold and amethyst.

But the Present always should be made
Enjoyment's earnest hour,
For the Future preparation sure,
Though now some clouds may lower.
O thus will we ever resolute be!
O thus live in work sublime!
And the mind and heart can't help but step
With Faith to the march of Time.

EDITH'S COUNTERPLOT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Call it one thousand, Tom."

"Well,—one thousand it shall be. If, within a month, you will so lead Walter Harling astray that he shall be caught at the wine-cup, and at the gaming-table, I will give you the thousand dollars."

"But, Mr. Tom Aubrey, you are very sanguine."

"Not a bit more than is amply justifiable, Gid. If you will do as you have said, I know I shall win."

"But do you take into account the proposition that Edith Amesbury may *love* Walter Harling?"

"Yes."

"And do you furthermore reflect that a woman will be very slow to listen to tales of evil against the man who possesses her heart?"

"I have thought of it all, Gideon. If the lady were alone concerned, I might doubt the success of my plan; but her brother Charles, who is her guardian since her uncle's death, is one of the stiffest and most exacting of the moral crew. Let him so much as suspect that Walter Harling drinks and gambles, and he would see his sister suffer any amount of torment rather than see her marry that man."

"But if he should suspect you, Tom?"

"He will not. I have kept my tracks too well covered. He thinks my fortune is still in bank, safe and intact; and he thinks my church-going hath strong foundation of religious zeal. Fear not for me, Gid. Do as we have planned, and I will win Edith Amesbury's hand,—and her hand once mine, I can keep my part of the compact. And, my boy, I will do more than I promise."

"Fear not that I shall fail," said Gideon Smart. "I am not apt to put my hand to a work from which to turn back unsuccessful."

Gideon Smart was a notorious gambler and blackleg—a sport and an exquisite of the first water. I do not mean that he was a dandy; but that when he chose to turn his ambition into fashionable ways few could surpass him.

Thomas Aubrey was a young man of five-and-twenty, and had been left the possessor of an ample fortune; but a course of dissipation, and loose living in every way, had scattered his patrimony, and he was now penniless. In the times when his father lived he had known Edith Amesbury, and had fancied that she loved him; and since that time he had kept up the acquaintance, though not to the extent of intimate familiarity. But lately he had sought to regain the old ground. Edith and her brother had been left equal sharers in a fortune of half a million dollars, and if he could gain her hand he could swim again upon the upper wave of fashion and pastime. One impediment, however, he found in his way,—and that impediment was a certain Walter Harling, whom Edith might possibly love. How he proposed to remove this obstacle we have seen.

Walter Harling, at the age of three-and-twenty, had, entirely by his own hard-earned resources, graduated at one of the best of our colleges, and was now, while studying law at his leisure, engaged as sub-editor on the staff of one of the city daily papers.

One day a gentleman called upon Harling in his sanctum, and introduced himself as Gideon Smart, and at the same time presented an original article for publication. It was upon the subject of Temperance, and was of real merit.

"If you publish it," said the visitor, "let it go in as your own. I employ some of my leisure time in scribbling, but I have no ambition to shine as an author."

And after that Gideon Smart dropped in every day for a week, bringing with him on each occasion an article for publication. These articles were crisp and "meaty," and sparkling with wit and sentiment. They had been written originally by a poor dissipated *litterateur*, who was paid a mere pittance for their composition, and then copied by Smart.

At length Smart brought in a spicy article on *gambling*, which Harling commended highly.

"For the purpose of booking myself in these matters," said Smart, "I have taken the trouble to visit a few of the more prominent of these dens of iniquity. Have you ever seen the inside of a gaming hall?"

"I never have," answered Walter.

"You should do so, by all means, my dear Harling. The man who would make a successful editor should make himself acquainted with all phases of society. I think you would find enough to repay you in the study. What say you to going with me?"

The idea struck Harling favorably. He had conceived a liking for Smart, and he promised that he would accept his offer. There was nothing to prevent his going that very evening.

"I am sorry, Edith, but the alternative cannot be avoided. I can never consent to your uniting your destiny with that of a man who is a frequenter of the gaming saloon."

Charles Amesbury spoke in sorrow, but firmly. His sister, beautiful as the rose of early summer, and as pure, listened with resolute incredulity.

"I cannot believe it," she said. "Some men might deceive me; but not Walter Harling. Deception is not in his heart, and he could not wear it upon his face. I know that he carries his soul in his look."

"And yet, my dear Edith, it is plain that he has deceived you. Not only has he frequented the gaming-house, but houses of worse repute."

"How know you this?"

"I have it from Thomas Aubrey."

"And would you believe him against Walter Harling?" demanded Edith, her cheeks flushing.

"I think Thomas Aubrey is trying to lead a proper life," replied the brother. "But I have it not upon his authority alone. Others, whom I cannot doubt—men whom I have purposely set to watch Mr. Harling's movements—have told me the same story."

Edith's eyes flashed, and her fingers were clutched in the folds of her robe.

"Mr. Aubrey has spoken to you of gaining my hand?" she said, in a hushed tone.

"He has hinted at such a thing; but I have given him no encouragement. Do not think, my sister, that I make this accusation in his interest. God knows that your good is my only aim!"

Edith kissed her brother, and said that she believed him; and then she walked away to the window, and looked out into the darkness. When she came back her lips were compressed, and a new light was upon her face and in her eyes.

"Charles," she said, "let this matter rest between us for a season. My love may be blind, but my reason is not. *I* will set an agent to watch.—Fear not to trust me. My agent shall be in every way reliable. *I mean to* KNOW *of this!*"

"Really," said Walter Harling, as he took his hat from its peg, "I begin to tire of this. I gain much insight into the undercurrents of life in our *city, it is true; but the view is not* pleasant. I will leave others to write *up the* story of these dens."

"But you will go with me this evening?" said Gideon Smart. "You must see the inside of the Royal Bengal. It is the most famed gaming hall in the country."

"Yes," answered Harling,—"I will go this evening; for I own that I have a curiosity to see the inside of that place."

And the two set forth. It was early in the evening when they reached the vestibule of the Royal Bengal, and the sentinel at the door passed them in. Close behind them followed a fair-faced boy whom the guard stopped; but the lad presented a card bearing a name which was authority in the place, and he was allowed to enter.

"My dear Harling, let us have a glass of wine," said Smart, as they passed near the bar in the outer hall.

"No," answered Walter. "I do not use wine."

"But, just a drop for friendship's sake."

"Wine is an evil with which I do not tamper; and I would cement no friendships in such a treacherous element. You will excuse me, Mr. Smart."

Gideon Smart bit his lip, for he saw near at hand witnesses—there by appointment—whom he had hoped to entertain with the sight of Walter Harling drinking wine at the bar of the Royal Bengal.

And at the same time the fair-faced boy, who stood apart in the shadow, but near enough to hear and to see, clasped his hands as though in grateful emotion, and a bright, limpid light was in his wonderfully deep azure eyes.

From the bar-room the two men passed on into the main saloon—a sumptuous, palatial room—where gold and cut-glass reflected the light of a thousand gas-jets, and where pictures and statuary of the first quality abounded. Here were the appliances for gambling—appliances of every description. At the far end of the room they found a faro-bank at which no one was playing, though the dealer sat at his post awaiting customers.

"Do you understand faro?" asked Smart.

"I understand nothing at all of any game of hazard," replied Walter.

"This is a curious game. Let me explain it to you."

Walter was curious, and as no one was playing at the table, he drew nearer and listened.

"You observe these cards fixed in the face of the table—the thirteen ranks of the pack, from ace to king inclusive. Now let me explain.—Have you a piece of silver in your pocket?"

Walter took out a half-dollar, and extended it to his companion; but Smart said,—

"No,—just lay it upon one of those cards."

And Walter laid it down.

At a motion from Smart the dealer began to draw cards from his deal-box, and lay them down alternately to the right and left.

"Queen wins!" said he, presently, and pushed a silver half-dollar over the board.

Walter picked up his money and put it into his pocket.

"Here," said his companion,—"you have left this."

"What?"

"The half-dollar which you have won."

"Don't insult me, Smart. I had no thought of trying my fortune in that manner. Give that piece of money back to the man who owns it. You may smile at my simplicity; but a half-dollar taken in that way would burn through my pocket and singe my conscience. I'll none of it."

Gideon Smart slipped the money into his own pocket, and as the backs of the twain were turned the boy with the marvellous eyes wore a look upon his face that was seraphic.

Shortly after this, while Walter was engaged in examining an exquisite painting, Smart joined a man who had been muffled up in his cloak in another part of the hall.

"Have you seen?" asked Smart.

"I have seen thus far," answered Thomas Aubrey, letting his cloak partially fall.

"And you will see no further," pursued Smart. "I am at the end of my rope. Harling has proved himself a tougher customer than I thought. I can't bag him any how. But you saw him put money upon the faro spread-out?"

"Yes."

"Then make the most of that. Others saw the same thing."

"I will," said Aubrey.

And thus speaking he turned quickly away as he saw Harling coming, and as he turned he met the gaze of those two wonderful eyes, and saw the boy's agitated face.

"Out of my way!" he muttered, in his haste; and when he had reached a safe distance from Harling he turned to look at the boy again; but the lad had gone.

Once more Edith Amesbury was summoned to her brother's presence. It was evening, and Thomas Aubrey was with him in the drawing-room.

"Edith," said Charles, "the truth can no longer be concealed. I have fairly dragged Mr. Aubrey hither that you may hear from his own lips what transpired last evening."

"Pardon me, Miss Amesbury," pleaded Aubrey, in most beseeching accents,—"pardon and forgive. Heaven is my witness that I would not pain you if I could help it. What I saw I saw; and your brother commands me to speak."

"Where did you see it?" asked Edith.

"In the Royal Bengal Saloon."

"Why were you there?"

"I went to observe the movements of another—another whom I saw in company with one of the most noted gamesters of our city—and whose company he has kept for many days past. Need I speak the name?"

"You need not," answered Edith. "Another was there to see and hear as well as you. Wait until that other witness comes."

With this she left the room. Her brother was amazed, while Aubrey showed by his looks that he was alarmed.

By and by the door was opened, and Edith re-entered, enveloped in a water-proof cloak drawn tightly around her throat, and extending to her feet.

"Where is your witness?" now asked her brother.

"*Here!*" she said.

As she spoke she gathered up her flowing tresses and put a dark cloth cap upon her head, and then throwing off the long cloak she stood arrayed in boy's attire!

The very boy whose wondrous eyes had looked upon Thomas Aubrey in the Royal Bengal Saloon on the previous evening!

"Edith!" cried Charles, when he could command speech, "what does this mean?"

"It means," she replied, "that the person whom I employed to watch the movements of our enemies was one whom I could most implicitly trust—MYSELF. I borrowed these garments of a friend, and through the influence of a man high in authority I gained a pass to the gaming hall. Let Mr. Aubrey tell you the rest."

But Mr. Aubrey was struck dumb.

"Then," pursued Edith, "let this man speak." And going to the door, she led in Walter Harling.

It would be painful to tell how Thomas Aubrey crept away from that house. But he left joy and sunshine behind him.

Edith ran away and put off her masquerade; and when she came back in her own attire, radiant and jubilant, her brother had heard the whole story from Walter's lips.

"What say you to the discovery of my agent?" demanded the proud and happy girl.

"I ask your pardon—both," said Charles; "and the only atonement I can offer is this."

He took the hand of his sister and placed it within the grasp of Walter Harling, adding, when he had done so,—

"God bless the deed!"

Contra Cr.

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THE MISSING SPECTACLES.

Poor, good old Aunt Ruth! She meant well; and one half the sins of her life were committed in the cause of humanity,—that is, to avoid giving offence. She would rather stretch the truth, "just a leetle," than hurt a friend's feelings. It was to save the feelings of her old minister that she once made a slight departure from the truth,—which departure led her into an awkward trap, as we shall see.

Aunt Ruth's husband had been dead nearly six months. She had mourned truly, and with an affectionate remembrance of the departed; but the manifold cares of her household had not left her time for useless repining. Old Parson Belknap had been away on a visit to his relatives in a distant State; and on his return to his parish one of his first visits was made to Aunt Ruth. He was glad to find her so resigned and so hopeful.

"You have found great consolation in the Good Book?" he suggested.

"In my Bible, you mean?" returned Aunt Ruth, with just the least bit of confusion manifest in her homely, but good-natured, face.

"In your Bible, Sister Ruth, certainly. I trust you have sought its consolations and inspirations."

"Yes, sir,—yes, sir. I've found it a great comfort—a very great comfort. I don't know what I should have done without it."

"Let us resort to it now, my sister. Let us read a few chapters together."

"Peggy! Peggy!" called the old lady, to her niece, "go up stairs and get the Bible. I guess you'll find it in my room."

Peggy went up, and after a while returned empty-handed. She had not been able to find the book. Aunt Ruth bowed her head and thought.

"The last time I read it," she finally said, "I guess I put it away in the clothes-press. You'll find it there somewhere, Peggy."

The niece retired again, and at length returned with the Bible, which she gave to the minister. As the good man opened the book a small, well-worn morocco spectacle-case dropped from between the leaves.

"Ah!—what is this?" And he picked it up, and handed it to Aunt Ruth.

"Mercy sakes alive!" cried the old lady, drawing a pair of silver-bowed spectacles from the case, and then looking up to her niece,—"if here an't your poor old uncle's specs that we've hunted and hunted for so much. I remember now—dear, good man!—*He put 'em in here the last time he read the blessed Book afore he died!*"

Parson Belknap turned away his head to hide a smile which he could not repress; but by no sign or word did he intimate to Aunt Ruth that he had noticed her little dereliction.

S. C., JR.

BROTHER NED'S SISTER (Ohio) says: "I solicit your advice on a subject that is of great importance to me. I am a young girl, eighteen years of age; am what is termed handsome, but not at all conceited. What I wish to know is, do you think it advisable for a girl of my age to marry? I sometimes think I am too young. Within a very short time I have had two offers: one of them I rejected for the reason that I did not love him; the other I have not answered yet, for I am going to await your advice. This young man is twelve years my senior. He is a noble, whole-souled man, fitted to be a delight and comfort to any woman through any storm or sunshine of life; but the trouble is, he has poor health and is now a consumptive. I love him very much, and have every reason to believe my love is even more than reciprocated. He says he can never be happy without me. If he were some foolish dandy of twenty, I should not have the feelings toward him that I have, but I do not wish to hurt his feelings. I could be very happy with him, or I could be very happy without him. He is in business and attends to it very promptly; he makes two thousand dollars a year; has about four thousand dollars on interest. Do you think we could get along on that amount, taking into consideration that I have been brought up very economically? Please give me your candid opinion on this subject through your columns devoted to correspondence. I have one more question to ask you. What do you think of a young man that would break an engagement with a lady through jealousy, and in three or four months after so doing, would come to her and wish her to take him into her confidence again? Hoping that you will answer as soon as possible, I will anxiously await your reply. What do you think of my writing and composing?" We think you too young to marry. We think you would act imprudently if you married a man in consumption. He should not ask you, if he is so noble as you say. This being our opinion of the proposal, we need not discuss the question of his means. Wait till you are twenty-one. As to the jealous gentleman, we think badly of him, if the facts are just as you put them. We think badly of your writing too. It is too small and obscure. There is *rather much of it too.*

DISGUSTED says: "There is one thing in my life which is a constant source of worriment to me, and that is, what am I going to do for a living? what shall be my business for life? I have worked in a store for a numbers of years—a business which I detest and loathe as I never have anything before—where it was necessary, in order to obtain the approbation of the employers, and your place also, to cheat, to lie, to face a person down when you knew that a thing was not as you represented, all to sell goods. And yet I had to do all this; and why? because I could get no other place, and was *poor*, places being very hard to get in this city. But I thank God that I am out of that place, and never was there a happier moment than when I left, never to return. My father left us nearly four years ago, and I immediately left school to go to work; but I have a kind, gentle, loving mother, and that is better than all. Am strong and active, and willing to work day and night, if necessary. I hate most all kinds of store business, because dealers now-a-days are not to be trusted. I don't say all—I mean the majority of them. I have seen so much of the doings of dishonest men that I am disgusted with them. If I had a fortune to-day, I would sooner trust it with one of my boy friends than trust it with one of the so-called '*best men* of the city.' Would like to learn the art of photography. Do you think it a good paying thing? Am considerable of an artist, and know I should like it very much. Is there much of a chance in your great city for a young man to obtain a situation?" Sorry to hear so bad an account of the men of your city—whose name we suppress. We do not think photographing a certain and solid business, and we fear the demand for employment is quite as great here as in your city. Would it not be well to go into business where you are known, make a character for honesty, and set a good example where it is so necessary?

I CANNOT LOVE BUT ONE.

Go! give thy love to all,
And sigh on every breast;
The roving heart I'd not recall,
Altho' 'twould make me blest?
Go!—gaze in other eyes,
And smile on all you've won,
My bosom still forever sighs,
I cannot love but one!

Go!—seek another's kiss,
That seems so sweet to thee,
I'd not deprive thee of one bliss,
Altho' 'twere death to me!
The burning tears I shed,
This heart so lorn, undone,
Still speaks to thee as from the dead,
Thou should'st not love but one!

Ah! no—I'll blame thee not,
That thou did'st from me go—
Yet love like ours can't be forgot,
Altho' thou leav'st me so!
O! give me no half love,
I would have all, or none;
My heart was never made to rove,
I cannot love but one!

Oh, could'st thou love me now,
As when our hearts first met:
I'd wipe the death-damp from my brow,
And all my grief forget!
But if thou'rt lost to me,
Then life with me is done!
My dying lip shall pray for thee!—
I cannot love but one!

TO THE PLAGIARIST.

BY MARY J. WINES.

Withhold your pen, and for a moment think
To what a depth of meanness you will sink.
Detection's sure as is to-morrow's sun,
Then, where's the credit for the labor done?
What thrill of pleasure can your spirit feel,
When you allow your feeble mind to steal?
Better to thrust your hand in a lady's pocket,
And take therefrom her purse, or golden locket;
The crime is least detested of the two,
You'll be less likely held to public view.
Then there's excuse—that love of shining gold
Hath ever made a robber truly bold.
But if you'll learn a line that's grand and true,
You'll do to others as you'd have them do to you.
Suppose you should construct a work of art,
And with much care and labor join each part;
When rightly finished, you with pride would claim
For your invention a just place and name.
Suppose, again, that, after lapse of time,
You should inhabit other place or clime,
And you should there with anger fierce behold
The work you prized far more than shining gold
Claimed by another, whose audacious hand
Had never moved to raise the structure grand;
Would you not deem him worse than common thief,
And think his impudence beyond belief?
If so, my friend, then turn your thoughts within,
And see if you're not guilty of this sin.
Instead of reaching what you seek to gain,
You'll find your labor has been spent in vain;
And all the honor gathered to your name
You'll count in storms of anger, scorn, and shame.
Seek not to claim what other brains have wrought,
'Twill only prove that you've been badly taught;
And in your inmost soul you must despise
A deed that proves you neither good nor wise.
No, no, my friend, whoever you may be,
Lay down your pen, and train your mind to see,
That if to fame in letters you'd aspire,
You must first kindle true ambition's fire;
Then, by its flame you'll see and warmly feel
How mean and low a crime it is to steal;
And rising up above the selfish cloud and mist,
You'll scorn the name of a vile plagiarist.

AN Iowa paper having inserted an item relating that a woman of that State had helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat, and noticing the item copied by its exchanges under an evident misappreciation of facts, now explains that the way she helped was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest, and terrifying him in other ways.

A DISTINGUISHED President of Harvard College was once asked by a brother clergyman how long it took him to write a sermon. He said, "Sometimes a week, sometimes longer." "What! a week to write a sermon? I write one in a day, and make nothing of it." "Yes," replied the Doctor, "but I make something of mine."

THE papers say that the mud of the English river Thames is exported to Germany, and then, by a chemical manipulation, transformed into butter and returned to England. This is easy to believe. Butter, we know, is made of the richest element of milk, and if water makes good milk, why will not its richest element make good butter?

A MAN at Madison, Wis., who had owed another man $11 for a long time, was seized in Capitol Park the other night by the creditor, together with a set of false teeth. Men often threaten to take certain indebtedness out of the hide of a creditor, but this is the first recorded instance of taking it out of the mouth.

A CONTRAST. We have rarely read, says a late English writer, anything more simple and touching than the following contrasted poems. We cannot ascertain the name of the writer. They were cut from an old newspaper in which they were published anonymously. They will please every reader, even those who can see no beauty in really fine poetry:

Man's Love.

When woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love fadeth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair,
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle;
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying!

And when her heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth,
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's lights setteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feebie hand;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him, when the moon
Is bright o'er dale and hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden's bowers,
To sit midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feed on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darkened room;
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexprest;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again,
Still, still, she must regret;
She never can forget.

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NOT TO BE BEATEN.

A New Hampshire man and a man from Ohio chanced to meet at a public dinner-table in New York. The man from Ohio suggested to him of the Granite State that it might be advantageous to him to remove to the West, especially if he proposed to continue to follow the pursuits of a farmer. The Yankee could not see it. There was no State in the Union equal to New Hampshire. He of the Buckeye State could not agree to this. Ohio was inferior to New Hampshire in no respect, while in many respects she was superior. The Yankee demanded to know a superior feature. The Buckeye commenced to enumerate; but as fast as he presented his claims of superiority his antagonist unhesitatingly swept them away by bold and vigorous declarations to the contrary.

At length, when all other sources of argument had been exhausted, the Buckeye confidently observed,—

"You will at least allow that Ohio justly claims superiority over New Hampshire in point of the extent of her territory."

"No, *sir!*" promptly and emphatically replied the Yankee. "Your State spreads out broad because it is *flat*. Look at the mountains of New Hampshire! Goodness mercy! Just roll 'em out flat, and they'd make territory enough to cover up the whole of Ohio, and fill up a big slice of Lake Erie!"

The gentleman from Ohio cheerfully paid for the few extra bottles of wine which he found in his bill on that occasion.

S. C., JR.

MILIO, a Russian surgeon, has invented an electric lantern for the interior of the human body, but it is doubtful if it is any improvement on the natural lights.

WE see it announced in a California paper that a Miss Wheat was recently married on the Pacific coast. Let us hope that she will never get thrashed.

Contra Cr.

Contra Cr

	By Cash $1-94 cts	1	94

Contra Cr

1843 Dec 20th	By 3 Gall Oil @ 75 cts — 1844 Jan 21st by 2 Gall Oil 75 cts }	3	75

Contra Cr

1843 July 4th	By Cash 22 cts - do 20 cts		42
	By Labour to Balls $1·53 —	1	53
		$ 1	95

Contra Cr

Slightly Acquainted.—Several years ago the —th Regiment United States Regulars was quartered at A——, near Niagara Falls. Among the privates of that gallant regiment was B——, a tall, lank, red-haired Vermonter, who was always in some scrape or other. One day he obtained leave to take a day's shooting on the Canada side. He went early in the morning, and hunted all day with very poor success. Late in the afternoon he was slowly wending his way home, ill pleased with his poor success, when he saw seated on a tree within easy shooting distance a large crow. To level his gun and fire was the impulse of a moment, and down tumbled the crow almost at his feet. Now it happened that the crow was a tame one, and a pet of Gen. C——, who was one of the wealthiest land owners in Canada, and who owned the property on which B—— stood. And it so happened that the general was an unseen witness of the death of his favorite. Enraged at its loss, he determined to punish the offender in a manner that he would be likely to remember.

So coming forward in a friendly manner, he nodded to B——, who saluted him in return.

"You've got a fine gun there," said the general.

"Yaas," said B——, handing it to the general; "that's the neatest double-barreled gun around these diggings."

The general turned the gun around and examined it carefully, then putting the barrel, still loaded, and at full cock, to his shoulder and pointing it at B——, said:—

"You have willfully shot the greatest favorite I had, and now *you've got to eat it.*"

B—— explained, and begged, and prayed, but to no purpose; the general was unmoved by his entreaties, and told him he must eat or die. B—— once more turned his eyes piteously toward the general, but the cold, wicked eye glanced along the barrel convincing him (as he afterward said) that there was fire in it. So with a groan he a picked up the crow, and shutting his eyes, commenced his disagreeable meal. He worried down three or four mouthfuls and then stopped, unable to eat more of the disgusting carrion; and the general, thinking he had gone far enough, told him that would do; and after advising him to be more careful in future what he shot, handed him his gun and told him he could go. As soon as B—— got his gun in his hands he turned fiercely upon the general and said:—

"It's my turn now. You eat the remainder of that crow."

In vain the general stamped and swore, and finally prayed to be let off. B—— was as firm as he himself had been a few minutes before. Nothing would satisfy the enraged soldier but that the general should eat the whole of what was left, and which he had to do before B—— let him off.

The next day the general went to B——'s colonel and complained that he had been grossly insulted by one of his soldiers the day previous.

The colonel inquired what one.

"Why," said the general, "he was a tall, lean, ill-favored fellow, with red hair."

"Ha!" said the colonel, "I know him; he's always in some scrape. Orderly, bring B——, here immediately."

In a few minutes the orderly returned, bringing B——, who was wondering what scrape he was in now.

"B——," said the colonel, "do you know this gentleman?"

"What! me?" said B——, looking as amazed as possible.

"Yes," said the colonel, "do you know him?"

"Yes, we are slightly acquainted," said B——, (a happy thought striking him.) "We *dined together yesterday!*"

The general could hold in no longer, but bursting into a hearty laugh, he told the colonel to let him go, as he heartily forgave him.

EQUAL AT LAST.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Hot fever burns a royal cheek,
  A queen, a mourner, humbly bends;
A kingdom asks of lightning news,
  When daylight comes and when it ends;
On 'Change gold shifts like tide-swept sand,
  From pulpits echo words of prayer;
While sailor hands on English ships
  Hold ready flag ropes everywhere,
Until one day the princely feet
  Turn backward from the solemn sea,
And cannons thunder out their news,
  The safety of the King to be.
Then to and fro a pageant goes,
  With banner, blossom, song and cry,
And shouts of welcome long and loud,
  As royalty, restored, goes by.

Up in his attic poor and mean,
  Where God's bright sunshine is unknown,
Lies "Mason Tim." For him no wire,
  Trembling, repeats his frequent moan.
His subjects one can quickly count:
  Children and wife—they are but four;
They need no bulletin prepare
  To nail outside their crazy door.
And when, with tender hand, at last
  God gives him back to life again,
No belfry shakes with clang of bells,
  No pulpit soft intones "Amen."

Then in the dim land made of dreams,
  Beyond the years to come and pass,
I see them standing side by side,
  Outlooking toward the Sea of Glass.
Beside them, on that misty brink,
  Lies ermine robe and regal crown,
World-wafted flag and arrow broad,
  Flung like a pilgrim burden down.
Beside them garments poor and old,
  Trowel and hammer, square and hod.
Nor gift to keep, nor work to do,
  Are left the soul that faces God.
There, if through Him fair Mercy comes,
  To lead them through yon shadow dim,
I know no better welcome waits
  The son of kings, than Mason Tim.

FISHER AMES.

BY JAMES PARTON.

And who was Fisher Ames, that his "Speeches" should be gathered and republished sixty-three years after his death? He was a personage in his time. Let us look upon him in the day of his greatest glory.

It was April 28, 1796, at Philadelphia, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, of which Fisher Ames was a member. The House and country were highly excited respecting the terms of a treaty which John Jay had negotiated with the British government. To a large number of the people this treaty was inexpressibly odious; as, indeed, *any* treaty would have been with a power so abhorred by them as England then was. Some of the conditions of the treaty, we cannot deny, were hard, unwise, unjust; but, in all probability, it was the best that could then have been obtained, and Mr. Jay had only the alternative of accepting the conditions, or plunging his country into war. One great point, at least, the British government had yielded. After the Revolutionary war, the English had retained several western posts, to the great annoyance of settlers, and the indignation of the whole country. These posts were now to be surrendered, provided the treaty was accepted and its conditions fulfilled.

President Washington and the Senate had ratified the treaty—with reluctance, it is true; but still they had ratified it; and nothing remained but for the House of Representatives to appropriate the money requisite for carrying the treaty into effect. But here was the difficulty. The treaty was so unpopular that members of Congress shrunk from even seeming to approve it. There had been riotous meetings in all the large cities to denounce it. In New York, Alexander Hamilton, while attempting to address a meeting in support of it, was pelted with stones, and the people then marched to the residence of Mr. Jay, and burned a copy of the treaty before his door.

"Blush," said a Democratic editor, "to think that America should degrade herself so much as to enter into any kind of treaty with a power now tottering on the brink of ruin, whose principles are directly contrary to the spirit of Republicanism!"

A Virginia newspaper advised that, if the treaty negotiated by "that arch-traitor, John Jay, with the British tyrant, should be ratified," Virginia should secede from the Union. Indeed, the public mind has seldom been excited to such a degree upon any public topic.

It was in these circumstances that Fisher Ames rose to address the House of Representatives, in favor of the treaty. There was supposed to be a majority of ten against it in the House, and the debate had been for some days in progress. Madison and all the leading Democrats had spoken strongly against it; while Fisher Ames, the greatest orator on the side of the Administration, was suffering from the pulmonary disease from which he afterward died, and had been ordered by his physician not to speak a word in the House. Inaction at such a time became insupportable to him, and he chafed under it day after day.

"I am like an old gun," he wrote, in one of his letters, "that is spiked, or the trunnions knocked off, and yet am carted off, not for the worth of the old iron, but to balk the enemy of a trophy. My political life is ended, and I am the survivor of myself; or, rather, a troubled ghost of a politician that am condemned to haunt the field where he fell."

But as the debate went on, he could no longer endure to remain silent. He determined to speak, if he never spoke again; and the announcement of his intention filled the Representatives' Chamber with a brilliant assembly of ladies and gentlemen. Vice-President Adams came to the chamber to hear him, among other persons of note. The orator rose from his seat pale, feeble, scarcely able to stand or to make himself heard; but as he proceeded he gathered strength, and was able to speak for nearly two hours in a strain of eloquence, the tradition of which fills a great place in the memoirs of the time. The report of it which we possess is imperfect, and the reading of it is somewhat disappointing; but here and there there is a passage in the report which gives us some notion of the orator's power. One of his points was, that the faith of the country had been pledged by the ratification of the treaty, and that consequently a refusal of the House to appropriate the money would be a breach of faith. This led him to expatiate upon the necessity of national honor.

"In Algiers," said he, "a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation. * * * If there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows; if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice—that justice under which they fell—the fundamental law of their State."

This speech was afterward called Fisher Ames' Tomahawk Speech, because he endeavored to show that, if the posts were not surrendered and not garrisoned by American troops, the Indians could not be kept in check, and would fill the frontier with massacre and fire.

"On this theme," the orator exclaimed, "my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, Wake from your false security! Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed; the wounds yet unhealed are to be torn open again; in the day-time your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-fields. You are a mother—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle."

He continued in this strain for some time, occasionally blazing into a simile that delighted every hearer with its brilliancy, while flashing a vivid light upon the subject; and I only wish the space at my command permitted further extracts. The conclusion of the speech recalled attention to the orator's feeble condition of health, which the vigor of his speech might have made his hearers forget.

"I have, perhaps," said he, "as little personal interest in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote should pass to reject, and a spirit should arise, as it will, with the public disorders, to make confusion worse confounded, even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and constitution of my country."

With these words the orator resumed his seat. The great assembly seemed spell-bound, and some seconds elapsed before the buzz of conversation was heard. John Adams turned to a friend, Judge Iredell, who happened to sit next to him, as if looking for sympathy in his own intense admiration.

"My God!" exclaimed the Judge, "how great he is—how great he has been!"

"Noble!" said the Vice-President.

"Bless my stars!" resumed Judge Iredell, "I never heard anything so great since I was born."

"Divine!" exclaimed Adams.

And thus they went on with their interjections, while tears glistened in their eyes. Mr. Adams records that tears enough were shed on the occasion.

"Not a dry eye in the house," he says, "except some of the jackasses who had occasioned the oratory. * * The ladies wished his soul had a better body."

After many days' further debate, the House voted the money by a considerable majority; a large number of Democrats voting with the administration. Fisher Ames was not so near his death as he supposed, for he lived twelve years after the delivery of this speech, so slow was the progress of his disease. He outlived Washington and Hamilton, and delivered eloquent addresses in commemoration of both.

The great misfortune of his life was that very ill-health to which he alluded in his speech. This tinged his mind with gloom, and caused him to anticipate the future of his country with morbid apprehension. When Jefferson was elected President in 1800, he thought the ruin of his country was sure, and spoke of the "chains" which Jefferson had forged for the people. When Hamilton died in 1804, he declared that his "soul stiffened with despair," and he compared the fallen statesman to "Hercules treacherously slain in the midst of his unfinished labors, leaving the world overrun with monsters." He was one of the most honest and patriotic of men; but he had little faith in the truths upon which the Constitution of his country was founded.

He died at his birthplace, Dedham, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1808, in the fifty-first year of his age. His father had been the physician of that place for many years—a man of great skill in his profession, and gifted with a vigorous mind. Doctor Ames died when his son was only six years of age, and it cost the boy a severe and long struggle to work his way through college to the profession of the law, and to public life. If he had had a body equal to his mind, he would have been one of the greatest men New England ever produced.

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Contra Cr.

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Contra Cr

June 21st	By Cash $1" 50 on act. of Jo McWing	1	50
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Aug 24th	By Carting 1 load 17 ——		17
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UNCLE PAUL'S WHIM.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"They *would* get married," said Uncle Paul grimly. "It isn't my fault that their husbands are dead, and they're left with families to bring up. *I* advised 'em to stay single."

"But it *would* be your fault," said the mild clergyman, "if they starved or suffered."

"I don't see why."

"Because you have plenty of this world's goods, and they are poor; because you have but yourself to support, and they have little ones dependent on them."

"Oh, fudge!" said Uncle Paul. "*I* don't keep a poor-house, and I'm sure I pay sufficient taxes to all the charitable institutions to free me from any extra demands. I told both of 'em how it would be; but Hester always was a self-willed creature, and Letitia had a quiet fashion of insisting upon her own way, which was quite as bad in the long run."

"Very well," said the City Missionary. "I can't pretend to argue with you upon the subject. I only state facts, and leave the rest to your own conscience."

So he went his way, leaving Uncle Paul Sheffield alone in the dingy, seven-by-nine little room that he called his office.

"I told 'em how it would be," repeated Uncle Paul mentally, when he was by himself. "I was willing to keep them and do for them as long as they were contented to stay. But nobody can expect me to shoulder their whole families now. They've made their bed; let 'em lie on it."

He resolutely took up his pen and recommenced writing entries in the fat old ledger which lay on the desk; but for all that, the rose-bud faces of his nieces, Hetty and Letty, as they used to look, flitting around his big arm-chair, *would* continue to haunt him.

"Pshaw!" said Uncle Paul, at last, as he dropped his pen, making a great apoplectic ink blot on the middle of the page. "I wish that meddling minister chap would have been obliging enough to mind his own business. I suppose I must do something for one of 'em at least, but which shall it be? Hetty used to have the prettiest face and the most coaxing voice, but then Letty had a still, velvet-footed way of always doing just what you wanted, before you fairly knew it yourself. Hetty sang like a lark all the old-fashioned songs I liked best to hear, but Letty would play backgammon by the hour, and never get tired of the rattle of the old man's dice-box. Well, well, it's hard to make a choice."

A week had elapsed, and Letitia Carver sat alone by the desolate hearth-stone sewing, her little ones at school, the fire subdued to the fewest lumps of coal consistent with caloric life, when the door opened, and her cousin, the other young widow, entered, also in deep black.

"Isn't it a shame!" cried Mrs. Hewitt indignantly. "Of course you received a bundle too!"

"I don't think I quite understand what you mean, Hetty," said Mrs. Carver.

"Mean! I mean that Uncle Paul Sheffield is the stingiest, most parsimonious old miser in existence. To dare to send a bundle of old clothes to my door, as if I were a common beggar, with an insulting note stating that as he had understood I had two boys, I might very easily cut the garments over into something useful. I declare to you Letty, I was so angry that I cried!"

"Angry! What for? I am sure the clothes are very nice, only a little old-fashioned, and I can get quite a good suit out of them for each of my little men! Paul and Robbie are both small, and—"

"Letty Carver," cried her cousin wrathfully, "you have no more spirit than a wooden image!"

Letty smiled and shook her head mournfully.

"I cannot sit tamely by, Hester, and hear my little ones crying with cold and hunger."

"Pshaw!" said Hetty imperiously. "*I* am not yet reduced to be the recipient of such charity as *that*, from a man like Uncle Paul, who rolls in gold."

"It is his own money, Hetty, and he has a right to do with it as he pleases. When we both of us married against his wishes, we both tacitly abandoned all claim to his wealth."

"I don't agree with you there," said Mrs. Hewitt, haughtily tossing her head. "And you've actually begun to rip up the odious old butternut-colored things!"

"See," said Hetty, holding up the section of a well-worn waistcoat, with a faint smile, "I am diligently at work at it now."

"I sold mine to a rag-man for a pair of china vases," said Mrs. Hewitt indifferently. "Horrid tawdry things they were, only fit for the children to play with and break, but still better than nothing at all. What's that you are taking out of the pocket?" she added, with a quick start. "A ten-dollar bill?"

Mrs. Carver unfolded at the same moment a tiny slip of crumpled paper, tucked far down into one of the pockets. It actually was, as her cousin had said, a ten-dollar bill.

"You are in luck," cried Hetty. "I wish I had thought to look into the pockets of mine before I let the rag-man have them; but it isn't at all likely that the old skinflint would make more than one mistake of the kind. What shall you do with it, Letty?"

"Do with it?" repeated Mrs. Carver, opening her mild eyes in surprise. "I shall take it to Uncle Paul at once. It is, as you yourself say, a mistake."

"But he has given you the suit?"

"He never intended to give me the money, Hester, and I have no right to appropriate it," Letty answered.

Hrs. Hewitt drew a long inspiration of contemptuous amazement.

"Letty Carver, you are too absurdly Quixotic for anything. You don't deserve good luck, if you fling it about after this fashion."

"I certainly should not deserve good luck if I acted dishonestly in even so small a matter as this."

"I don't call ten dollars a small sum to *you*, whatever it may be to Uncle Paul. Take my advice, Letty: keep the money, and hold your tongue. You need it and he don't, and he never will be a bit the wiser. What are you tying on your bonnet for?"

"I am going to Uncle Paul," was the quiet reply, as Mrs. Carver folded a faded black cashmere shawl across her slender shoulders.

"You are *determined!*"

"Yes!"

"Then I'll go with you," said Hetty Hewitt. "Perhaps between us both we can manage to shame the old screw out of a little of his surplus cash."

"Hetty!"

"I *mean* it, Letitia! He used to pretend to be fond of us—"

"Until we set his wishes and judgment at defiance, and proclaimed ourselves entirely independent of his will."

Hester Hewitt shook her head; her wilful nature was entirely unconvinced, but she abandoned the argument temporarily.

Uncle Paul Sheffield sat alone in his "den" when his office-boy announced:

"Two ladies, sir, to see ye!"—an announcement almost instantaneously followed by the apparition of the two pale young widows, in their mourning weeds.

"Well, girls!" said Uncle Paul, sticking his pen behind his ear, as composedly as if it had been only six days since he had seen them, instead of six years; "sit down—sit down!"

Mrs. Hewitt obeyed; but Letty Carver advanced to her uncle's desk, and laid the ten-dollar bill upon its blotted surface of green baize. Uncle Paul surveyed her from behind the moon-like orbs of his silver mounted spectacles.

"Eh! what's this?" he asked, with apparent unconsciousness. "What's this?"

"You were kind enough, Uncle Paul," began Hetty hesitatingly, "to send me some clothes to make over for the children. I found this money in the waistcoat pocket, when I was ripping it up this morning."

"You did, eh?" said Uncle Paul reflectively. And then, turning his moon spectacles suddenly on his other niece, he demanded, with embarrassing abruptness:

"And you, Mrs. Hester? what became of the ten-dollar bill that was in the waistcoat pocket of your bundle? Eh?"

Hester hesitated, turned first scarlet, then pale, and was obliged to stammer forth:

"I—I didn't suppose I could make the old garments useful, so I sold them to a rag-man."

"For twenty-five cents?"

"No, uncle; for two nice china vases."

"Two filagree fiddlesticks!" barked Uncle Paul sharply. "Too shiftless to make over a good suit of only half-worn clothes—too proud to work for your own living, but not too sensitive to expect others to do it for you—too haughty to accept charity—you're the same Hetty that you always were! Even the sea of trouble you have gone through hasn't changed you, and I don't believe anything will but death."

"Uncle!" faltered Hetty, beginning weakly to cry, the worst policy she could possibly have adopted, if she had only known it.

"Yes," went on Uncle Paul, rumpling his hair over his eyebrows; "I put the two bills in the two waistcoat pockets to try you two girls. One of 'em is sold to a rag-man; the other has come back to me. I accept the omen. Letty, my lass, you and your little ones may return back to the old nest again. If the boys are like you, I shall take to 'em."

"But, uncle," whispered Hetty Hewitt through her tears, "what shall *I* do?"

"Sell yourself to the rag-man for a match-box to match your china vases!" quoth the old man, waxing grimly facetious. "Don't I tell you I'll have nothing more to do with you?"

And no tears nor entreaties on the part of either Hetty or Letty could move the old man's adamant resolve. Hetty had sealed her own doom past redemption, and her more thrifty cousin had become a presumptive heiress, all through Uncle Paul's whim.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A CLERK in a drug store up town refused to sell a man morphine without a physician's prescription. "Phaw; do I look like a man that wants to kill himself?" impatiently asked the customer. The clerk looked at him earnestly, and then said, "I can't say how it is with *you;* but if I looked as you do, *I* should certainly want to kill myself."

"WHAT shall I do to get warm?" asked a fashionably attired lady of a Quaker who was riding in a carriage with her, at the same time shivering in her lace shawl and profusion of jewelry. "I don't know," replied the Quaker solemnly, "unless thee puts on another breastpin!"

Dr. W. M. Cornell of Philadelphia, in his address at the meeting for recruiting at the Old South Church, gave some amusing and interesting anecdotes of some of the Quakers. One merchant said to his clerk, "James, is thee going to the war?" "No," said James, "I have not thought of going; I suppose I should lose my place if I go." "Thee will be likely to lose thy place if thee don't go, James."

A young man, originally from a Quaker family, who had volunteered, concluded to visit his grandmother before he left for the war. In his uniform he presented himself to the venerable Quakeress. "William," said she, "thee seems to be in a strange dress." "Yes, I have enlisted and am going to the war."—"Well, William, if thee feels it to be thy duty to go to the war, *I hope thee will not be shot in the back.*"

A rich Quaker, after the first seventy-five thousand volunteers were called for, and many of them in the field, is said to have called on Gov. Curtin, and said, "Friend Andrew, thee knows that we don't believe in *fighting;* but, thee knows, also, that we *do believe in feeding the hungry,* and now, if thee knows of any families that need to be fed, thee will please take this five hundred dollars and appropriate it to that purpose." The Quakers have done much, in their way, to crush out the present rebellion, though they are a *pacific* people.

THE GREATEST VILLAIN YET OUT, OR IN.—Charles Jones, the pretended Episcopal minister, was committeed to the Connecticut State prison on Saturday last. The Hartford Times gives a list of his rogueries, which prove him to be one of the greatest hypocrites and rascals ever heard of. He continually carried a bible and prayer-book about him, which he used to take out and read whenever he visited. He would enter stores and commence reading and exhorting, but only for the purpose of stealing whatever he could lay his hands on. From Mr. Dean, a dry goods dealer, with whom he boarded, he managed to steal about $2000 worth of goods and money before he was suspected. He gave his relatives of silk dresses and valuable shawls which he had stolen, he also sold many articles to dealers, telling them he used to take his pay for preaching partly in goods. He trimmed his pulpit with costly broadcloth and silk fringes, all of which he had stolen. He used to sympathise with Mr. Dean after his store had been robbed, with the greatest apparent sorrow, and express a wish that the rogues might be detected. Among other places, he broke into the Catholic church in Hartford, and stole the silver plate and the priest's robe; he used the latter for a pattern, and had a robe made for himself of some silk he had stolen. Such was the fellow's pretensions to sanctity that he escaped for a long time unsuspected. The day before his removal from Hartford to the state prison, he feigned insanity, and began to roll his eyes about in a wild manner; but the jailer told him it was of no use, for no living man believed him crazy, and the best way for him was to give up the attempt. Jones took the advice, and concluded to act like a sane man. He is from Vermont, but has been in Connecticut for the past three years.

[For the Standard.]

Annie Worth.

BY CARRIE C. WILLIAMS.

I was a gentleman, noble and proud,
Famed in the circles of art;
She was a pauper I met in the crowd,
To whom I offered my heart.

I was endowed with a time-honored name,
And dwelt in a palace grand;
While her father lived unknown to Fame,
With only an acre of land.

I was a gentleman with talents rare,
And wealth and treasure untold:
And she was a maiden divinely fair,
But lacking the charm of gold.

She knew I was one of the lords of earth,
And honest in my sueing;
But this low-born maiden, Annie Worth,
She proudly scorned my wooing.

I am a gentleman noble and proud,
Famed in the circles of art;
She is a pauper I meet in the crowd,
With never a care for my heart.

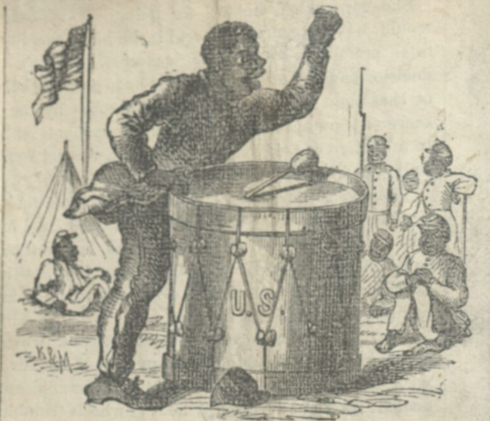
Contra Cr.

Dec 28th	Cash to ballance $2=34	$ 2	34

Contra Cr

	By 1 bbl Cider $3.00 —	3	00
	By Cash to ballance 93 —		93
		$ 3	93

1841 June 2d	Cash to Ball 5/6—		



DRUM-HEAD SERMONS.

BY J. CÆSAR POMPEY SQUASH.

Fonygrafically and Fotografically reported by Jupe Lightnir expressly for "Harry Hazel's Yankee Blade."]

My deahly belubbed pet sheap an lams—

To lemonstrait de trufe ob any gran problum it am nessary to begin at de beginnin, lucydate in de middle, an leabe off wen you git fru. Wid dese few peskytory remarks, i shal propel wid my exscoarse by inwitin your tention to de lebenteenf varse ob de fusty-fif chapiter ob de pissles ob Horiss sirnamed Grealy, to de Hatmatanites, an dis am um:

'Lef ebry tub stan pon its own bottum.'

You see, brudrin and sistrin, dat Horiss eber sence he wur an infunt fenomenon in his mudders arms larnt de grate art ob standin pon his own botum, widout de sisterance ob anybody; an darfo he tels de Mathattanites, ebry one ob dem, to stan pon dar own botum; and i stand up afo dis spectreble semblygashun dis day, an to say to you one an all—Stan upon your own botums.

De fac am dat wen we niggers libd on de ole plantashun down in Dixy, we had our ole massas and missusses to lean pon; dey had to funish us wid hog an homony, hoecake an possum, medysin an wisky, an a hut an bed to lib an sleap in, and all de oder pervishun an grossries ob life, nessary to keap de sole an body in a helfy condishun ob conwalesunse an locumoshun. Wen we wur sik it wur duty to took keer ob us, an wen we gub up de ghose it wur dar duty to bury us decently.—We den stood on our massases an misusses botums, but now dat Massa Linkum hab gaind us de freedum dat we hab fout, fit, bled an dide for, an hab no massas, cept de possles ob our party, lef us obay de junkshun ob de tex, an larn de grate art ob standin pon our own botums.

Now, belubed darkies, dont perwert de meenin ob de tex, but unstand its signifumcunce kerrekly an figertivly. Wot de possle raally means by habin ebry tub stan pon its own botum, am, dat no tub shall stan pon anybody elses botum. In oder wuds ebry free an independunt nigger muss rely upon hesef—do for hesef—arn his own bred an butter, hog an homony, hoecake an wiskey, an spen his money like a gemman, an den it may be sed dat he hab larnt de grate art ob standin pon his botum, same as duz de tub.

Gib de nigger a fare charnce, am de watchwud ob ebery ginnewine filantrofist, from Winmill Fillups down to jim Ashlie. Lef him larn to reed, rite, sipher, jogryphyze an spellerize in de bookshunaries ob de comun scools; arter dat lef him go into de hi scools and semmynarys war dey can larn all de syances from geeolergee an astrolergee to fizzyolergee, sockdolergee an matthew Matix. Den lef him go to de kollyjis to larn de langwijis, to de town haul to larn to waltz an play polker; to de sarcus to quire de art ob hossbackship; to de jimnasty to know how to de jimnastykize, an to de kademy ob mewsik to larn how to sing in operytorios an consurts. Dese am de complishments dat will teech ebery nigger to stan pon his own botum from arlyest infunsy to latess manhud.

Dar am many ob de wite trash—ize sorry to confess it—dat stan pon dar own botums. Dars Andy Jonsing, for instunce, he stans on his own botum, an dont keer a kontinentle cuss weder massa Colefax an Ben Wades schools keep or not, an he dont keer de tip-eend ob a possum's tale weder Blaremore and Seer or Crant and Golfax are lected or not. All he keers about is dat dat mizabel, fredbare, stretcht, tatterd and torn ting, calld de Konstytewshun, may hole togedder long enuff to git de ragedcles out ob powow. Dis am a moss notabul instunce ob a man standin pon his own botum.

But if you will turn de wites ob your optiks in dis direckshun, and behole de man dat stans afo you, speekin de wuds ob wisdum and ob trufe, you will see anoder moss remarkabuli instunce ob a man who has larnt de hole art ob standion pon his own botum.

Zip Koon an Rosy Squashbug, who am spected soon to be jined in de holey bonds ob padlock, will do de honers ob takin up de eternal rebenoo on dis solum cashun, an i beg to remine you dat de lass free sent peace was spirited away from your blubbed pastures trowsiz pockit, jess afo de dewine serbice for a haff glass ob ole Monongyhealey.

Ee Grant an Blare korcas will cantarty de sebenty-forf dogsology, 2-40 meter.

"ONE HUNDRED BARRELS MORE."

The lines which we print below, we copy from the San Francisco Morning Call. Capt. James Makee, of Maui, Sandwich Islands, sent one hundred barrels of molasses, to San Francisco, to be sold for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, with the promise of *one hundred more* by another vessel, which had just arrived:—

ONE HUNDRED BARRELS MORE.

'Tis coming, Father Bellows, one hundred barrels more,
Molasses for the masses, from Kamehameha's shore;
The kingdom of the cannibals is adding to our debt,
In charities the sweetest that we e'er have tasted yet.

The nectar of the early days is now a myth no more,
'Tis coming by the barrel from beyond the ocean's roar;
So let our *staves* of music by each grateful heart be sung,
For every stave bedewed with sweets beneath the barrel's bung.

And let our souls find utterance in *mel*-ody and rhyme,
And sweet as is the gift, our numbers with the contents *chime*,
And heralded each amorous hoop that clasps those casks rotund,
Filled full of consolation for the "Sanitary Fund."

Send on the sweet instalment of the patriot from afar,
To where in hospital or field our wounded heroes are,
Then take the generous spigot out and let the fluid flow,
And let each lick the lasses, and then on and lick the foe.

And let our blessings backward go to isles beyond the sea,
To crown the good philanthropist, the generous Makee;
And with each soldier let us send our tribute o'er the main,
God fill his barrels ever with the juices of the cane.

SOME ON SUGAR. A lady in this town sent her husband to the store, lately, to buy a dollar's worth of sugar, as the good wife was nearly out. The sugar not appearing, a few days afterward she asked her husband what he had done with it. He replied, after a few moments hesitation and head scratching, "that he must have put it in his OTHER VEST POCKET."—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

IF we asked, "Who occupies the most exalted station in the United States?" you would readily answer, "President Grant." "Now look how plain a tale shall put you down!" The station-master at Sherman, on the Pacific Railroad, 8,235 feet above the sea, is the man.

A GERMAN tailor who had made a pair of pantaloons for a customer whose financial integrity he doubted, when called on for the garment, said: "Der phants be not done, but der beel ish made out."

A LOVER being requested to buy his sweetheart a pair of shoes while in the city, inquired by note if she wanted them "Round or 'Squire Toad," to which she answered, "Kneither, but peeked."

THE thieves are making repeated raids on the safes of the county treasurers in the West. They do it so often without detection, that it may be called a safe rascality in more senses than one.

BEAUTIFUL IN OLD AGE.

How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair—
Not by lotions, dyes and pigments,
Not by washes for your hair.
While you're young be pure and gentle,
Keep your passions well controlled,
Walk, and work, and do your duty,
You'll be handsome when you're old.

Snow-white locks are fair as golden,
Gray as lovely as the brown,
And the smile of age more pleasant
Than a youthful beauty's frown.
'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen! be those your maxims,
When you're sixty you'll rejoice!

48
87
72
55
37
Matches 2/3 — 1 11
4 10
68

sh $5-75c 6 25
50
1 50
5
-17 — 2 17
$15 42

Contra Cr.

by Curtains 60c — Cash to ball. $3-50-	$	4	10
By Cash to ballanse 68c — —			68

Contra Cr

By 1 bbl Flour $5.75 — —	5	75
By Cash borrowed $8-00 —	8	00
By 1 Load Peat 10/ — — —	1	67
	$ 15	42

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON TO CHARLES SUMNER.

Faithful Review of our Senator's Career.

GREELEYISM EXPOSED.

The Bearings of the Present Campaign.

BOSTON, August 3, 1872.

Dear Mr. Sumner: Though I should be strongly induced, by the friendship subsisting between us, to avoid taking a position antagonistical to your own, under ordinary circumstances, even if I deemed it erroneous, yet all personal considerations must be subordinated to the public welfare when seriously imperilled. You do not believe in silence in a crisis like the present, nor do I. In your recent letter to certain colored citizens of Washington, you have spoken plainly, vehemently, and with rhetorical amplification (not for the first time), in utter condemnation of the President of the United States; and your advice to the whole body of colored voters is, that they concentrate their suffrages upon a rival candidate in the person of Horace Greeley.

In reviewing your letter I propose to speak with equal plainness, and as earnestly, to counsel my colored countrymen not to follow your lead in this matter, but, as voters, to move unitedly for the re-election of President Grant, for every consideration pertaining to their safety and happiness, to the cause of equal rights, and to the furtherance of national peace and unity.

In apologizing for your delay in answering the letter of inquiry referred to, you state that you "wished to be aided by the information which time might supply." The kind of information you desired or expected to gain in the brief space of seventeen days is left to conjecture; but, in view of your long avowed estrangement from the present Chief Magistrate, it could not have been needed to intensify your hostility to his administration. Your reply is dated July 29, and it appears to have been as carefully timed to influence the election in North Carolina on the 1st of August, before anything could be done to neutralize its effect, as was your Grant indictment speech in the Senate to determine the action of the Philadelphia Convention. These coincidences may have been accidental, but you must not be surprised if, owing to the well-known inflammable state of your mind, a general belief obtains that you have unfairly availed yourself of opportunities to work a fatal division in the Republican ranks.

It affords you much gratification to be singled out by your colored interrogators as "the *special* advocate of their rights." But this is an assumption which justice, as well as becoming modesty, should have led you to disclaim, even if it was meant only to describe your Congressional career. Similar advocates have from time to time stood bravely up, both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives—Wilson, Hale, Wade, Chase, Giddings, Mann, Lovejoy, Julian, Palfrey, Thaddeus Stevens, Gerrit Smith and others—who, if not as copious and ornate in speech as yourself, have been as unflinching, and in their turn most bitterly denounced, to say nothing of the thousands of anti-slavery men and women whose lot it was to pass through the heat and burden of the conflict, pleading, in season and out of season, nearly a score of years before your voice was heard in support of their holy cause. You have since rendered eminent service to that cause; your advocacy of it has been great and meritorious; but to claim it as peculiar at this late day, as though you stood alone and almost single-handed, is a personal appropriation very far removed from self-abnegation, and quite unwarranted.

The Republican party (the product of thirty years' moral and religious agitation for the overthrow of slavery) has crushed a vast sectional rebellion for the erection of an independent slave empire; has emancipated four millions of bondmen, and elevated them to the plane of American citizenship; has reconstructed the rebellious States on a common constitutional basis, with universal liberty; has brought order out of chaos, general tranquillity out of wide-spread disaffection, unexampled prosperity out of frightful devastation; and has advanced the banner of liberty and equality far beyond the expectation or hope of any man living ten years ago. The day has gone by, therefore, for any one to exhibit remarkable courage or conspicuity in the advocacy of any measure in behalf of the rights and interests of our colored population, except, indeed, where the old slaveholding spirit still exercises mastery at the South. Nor is it pertinent to the occasion to talk of their "infinite wrongs," now that they are emancipated and enfranchised, supplied with multitudinous schools and teachers, free to make their own contracts as independent laborers, protected as husbands and wives, bound together as parents and children, voting and being voted for, pursuing successfully all professional employments, steadily augmenting their home comforts and laying up wealth, occupying stations of trust and emolument, and having their representatives in every Southern Legislature and on the floor of Congress. True, in certain localities they are still subjected to many indignities, and sometimes to horrible outrages; but these are inflicted by that class of incorrigible miscreants at the South who are just now in happy affiliation with yourself to place Horace Greeley in the Presidential chair! True, there is still, throughout the country, a strong prejudice against social equality irrespective of color; but this is steadily yielding, and in many cases has ceased to operate. The special time to express sympathy for the "infinite wrongs" of the colored race was when they had few to interfere for their deliverence from the auction-block and slave-coffle, from the slave-driver's gory lash, from galling yokes and torturing thumb-screws, from the fangs of pursuing bloodhounds, from the clutches of prowling kidnappers, from inconceivable agonies at the burning stake; and when to "remember those in bonds as bound with them" led anywhere else than to the high places of the country. And I always deeply regret, too (as I am quite sure you now do), that for so many years after the commencement of the struggle to effect that deliverance, when the elements were melting with fervent heat, and mobocratic violence for the suppression of anti-slavery discussion was everywhere prevalent, not excepting in your own native city, you took no active part in that conflict, attended no anti-slavery gatherings, gave no visible sign of a lively interest in its success; for the first time bearing your public testimony against slavery in opposing the annexation of Texas. When elected to the United States Senate in 1851, you sat nearly eight months in that body speechless in respect to the Fugitive Slave bill, eliciting strong remonstrances against your protracted silence, seeing that, as the successor of Mr. Webster, your election was regarded as an important gain to the cause of impartial freedom. Your silence was the more inexplicable, and furnished just cause for uneasiness, because, in a speech made by you before going to Washington, you said: "The subject will not admit of postponement or desitation. It is the subject of subjects. From this time forward it will be entertained by Congress; it will be, as it were, *one of the orders of the day:* it cannot be passed over or forgotten. * * We demand, first and foremost, the instant repeal of the Fugitive Slave bill." You took your seat in the Senate December 1, 1851; it was not until the 27th of July, 1852, that you rose to advocate that repeal, apologetically prefacing your remarks by saying: "Had I attempted this duty at an earlier day, it might have been said that as a new-comer and inexperienced in this scene, without deliberation, hastily, rashly, recklessly, I pushed this question before the country." Surely, no true friend of humanity would have made such a fling, and the possible sneers of its enemies were not deserving a moment's consideration. Besides, the discussion had been going on throughout the land ever since the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, so that to talk of "pushing the question" upon the public attention was a misapplication of language.

Nevertheless, once putting your hand to the plow you did not look back; once breaking the painful silence, you have not ceased to speak, with great boldness and rare eloquence, for the complete enfranchisement of the colored race; nor have I failed to stand by you through evil report and through good report, cheering you on, and both in public and in private vindicating you from the unjust attacks of your pro-slavery traducers. My reference to the early days of anti-slavery trial is not to tear from your brow one of the laurels with which it is so honorably bound; but when—*to make your influence potential with the colored electors to secure their votes for Mr. Greeley*—Mr. Greeley's organ, the *Tribune*, untruthfully proclaims you to have been "the foremost enemy of human slavery when 'abolitionist' was a term of reproach from one end of the country to the other"—"the best and wisest friend of the freedmen in the trying years since emancipation"—"loved and trusted by the colored race above all other men in America"—justice requires that the deception should be exposed, and the whole truth told. In nothing of courage and vigilance, of zeal and fidelity in securing equal rights for the colored race, has your respected co-Senator, Henry Wilson, been outstripped by you; and no member of Congress has done more for them. Nay, long before you were seen or known in opposition to slavery, he was actively engaged in the noble strife under the banner of immediate and unconditional emancipation. During thirty-six years of public life he has made the freedom of the race, so long peeled and trodden down, paramount to all other political considerations. Instead of persistently shunning anti-slavery meetings, he was a frequent attendant upon them, and freely participated in their proceedings. Now that he has been deservedly nominated by the Republican party for the Vice Presidency of the United States, and, if elected, may possibly in the turn of events be the acting President, it should be a matter of pride and gratitude on the part of colored voters to give him their united suffrages. As he is a Massachusetts Senator like yourself, has been a warm personal friend and faithful coadjutor, and stood up undauntedly in your defence when bloody violence sought your life, I think it is discreditable to you that you have not only evinced no satisfaction with the choice of the Republican party in this particular, but have treated it as unworthy of recognition. To make this slight the more noticeable, you have taken pains to eulogize his political rival for the Vice Presidency, Gratz Brown, as one whom you "have known for years as a most determined abolitionist"! It is an immensely exaggerated claim. Put a hundred men like Gratz Brown into one scale and Henry Wilson into the other, for anti-slavery service rendered, and for reliable friendship for our colored population, and they would violently kick the beam. There is no comparison to be made between these candidates as to trustworthiness or meritorious character. The nomination of one so openly pronounced on all the leading reformatory movements of the age as Henry Wilson is a crushing reply to the hollow charge that the Republican party is without a mission and given over to corruption.

Having at last decided to support Mr. Greeley, (why did you linger so long, in view of his extraordinary virtues and admirable Presidential qualifications?) you naturally proceed to make the most of him. 1. "He was born to poverty." So were millions besides. What then? Does Charles Sumner deem himself unfortunate for having been born to competence? 2. "He educated himself in a printing office." Thousands of others have done the same thing; is it any reason why he or they should be put into the Presidential chair? 3. "He started with nothing but industry and a character." An every day occurrence in all parts of the country. 4. "Always beneficent with the poor." Is that a rare trait, and worthy of grave consideration in determining who shall be the next President? 5. "An honesty which no suspicion has touched." There is nothing peculiar in this. In the ordinary dealings of business life, no doubt, Mr. Greeley is honest; he will neither cheat nor pick your pocket. But in his political management he has been and continues to be far from upright, substituting a low expediency for unswerving rectitude. The great American compromiser, Henry Clay, living and dying, was alike his idol and model. He does not find it difficult to believe that the end sanctifies the means. To adhere to a fixed principle of right, come what may, he regards as fanaticism; to sacrifice it for a present attainable advantage is in his opinion statesmanship. In the treatment of public affairs he is unreliable, and without vision or judgment. The latest exhibition of his slipperiness is seen in his high protection dodge at Cincinnati to reconcile free traders to his nomination. He seems to be quite destitute of moral sensibility, and when occasion favors can easily be duped. He sees no good reason why fire and gunpowder should always remain at variance, or why light and darkness should never coalesce. It is only for Southern disloyalty to put on the guise of patriotism to be accepted as a proof of repentance and regeneration. The Adversary, when dressed as an angel of light, is not to be repulsed or suspected, but it will be a Christian act to shake hands with him, whether over a "bloody chasm" or the bottomless pit! His clamor for universal amnesty, and for a total oblivion of the causes and consequences of the late dreadful war, is directly in the interest of another Southern rebellion; and should he be our next President, as he has repeatedly proclaimed his belief in the right of secession if agreed upon by a controlling sectional majority, there is reason for the gravest apprehensions as to what may transpire under his administration. There need be adduced no case for greater distrust or stronger condemnation than is found in the fact that the great body of Southern whites—loyal in form by necessity, not choice—are eager for his success, while as large a proportion of the Southern freedmen are trembling in fear of it; for they instinctively perceive what will be the sad consequences to themselves. They may not, indeed, be again reduced to bondage; but short of this, there will be little regard paid to their personal or political rights. For this reason it is that they are feeling so alarmed and indignant at the stupidity or perfidy of any of their number in voting for the Greeley ticket; and well may a wide margin of allowance be made for them if, in any case, they have attempted to prevent this by threatening personal violence. Their object is not to strike down freedom of choice, but to save themselves from a cruel betrayal. You can shed no light on their pathway; for they have a much clearer vision than your own, and a practical knowledge of men and things around them that you do not possess. Talk not to them in disparagement of President Grant; tell them not of the superior virtues of Mr. Greeley! As a matter of common sense and ordinary prudence, they only ask—they need only ask—on which side are their despisers and persecutors rallying, Ku-Kluxes and all, to come to the sensible conclusion that their safety lies in an opposite direction. Yet it is Charles Sumner who is exerting all his powers to persuade them to the contrary! By what witchcraft has this been brought about?

> "O madness of discourse,
> That cause sets up with and against itself!
> Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
> Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
> Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid."

The special point that you press upon the grateful consideration of colored voters is this: "Horace Greeley, from early life, was earnest and constant against slavery, full of sympathy with the colored race, and *always foremost in the great battle for their rights.* * * * I am so much of a Republican that I wish to see in the Presidential chair *a life-time abolitionist.*" Here, again, as in the case of Gratz Brown, you make a claim that cannot be substantiated. Mr. Greeley never was and never assumed to be an abolitionist. He never denounced slaveholding as a *malum in se*, nor advocated the immediate liberation of the slaves, nor recommended a direct assault upon slavery itself, nor discountenanced all pro-slavery compromises, nor objected to a slave representation in Congress or to the legal rendition of fugitive slaves, nor connected himself with any anti-slavery organization, nor sanctioned the abolition movement. He was a trimmer throughout the whole struggle, notwithstanding that he wrote and published much that was serviceable to the cause of freedom. He was not even a Free-Soiler, but always a Henry Clay Whig until Republicanism supplanted the Whig and Free-Soil parties. Even after the slaves were set free under Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, he was in favor of paying those who had robbed them of every right and rioted upon their unpaid toil, not less than four hundred millions of dollars! Far different was the manner in which your friend, Mr. R. W. Emerson, regarded this pecuniary adjustment between the slave-master and slave:

> "Give the *owner* compensation;
> Fill up the bag to the brim!
> Who is the owner? The *slave* is owner!
> And ever was! Pay *him!*"

Not so, said Mr. Greeley; pay the money to the slave-masters. And this, too, after they had risen in rebel lion, and involved the country in all the horrors of civil war to perpetuate their despotic power, and at the cost of thousands of millions of dollars!

And this is your "life-time abolitionist," Mr. Sumner, "always foremost in the great battle for the rights of the colored race, and full of sympathy for them!" Why, even their colonization in Africa was an agreeable device to him; for, personally, he cherished the common prejudice against them, though certainly ready to befriend any suffering applicant, black or white, being naturally of a benevolent disposition. It is to his credit that he was opposed to the introduction of new slave States into the Union, and also to the annexation of new territory for the extension of slavery; nevertheless, with his compromising tendencies and sentimental views of peace, if he had been in the Presidential chair when the rebellion broke out, the chances would have been that the Confederate States might have dictated terms to the whole country, even to the extent of recognizing their independence, and leaving the slaves to their fate. For Mr. Greeley belongs to that class of peace-makers who vociferously cry, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. He believes in capping Vesuvius.

It is exultingly announced by his organ, the *Tribune*, that "a few years ago if Horace Greeley had ventured into Georgia or South Carolina he would have been hanged on the nearest lamp-post: now his name is *cheered to the echo in every Southern city*, and the *ex-slaveholders and soldiers of the rebellion*, the men who always made Southern opinion, are UNANIMOUSLY *in favor of electing him President!*" A boast like this should be equivalent to tying a mill-stone around his neck to drown him in the depth of the patriotic sentiment of the country. It is rebel cunning and duplicity on the broadest scale.

In fact, North and South, the Greeley movement is characterized by the grossest dissimulation. Read what the New York *World* says of your letter now under review: "We suppose *all Democrats wish to divide the colored vote*, and detach a part of it from Grant; and if they desire the end, they must *consent to endure the means*. What if Mr. Sumner *does* assure the negro voters that the Democratic party have become converts to the principles of the Republican party? *He is only adapting his language to their apprehensions and prejudices*"—i. e., he is only attempting to play upon their credulity, and so secure their votes for Greeley; for the Democratic party have *not* become converts to the principles of the Republican party—they are simply in masquerade! It is a frank, truthful, but audacious confession.

With a great show of magnanimity you say—"I am against fanning ancient flames into continued life. I am against raking in the ashes of the past for coals of fire yet burning. I am against the policy of hate. Freely I accept the hand that is offered, [Art thou in health, my brother?] and reach forth my own in friendly grasp." Why this gushing display of fraternal feeling? Have you hitherto been animated by a spirit of vengeance? In your present amicable state of mind, wherein do you differ from the whole body of the people of the North? To insinuate that any portion of them—that President Grant or the Republican party—have at any previous period cherished or do now cherish any wrath, or malice, or unkindness toward the people of the South, is to libel them grievously. To accuse them of wishing to "fan ancient flames into continued life," to pursue "the policy of hate," is to bear false witness; for there is among them but one universal feeling of good-will, and they desire nothing so much as to "let by-gones be by-gones" *in good faith*. But, seeing how contumacious has been the rebel spirit toward every needful measure for the restoration of public order and the protection of all classes alike, they cannot allow themselves to be deceived into the belief that it is no longer what it was, but thoroughly loyal and patriotic, merely because of its verbal assent to any form of patriotic averment, however unexceptionable—seeing that it has, at this Presidential opportunity, the most powerful temptation to lie and dissemble, in order to clutch the reins of Government as of old.

It was a liar from the beginning, and "full of all deceivableness of unrighteousness," having broken the most solemn pledges, multiplied its perjuries, and committed such abominations as to make the earth stand aghast. Under these circumstances, it must not and it cannot be trusted, even though its shouts for Horace Greeley are heard in every Southern city, town and village! "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

My letter is already much too long to allow me space to notice your sweeping impeachment of President Grant, which is but a repetition of your speech in the Senate. Thrice you have slain the slain; yet the President will not down at your bidding! In charging upon his administration that "it is marked by acts of delinquency, especially toward the colored race, (!) by the side of which the allegations on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson were technical and trivial," and that, "unquestionably, he deserves impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors, rather than a renomination," your extravagance of speech is its best refutation. The blow is not felt by him; the recoil is upon yourself.

"If any valued friend separates from me now," you say, "*it will be because he places a man above principles.*" Pardon me in saying that I think the very reverse of this will be true. The separation will be mainly with reference to those principles and measures which have made the present Administration illustrious, and to President Grant only as one deemed worthy to be entrusted with magisterial powers for another term. The issues presented make all mere personal considerations comparatively insignificant.

Remembering that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," I remain

Faithfully yours,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Gold and Geology.

That theory may sometimes prove only a blind guide, and that a joker may sometimes have the laugh turned against himself, is the double "moral" of the following good story, told by a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine*:

"In the earliest days of gold mining we established certain auriferous geological laws., It was legitimate that gold should be found only in certain locations on the river bank, in the bed, in gulches or flats, on riffles and bars. But gold was no respecter of these laws. There is near Columbia, Tuolumne county, a very large flat, over a mile in diameter, and perhaps four in circumference. It has been immensely rich. It is surrounded on all sides by hills. One day, some nineteen or twenty years ago, a negro walked over the flat. He had just arrived in the country; he had come to dig for gold. He approached a party of miners at work, and asked them where he had better dig. These were geological miners. They held that gold should be found only in flats, and low places. They were also white miners. White miners, some nineteen years ago, felt themselves at full liberty to expend their rough humor over a solitary inquiring negro; so they told him that good diggings might be found up on yonder hill, pointing to one of the highest in the neighborhood, as yet untouched by pick or shovel. It was a good joke thus to send Ethiopia up the barren hill that hot summer's day, the mercury standing at one hundred in the shade. Ethiopia confidingly went, dug, perspired, and opened one of the richest claims in Tuolumne.

"Caucasia heard of it. The grin faded from her features. She dropped her picks and shovels, ran from the plain, ran up that hill and in twenty-four hours it was entirely staked out in claims. Ethiopia had some trouble in preserving the integrity of his own legitimate mining boundaries. Caucasia ever after that was careful how she joked with inquiring negroes as to the locality of 'diggins.' She also lost confidence in her geology."

☞ The following beautiful poem appeared originally in the Independent, written upon the passage, "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor, until the evening:"—

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at the close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle to repose;
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That Morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like Summer evening, down the golden tide,
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

Men are Observing You.—In one of the suburban towns, a Sabbath school teacher had a very fine class of boys. Most of them were from wealthy families. One of them was the son of a poor widow who had to sew, it might be said, almost day and night, to keep her young family together. Our teacher had again and again observed a lone light shining brightly at late hours from the window of that mother's room, and then would come trooping through his mind the words of that refrain of Tom Hood's song, "Stitch, stitch, stitch."

The teacher had taught his boys to take off their hats to him and to each other, as he did to them, so that he and they were quite a marked feature in the village.

One day a Boston merchant was walking past the school room with our teacher, when the pupils were coming out. They tumbled out as usual, and rushed heedlessly by our teacher and his friend—all but one. That was the widow's son. He raised his cap so politely, it took the merchant's attention at once.

"Why, what a fine, well-bred lad," said he.

"Yes," said the teacher, "and he is the only son of a poor widow, who is working herself to death to perpare him for a place in your store or that of some other good man."

"And she shall not work in vain," replied the merchant.

Both turned at once, repaired to the widow's room, and the merchant engaged the lad in his store. Now he is partner with him in a thriving business, and all from that one act of good breeding.

We leave off as we began. Few of you children who walk our streets have the faintest conception of the number of persons who are observing you, and are ready taking an interest in you. By and by, perhaps, you may get some faint idea of it when you aspire to enter life as one of us. Then if you have been winning, day by day, golden opinions, doors will open, perhaps, quicker and wider than you expected.—*Boston Transcript.*

MISCELLANY.

My First Year of Housekeeping.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

It is no fiction that I sit down to my desk to chronicle this evening. As I look back through the long vista of years, and review the early days of my married life, its perplexities and cares come up before me in far more vivid colors than its joys; though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was just twenty-one years old when I became the wife of a clergyman, a poor country pastor. It was a love-match, and, with the usual thriftlessness of lovers, I think it did not then occur to us that we could not live upon love, or that it would need such vulgar appliances as roast beef and palatable puddings to preserve, in its purity, the divine essence of the grand passion.

Everybody said I was totally unfit for a minister's wife. I was, naturally, exceedingly joyous and mirthful, and without a particle of the staid dignity expected from persons in *my position*; while my husband was a grave, thoughful man, endowed, by nature, with a commanding personal appearance and prepossessing manners. I do not wonder now that people could not see the propriety of his choosing me for his wife, when so many pattern women stood ready to accept him. My own family had but one objection to the match; he was poor, and I had no idea of practical housekeeping.

Ah! how well I remember the first washing day! My husband, after vainly trying to persuade me to employ a washwoman (I knew he could not afford it,) came into the back kitchen to help me himself. We were very merry at first; but, after rubbing off little patches of skin from every knuckle, and burning our arms till they looked like illustrated maps of some unknown country, we began to find out that there was little poetry, and no fun, in the wash-tub.

But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling those starched shirts into a bundle and taking them across the fields to my mother's kitchen. I forgot to mention that we had taken up our abode in a parish but one mile distant from my father's house.

I had never ironed any starched clothes of any description; but from my brothers at home I had imbibed very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of immaculate shirt bosoms. My husband told me all that he could remember of his mother's method, and then betook himself to his study. Shall I ever forget my feelings when the flat-iron, heated seven times hotter than its wont, and carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and, when forcibly separated, left its whole image and superscription behind in black and brown colors. I have that shirt now. I keep it to show to those wise mothers who are training their daughters for future uselessness.

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But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line, at the time I commenced housekeeping, had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake concocted in accordance with those impossible receipts which fill our modern cookery book. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Bakers' bread served us for a time—for so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellencies for many years.

We had been married and settled nearly a fortnight, when, one morning, my husband came in, with a letter in his hand, and a very anxious expression on his face. I sprang up from my seat, nearly upsetting the breakfast-table which was waiting for him.

"What is the matter, Frank? Is anybody sick—or dead? Have you got bad news?"

"No. At least, it ought not to be bad news."

"Well, what is it? Something serious —I know from your looks."

"No, Hattie; nothing of the kind. Only I feared it might annoy you. It is only a note from my college chum, Frederick Knowles, saying that he is going to Boston, and will call on us, and—get his dinner to-day," said my husband, finishing the sentence reluctantly.

It was my first call to entertain company, and, knowing by this time, my ignorance, I shrank back affrighted from the prospect. I confess, too, a feeling of deep mortification that my husband could not receive his most intimate friends without so serious a drawback upon his pleasure. All my natural energy and pride was aroused, and I determined to become a good, practical housekeeper at whatever cost of time and labor. But the present emergency was first to be attended to.

"I suppose I had better get some fresh loaves from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry, slight slices on the breakfast-table as he spoke.

"Yes, I think so."

"And some meat, Hattie. That forlorn old roast has lasted a fortnight, I am sure. I think I should recognize its bones if I saw them in Africa. Do you think you could broil a steak, Hattie?"

"Yes. But, Frank, you must come out of the parlor and overlook me. And if you will get some peas, and lettuce, and other vegetables, I shall get up a famous dinner."

A half-smile flitted across his face. He had heard of my famous dinners before.

"Well, we must do our best. The cars will not arrive till two o'clock, so there will be plenty of time both for marketing and cooking."

"Is Mr. Knowles *very* particular?" I asked, timidly. "Will he notice if things go just a little wrong?"

"Perhaps not. But he will have a natural curiosity in regard to the capabilities of his friend's wife. But I think we shall do very well."

"I am sure we shall," was my encouraging response, inspired by a bright idea that suddenly occurred to me. In accordance with it, my husband had no sooner started for the market, than I, slipping on my hat and shawl, started on a long walk through the fields and woods. I was going to consult my mother about the dinner. I surprised her by bursting into the dining-room, quite out of breath from my hurried walk, just as the family were sitting down to a late breakfast.

"Is it Hattie, or her ghost?" asked my father, getting up to welcome me. "If my memory serves me *our* Hattie used to be a late riser."

"Housekeeping improves me, papa."

"Don't wait to talk," said mamma.—"The coffee will be spoiled. Take off your bonnet, Hattie, while I get another cup and plate, and we will chat afterward."

"No. I thank you, I cannot stop a minute." Mamma opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You are not going to walk directly back again? Let me take your shawl."

"But I must go. We are going to have company to dinner. Frank's chum. And I want to know how long to boil potatoes and other——"

Such a chorus of laughter as interrupted me. "Why, my dear child, boil them till they are done!"

"I know as much as that, mamma; but when must I begin them to have them done at the right time? I have got peas to cook and beef steak, and I ought to make a pudding. Oh, dear!"

They all laughed again, as much at my distressed looks as at my ignorance. I did not join them; indeed, it was as much as I could do to keep back my tears.

"It is not Hattie's fault that she knows so little about cooking," at last said my father, kindly. "You must not mind our laughing at you, my dear. I have been longing to ask what you put into that mince-pie that I eat at your table last Sunday? I have tasted it ever since. But I will not tease you, for I have no doubt you will in time, be as good a cook as your mother. And now as it regards the present difficulty," he went on pleasantly, "I have a plan to propose. I will put the harness on old Fanny, and you, mother, can take the poor child home and stay to superintend this dinner."

Mamma always assents to papa's plans; so my load of responsibility was gone at once. It was pleasant to see the look of relief on my husband's face as we drove up to the door. "I have been searching everywhere for you," he said, "and I could almost find it in my heart to scold you for causing me such anxiety; but your safe return satisfies me, especially as your excursion has brought your mother to aid us in our extremity. But, Hattie, I must insist on your having no more private walks."

"Ah, sir! if you had known you would not have forbidden it. That would have spoiled all."

I have no doubt that Mr. Knowles left us, that day, under the impression that my husband had secured a matrimonial prize. But I felt like a hypocrite for weeks afterward.

It came to pass, after many days, that baker's bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it, I praised and tasted it; but it would not do. Its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I had a trifle not wait to test its quality, but threw it almost hissing hot, into that long-suffering ditch. I am afraid it is there now. It is many years since I left the place, but I often fancy half a dozen ducks hard at work upon it.

I went back to the house, and for the first time sat down to have a hearty crying spell. It was no genteel sniffle, with just tears enough to add lustre to my eyes; but a downright sobbing that would have done credit to any whipped youngster of ten.—I was utterly discouraged. In this condition my husband found me when he came down to dinner. There was no dinner cooked, and the breakfast-table stood just where we had left it.

At first he looked much alarmed, but he soon comprehended the state of affairs. Then he came and sat down by me, and drew my head from the hard table, upon which it had rested, to his shoulder. How soothingly and encouragingly he talked to me! He seemed to have quite forgotten my provoking language to himself, and to be only anxious to comfort me.

After a time I told him the sad experience of the morning, the long, fatiguing walk, the attempt to obtain instruction, and the hopeless result. It was anything but a funny story to me, but I felt him trembling as I proceeded; and when I concluded with the amiable wish, that those ducks might be choked to death if they ever brought that bread up to the light of day, he broke out into a fit of laughter, such as I had never seen him indulge in. It was a long time before he was sober enough to speak.

"I think, Hattie," he said at last, "that you have at least taken one step in the right direction."

"How?"

"Why, after confiding in old Mrs. Lee, it will not now be difficult to tell her of your failure, and to ask for the privilege of mixing a few loaves under her direction. You will easily get the art in this way, and she is too kind to care for the trouble."

"To be sure, Frank, I wonder I did not think of that. I shall try very hard, and you will have a housekeeper yet."

"And you will not sigh for a convent, Hattie?"

"Ah, Frank! it is fortunate that I have a considerate husband. Everybody would not forgive such temper as I exhibited this morning."

We extemporized a lunch to serve for a dinner; and then I again set off to visit Mrs. Lee. At last I learned to make bread.

I could fill many pages with such doleful reminiscences, and should be willing to do so, if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge; or make her understand how much of the grace and comfort of a home depends upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by stating, what is really true, that I can now cook a dinner, clear-starch and iron, preserve and pickle, knit stockings and darn them, all in unexceptionable style. If any one doubts it, let him or her come and pass a week at the pretty parsonage in the rural village of Lanswood.

UNCLE JOHN'S CITY BOARDER.

BY JOHN M. MACDONALD.

OLD Uncle John Crawford, a well-to-do farmer, whose place of residence is situated considerable less than a thousand miles from New York city, had a brilliant idea enter his sagacious brains. One evening, after the cows had been milked, and the chores performed, he unfolded his pet idea to Aunt Patty, something after this fashion:—

"Wife, what do you say to our advertising for a summer boarder? We can let him occupy the 'big room,' and I'm sure one more in family will make you but little extra housework to perform."

Aunt Patty favored this plan, and that very night they laid their heads together, and produced the following advertisement, which was at once despatched to the "Herald" office:—

"Board for a single gentleman! Finest location in the State Magnificent river view. Gunning, boating, fishing, and all that goes toward making a visit to the country desirable. Accommodation superb. Table all the most fastidious could wish.
"Address, JOHN CRAWFORD, C——, N. Y."

The next week Aunt Patty proceeded to give the "big room" a thorough renovating, for, of course the notice was answered, and their correspondent wrote: "I shall be with you this day week." After considerable anxiety and exertion, she succeeded in arranging the room in a manner that reflected great credit on herself as a housewife. The walls had all been newly whitened, and a new, bright-flowered carpet tacked down to the whitest of floors. This, and many other little things which Aunt Patty's power of housekeeping suggested, went a great way toward making a sleeping apartment comfortable.

The eventful day arrived at last, and Uncle John "hitched up old Sorrel," and drove down to the depot in quest of his city boarder. With an unearthly shriek the train dashed up to the station, and a tall, clerical looking gentleman alighted and entered the waiting room.

"This is my man," thought Uncle John, and he accordingly approached the stranger and asked him if he had answered an advertisement relative to board in the country which had appeared in a past issue of the "Herald."

The stranger gazed at him for a moment, and then gave utterance to the monosyllable,—

"Yes."

Uncle John led the way to where his "turnout"

Aunty Carried

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was secured, and together they entered the vehicle, and started for home.

On the way, Uncle John, by persistent inquiry, ascertained that the gentleman was a young clergyman, who had labored so assiduously among his flock as to incapacitate himself for further duty. Seeing Uncle John's advertisement, and being pleased with the accommodations therein described, he had replied, with the present result. Having given utterance to this remarkably long speech, the taciturn gentleman relapsed into his usual reticence.

Arrived home, the gentleman was introduced as the Rev. Mr. Gullens.

Aunt Patty's satisfaction upon learning that the quiet young stranger was a clergyman was visibly heightened.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Several weeks had passed away, but still the silent young person remained beneath the hospitable roof of the Crawfords. He seemed well pleased with everything, and made no complaints, as many city boarders are in the habit of doing. One morning he related a wonderful vision which had appeared to him on the night previous. It was to the effect that in a certain part of the woods he found a pot of money.

Uncle John and his wife were breathless listeners to this wonderful dream; but nothing further was said in reference to the singular vision until the next morning, when the parson informed his wonder-stricken hearers that the dream of the previous night had been repeated.

"And," said he, in conclusion, "I shall, foolish as it may seem, make search for this mysterious treasure if the vision be again repeated."

The next day, after the morning meal had been disposed of, the parson took Uncle John aside and informed him that the dream had again occurred, and requested him to assist him in the search, the treasure, should any be found, *to* be equally divided between them.

Uncle John readily consented to this proposition, and, equipping themselves with picks and spades, they wended their way to the dense forest that lay stretched in the rear of the cottage. Stopping beneath a large oak, the parson informed his companions that this was the identical spot revealed to him in his dream.

Removing their coats and all superfluous clothing, they seized their implements and began digging as if their lives depended on excavating the supposed treasure in a short space of time. For about fifteen minutes they worked and panted like a couple of maniacs, but becoming exhausted, they threw down their tools and rested.

After a brief cessation of labor they went at it again. "Clink, clink," went the parson's spade, and, ere Uncle John could stoop to assist him, he fell upon his knees and began digging around some object with all the fury of a madman. It wasn't long ere he exhumed the object. It was a large earthern crock, such as is used in packing lard.

Lifting the cover, they found that it contained silver coin, and, judging from the size of the jar, there couldn't have been less than a thousand dollars in solid silver.

Uncle John removed several of the coins, bit them, held them high above his head, and then allowed them *to* fall in contact with the spade, in order to ascertain if they were genuine. They stood the test.

Uncle John and the parson acted as if possessed. They danced about—nice business for a parson—and embraced *each other* in their great joy. Their ardor soon cooled, however, and they returned to the house, to apprise Aunt Patty of their good fortune. Her delight knew no bounds.

About four o'clock on the following day, a letter was delivered to the parson. Breaking the seal, he read the contents aloud:—

"REV. SIR,—We are on the verge of bankruptcy. Please remit two hundred dollars balance in our favor, and oblige

"Yours respectfully, DASH & BLANK."

The parson informed the worthy couple that the gentlemen whose signatures were appended to the note were bankers and brokers of immense wealth, but, owing to some extraordinary fluctuation in the gold market, they were almost entirely destitute of money, and took this means of obtaining the needed cash from their debtors.

"And," said he, "I have no such amount with me at present. Perhaps you, Mr. Crawford, will kindly loan me that amount, and accept the entire contents of the jar in exchange. My share will surely amount to two hundred dollars, probably more; but, if it does, please receive it as a gift for your great kindness."

Uncle John consented, and, drawing forth an immense wallet, produced the desired amount.

The parson thanked him, and deposited the money in his pocket.

The following morning, bright and early, he asked if Mr. Crawford would allow him the privilege of riding one of the horses, as he desired to despatch the money to New York at once.

Of course Mr. Crawford would oblige him, and, ere the parson *had equipped himself* for the journey, Uncle John's best horse stood saddled and bridled before the door. The parson mounted the animal, and turned his head in the direction of the post-office.

Twelve o'clock came, but the parson had not yet returned. Three o'clock. Uncle John became nervous, and resolved to ride down to the village, and discover if any accident had happened to his clerical guest.

Uncle John, having reached the village, made earnest enquiry regarding the whereabouts of his delinquent boarder; but no one was enabled to give him the slightest information till a bright idea struck him, and, entering the waiting-room, he described minutely the parson's appearance, physical and otherwise, to the ticket agent. That personage, after a few moments of deep reflection, informed him that a gentleman answering to that description had taken the twelve o'clock train for New York.

Uncle John was perplexed. Why had his guest departed so suddenly for the city? Where was his horse? were the uppermost thoughts in his mind.

Seeing a group of villagers conversing, he went over to where they were standing, hoping to hear something further in relation to the parson's mysterious disappearance. They gave him valuable information.

The parson had arrived at the village, and, representing the horse to be his own, had disposed of him to a farmer hailing from a neighboring village.

Uncle John's confidence in theological students was visibly shaken, and he gave utterance to many expletives more forcible than elegant. But he consoled himself with the thought of the silver they had found, thinking that there would surely be enough to balance all expenses, and leave a nice little sum in remainder.

Poor old man! His hopes were doomed to deep and heartfelt disappointment, for, on reaching home and throwing the contents of the crock upon the floor, he discovered sundry immense lumps of old iron, lead-pipe, etc.

Yet there lay quite a number of the precious coins upon the floor. These he proceeded to count with all the eagerness of a miser. He had counted quite a neat sum when one of the coins fell from his hand, and, striking the uncarpeted floor, sent back the low, dull sound of—lead!

Yes it was too true. The supposed clergyman had originated the wonderful dream, and placed the jar of coins at the foot of the tree himself, first sprinkling a few genuine coins upon the top, which completely concealed the spurious ones beneath.

Uncle John, upon taking an account of damages, found that he was worth nearly five hundred dollars less than he had been previous to the boarder's arrival.

It afterward came out that the supposed parson was none other than a celebrated "confidence man," who played city boarder, and dreamed wonderful dreams, at the expense of credulous farmers.

Uncle John still has bright ideas entering his sagacious old head, but the thoughts of taking boarders from the city never enter his mind.

MARIE.

The Old Actor's Daughter.

"I should be almost inclined to curse you, Marie, if you did such a thing."

"Curse me! Oh, father!"

"There, there, Marie, do not weep. Of course, I didn't mean that. But only think. For many years I have held a regular engagement, and should have saved money. If you should go to the manager, as you propose, and tell him that we were suffering for food—that your old father was lying sick in this miserable attic, he would tell you that I had been improvident—that I had squandered my money, and that now, in my helplessness, I must suffer the consequences of my folly."

"Father, you accuse yourself wrongfully. You have reared and educated a family of three, and for many years have cared tenderly for poor mother, even through all the varied stages of consumption."

The old actor's daughter sat silent and thoughtful for a time. She was revolving in her mind scenes and incidents of which her father was entirely ignorant. Let us describe them.

It was a period three months previous to the foregoing conversation. The mother had just been laid in the cold grave, and the father was, as now, unable to leave his room. The wolf was hovering around their door; and Marie, timid in action, but brave in heart, had resolved to assist the parent she loved so dearly.

It was a bitter winter's evening when she left her home with the purpose. The sharp blast cut her to the very heart, as she drew her thin mantle around her. But she had read in the papers that girls were wanted for the ballet of one of the theatres. They were to apply at the stage-door that morning; but she had been unable to leave her father's side at that time. She feared she would be too late; still she could but try.

On reaching the stage-door, her heart almost failed her; but their home again rose up before her, and she ventured to accost the door-keeper.

"Want to see the stage manager, eh?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"Better wait till to-morrow."

"I tried to come to-day, sir, but could not."

"Indeed! Oh, here he comes—you can apply to him now."

That functuary happened to be passing, and, hearing the words, understood their import at once. He turned a searching look upon the poor girl, and was about to pass on. But he caught sight of her face in the gaslight, and said, "Not bad looking if she is in rags. So you want an engagement, eh?"

"Yes, sir, if you please," replied Marie.

"To play 'Lady Macbeth,' I suppose?"

"No, sir—for the ballet."

"Oh! Ever been on the stage before?"

"Only as a child, sir."

"Oh, only as a child. Do you sing?"

"Yes, sir—very well."

"Very well—so you think—I might not. Do you dance?"

"Yes, sir. Father was an actor, and he says I dance very well."

"Oh! then you can come to-morrow and try it."

"Thank you—I'll come."

"Rehearsal will take place at half-past ten."

"I will be here, sir."

"Bring your props with you."

Poor Marie hesitated; and the manager, observing this, said, "Oh, perhaps you don't know what I mean by props. Well, they are your feathers, jewels, ribbons, laces, tights, slippers, gloves, and so on. We only furnish the body of your dress."

The poor girl still hesitated, when the manager again asked, "Can't you furnish your own props?"

"I fear not at first, sir," was the timid reply.

"Then we don't want you."

The manager turned away, and Marie staggered toward the door, half blinded with grief and disappointment. But ere she had passed it a gentle hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a sweet voice exclaimed, "My dear child, come and see me to-morrow as early as possible. Here is my address."

Marie viewed the extended card, and turned her eyes toward the speaker. She was a brilliant creature, and the poor girl tried to stammer forth a reply, but could not. She left the theatre, and took her way homeward. She could not help *thinking of the beautiful lady* and her magnificent dress, sparkling with jewels. What could she want with her?

Even bright pictures of the future rose before her vision, and these dulled the sharpness of her grief at the disappointment she had met with. She did not tell her father what she had done, or that she had an engagement to meet one of the great ladies of the theatre.

The next day Marie called at the place designated upon the card. Her visit was a lengthened one; but when she emerged from the lady's presence, she looked comparatively happy.

One of the first things Marie did, after returning home, was to find the half-finished play, which her father was writing; and alone, in her own apartment, she passed much time over it. She was also from her home a great deal, during which time her father supposed her to be at labor in the tailoring establishment, where she occasionally found employment.

But if she became cheerful immediately after her first visit to the theatrical lady, it was not long after before she began to be thoughtful—then sad. She became very pale, and at the time the conversation between herself and father, described in the first part of this sketch, took place, she looked as if she could endure but little more either of physical or mental exertion.

The father had observed the increasing paleness of his child, and it had caused him much grief. But he had said nothing of the matter, for he did not know how he was to remedy it. He had been hopeful, but now had almost given up to despair.

As evening approached, poor Marie grew still paler; but she spoke words of hope and comfort to her father, and that parent could not but look upon her in admiration as well as pity.

The hour came when business called her away. She pressed her marble-cold lips to her father's brow. She held his hand in her own for a moment, and tear-drops fell upon it. Then she said:

"Father, the darkest time is just before the dawn. Cheer up! I will return in a few hours, and to-morrow we will be richer than we are to-day."

The daughter left that wretched home. But no sooner had she taken her departure than the father began to think of her last words. They were strange. What could they mean? What act did Marie contemplate?

At first a suspicion swept across his mind—vague—but gradually assuming form. But as the thought pressed upon his brain it began to madden him, and for hours he tossed about upon his bed of pain, calling for his child—praying her safe return.

Midnight came and passed, and still Marie came not. Several times had the old actor resolved to arise and go in search of her: but he had not the strength to do so, and as often would fall back upon his pillow, groaning in the agony of his soul.

Daylight came, and still Marie had not arrived. But just as the sun began to throw its golden rays over the city, a carriage was heard to drive up before the actor's house. He listened. He heard a footfall upon the stairs, and he recognized the footstep.

In a moment after Marie burst into the room. She rushed to her father's side, and throwing her arms around him, she wept.

The old man did the same; but he observed that Marie's dress was now of rich material, and, putting her away, he contemplated her for a moment with a mournful expression. Then he said, in a trembling voice, "Marie, my only child, your mother was a noble, Christian woman. She would die before knowingly commit a wrong action. She knows your struggles and temptations, but will she approve of all your acts?"

"God and my sainted mother will both approve them!" exclaimed the girl, in so earnest and deep a tone that it really startled her father; and as she spoke she fell upon her knees, and raised her hands to Heaven.

"I believe you, Marie," said the father, "and I trust you will forgive me for harboring a suspicion for a moment. But tell me what has happened."

"I will, father. But you must promise in advance to forgive me for all that I have done without consulting you."

"I promise you."

"Well, then, I will commence by reading an article in the morning paper, which I procured as I came along."

"Does it refer to your affairs?"

"It explains all."

"Then, let me hear it."

"Here is the extract, father:"

"'A Double Triumph.—The new play produced at the theatre last night proved to be one of the greatest successes of the season. Its name—"The Frozen Heart"—is sensational; the entire play abounds in beautiful passages and startling situations.'"

"'The Frozen Heart,'" repeated the old actor. "Why, that is the title of my unfinished play!"

"Your play was completed by myself, dear father; and it was your production and my own which was brought out at the theatre last night, and with such unbounded success."

The old man was stricken speechless for a moment, and then the tears started to his eyes. But it was only upon the examination of the manuscript that he could convince himself that such was really the fact.

After this point was settled, his daughter said: "Father, will you hear more of the article?"

"Yes, read."

"I will. Here it is:

"'We must admit, however, that the splendidly-effective and affecting acting of the debutante did much to insure its great success. With regard to Marie, as she is called——'"

"Marie, Marie!" repeated the old man. "Was it my Marie?"

"Yes, dear father, your own poor child, Marie, is the one here spoken of. And if my triumph brings me great joy, it is because I can provide for you now, and repay you, to some extent, for the love and tenderness you have always bestowed upon me."

It is not a wonder that father and daughter both wept. But those tears were of joy and gratitude for the blessings bestowed upon them. Who would snatch those blessings from the old actor and his child? Who would poison their delights, and turn their now happy home into a place of sorrow?

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

A SECRET ANECDOTE.

The annals of gallantry, and even romantic fiction, have opened few scenes more strangely magnificent than some of the incidents which mark the rapid but splendid career of that famous Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was the idol minister of two monarchs, and the victim of favoritism.

Certain it is, when Villiers was on his short embassy in France that he dared to become an impassioned lover of Anne of Austria, the consort of Louis the Thirteenth. The mysterious interview in the garden at Amiens is mystically revealed in the verses of Voiture, for poets are great tattlers in the history of love affairs. The Queen, ever a refined coquette, was herself reduced by Buckingham's personal fascination. Deeply enamored of the peerless Englishman, she ventured to give an evidence of her devotion of a very extraordinary nature. The rival of Buckingham, both in love and politics, the subdolous Richelieu, flattered himself that, by a bold stroke, he would have been enabled to have exposed this testimony of the Queen's frailty to the eyes of the luckless monarch, who was already kindled by inextinguishable jealousies. Richelieu's extraordinary attempt seems to have led to circumstances on the part of Buckingham which may almost render the tale incredible; but when a minister of state degenerates into a romantic lover, and the honor of the *dame de ses pensee* is in jeopardy, we must recollect that it requires little exertion to set in motion all the resources of power, and the whole machinery of the state. The particulars which we are about to relate are strange, but appear authentic; for they are confirmed by a positive assertion in the memoirs of the Duke of Rouchefoucauld. The romantic incident, which has been preserved by a French manuscript, is not indeed to be found among the writers of secret memoirs in our own country, where the secret must have been confined to the two personages, neither of whom would willingly have revealed it to the other; but this did not happen at the Court of the Louvre where it not only excited a deeper interest than at the Court of St. James, but involved the fate and baffled the designs of the highest personages who were the actors in this little drama.

The French monarch had presented his Queen with an uncommon present, whose fashion and novelty at the time were considered as the most beautiful ornament worn. It was what the French term *des ferrets aux aiguillettes de diamans*—aigulets or points tagged with diamonds.

On the arrival of Buckingham every day was a festival. Richelieu gave a magnificent entertainment in the gardens of Ruel, the most beautiful in France; the nobility prided themselves on their suppers, their balls, their concerts and their masquerades. Buckingham danced with all his peculiar graces; the Queen honored him as her partner in what is called a "countre dance," (or, as we commonly call it, a country dance.) "And as in this English dance opportunities are continually occurring to approach one another, to give and to cross their hands, the eyes, the gestures, timidity, or boldness, and a thousand indescribable things are too intelligible, though they pass amid the silence in which such spectacles are performed, out of respect to the public." This Frenchman describes our obsolete country dances to have been as dangerous as were our waltzes on their first introduction.

Richelieu was jealously watchful of what was passing; the Countess of Lenoy gave him an account of everything her prying eyes could discover. Under the specious title of *Dame d'Honneur*, our kings have found means to place near their queens a perpetual surveillance. But as the Superintendent of the Royal House has private *entrees de cabinet* at all times, which are not the privilege of the *Dames d'Honneur*, Madame de Chevreuse passed whole hours alone with the Queen, and the Cardinal, however well informed of the exterior, knew very little of what passed between the Queen and her friend. The French Minister pressed Buckingham to close the negotiation of the marriage of Henrietta; but Villiers had no desire to quit the French court, always finding some occasion for delay.

At length the ceremony was performed with great splendor. In all that had hitherto passed the Queen had received from Buckingham many proofs of his lively but respectful passion. She certainly was not insensible to love, and if she really caught the flame which she had herself lighted up, there is no doubt that her virtue supported her, and that Buckingham departed with all the honorable treatment which a stranger can receive from a great court, and only vexed to recross the seas without any other fruits of his love than that of having been listened to with favor.

There was one indiscretion which escaped from the queen. On the evening of Buckingham's departure, she sent the Duke secretly, by Madame de Chevreuse, the gift she had received from her royal consort, the aigulets tagged with diamonds; and this present, which might have been considered a mark of the magnificence of the Queen became, by the circumstance of the gift, and the pleasure of the mystery, an act of delicate gallantry which charmed the English Duke, and sent him home a happy man.

During the journey of Buckingham, the Countess of *Clarik* (probably the Countess of Carlisle, for Frenchmen generally spell our names by their ear, which is very bad,) somewhat in pique at what she had heard of the infidelity of her straying admirer, had found out a secret way to correspond with Richelieu, who, on his part, had not omitted anything which tended to inflame the English Countess. This great minister was well known for multiplying all sorts of means to gain intelligence from all the courts of Europe; his industry never slumbered, and his treasure was never spared. The present which the Queen had made of her aigulets tagged with diamonds had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the *Dame d'Honneur*, and the secret had reached Richelieu. This minister had long watched his opportunity to ruin the Queen in the mind of the King, over whom, indeed, he himself exercised the greatest authority, but which sometimes was balanced by the Queen. Richelieu wrote the Countess of Clarik, desiring her to renew her intimacy with Buckingham, and if, in any of the approaching entertainments which would take place on his re-

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turn, she should observe in his dress aigulets tagged with diamonds, that she would contrive to cut off two or three and dispatch them to him. Buckingham was too feeble to resist the studied seductions of his old friend, and the Countess found no difficulty in accomplishing her task. At a ball at Windsor Castle, Buckingham appeared in a black velvet suit, with gold embroidery; a scarf was flung over his shoulder, and from a knot of blue ribbons hung twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds, flaming their hues on the surface on which they played.

When Buckingham had retired home from the ball, his valet de chambre perceived that two of the twelve aigulets were missing, and they convinced him that they had not by any accident been dropped, but had positively been cut off. There was something in the recollection that evening which bred a suspicion. He felt conscious that whoever had done this had some latent motive. The secret history of these diamond aigulets could only be known to their wearer, yet, notwithstanding, and as it were by intuition, he thought that the honor of the royal giver might, in some way or other, be concerned in possessing these twelve aigulets entire. He decided that, notwithstanding the artifice of the cunning purloiner, he would prevent any design, if there were any, of the enemies of the Queen that the number should not be diminished. With his extraordinary rapidity of conception, Buckinghrm struck out a gigantic scheme which no one less than a Minister of State and the most romantic lover could have executed. Early in the morning couriers were dispatched to close the ports, and neither the *packet-boat* with the mail nor any vessel sailing for France were suffered to depart. At that moment, when the Rochellers were waiting for the promised reinforcements from England, a universal panic struck both nations, and war was on the point of declaration. However, this sudden cessation of national intercourse was only to gain a single day, that his celebrated jeweler might, at any cost, and with all his skill, procure two aigulets tagged with diamonds, of the same size and appearance as the remaining ten.

What cannot such a man and such means effect? The work was finished, and on the following day France and England were at peace. The ports were re-opened, and Buckingham dispatched a secret messenger to France, who conveyed the twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds to the hands of Madame de Chevreuse. He acquainted her with his recent adventure, and communicated his suspicions of the Countess of Clarik, who was frequently by his side during the ball, and with whom he had danced. He requested the Queen to receive back what he himself valued most, lest any concealed mystery should prove ruinous to her quiet. The precaution was not useless, for as soon as Richelieu had received the two tags of diamonds sent him by the Countess of Clarik, the Minister, who was trying by all methods to ruin the Queen in the King's favor, and the royal jealousy had already broken out on her intercourse with Buckingham, now hit on what he concluded to be a certain triumph. He put into the King's head to request the Queen would dress herself more frequently with the diamond aigulets, for that he had been secretly informed that she valued his present so lightly as to have given it away, or had sold them, for an English jeweler had offered to sell him two of those aigulets.

The blow aimed by Richelieu rebounded on himself. The Queen, affecting no surprise, with apparent simplicity commanded instantly that her casket of jewels should be brought and opened by the King. He had the satisfaction of counting the twelve aigulets tagged with diamonds, and seeing the Queen more beautiful than ever, by wearing his gift on that day. Her Majesty had also the saiisfaction of learning that the King severely reprimanded Richelieu for his perpetual suspicions and his false intelligence; and Richelieu doubtless must have astonished the Countess of Clarik by return of post, in expressing his indignation at being so inconceivably mystified.

Such is the story, which, it will be acknowledged, is at least amusing. It seems so far authentic that it appears to have been witten by some contemporary at the French court, which we may infer by the cautious defense of the character of Anne of Austria, whose coquetry the writer has palliated, and whose virtue he imagines was her sufficient safeguard. The incredible part is the extraordinary expedient of Buckingham in shutting the ports for a single day, while his jeweler was at work on the two aigulets to supply the missing ones. The romantic and determined character of Villiers admits the possibility of so bold a manœuvre; but still we can hardly satisfy ourselves of the veracity of this singular tale without granting to Buckingham a depth and rapidity of penetration beyond his accustomed volatile habits. Love and honor may have been sufficient for his inspiration on this occasion. And as the fact, with some of the details, is alluded to by the Duke of Rouchefoucauld in his Memoirs, we cannot condemn this anecdote of secret history as a mere fiction.

◆

Engaging candor.—Papa—"And pray, sir, what do you intend to settle on my daughter, and how do you mean to live?" Intended—"I intend, sir, to settle myself on your daughter, and to live on you."

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19

to her father's brow. She held his hand in her own for a moment, and tear-drops fell upon it. Then she said:

"Father, the darkest time is just before

the article?"

"Yes, read."

"I will. Here it is;

"'We must admit, however, that the splendidly-effective and affecting acting of

themselves on their suppers, their balls, their concerts and their masquerades. Buckingham danced with all his peculiar graces; the Queen honored him as her partner in what is

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20 Dr Reuben. C. Paddack

1837 Nov 4th	Sugar 5c - Molaſses 48 - Tobacco 2 - Soap 9c		64
" 9th	Sugar 10c - Cash Lent $20 - Tea 65 - Bread 15c	20	90
Dec " 1st	Sugar $1 - Coffee 15 - Nutmegs 12½c - Cash $2	3	28
	Turnips $1.50c - do - 50c - Snuff 3c - Soap 20c	2	23
" 11	Potatoes 6c - Fish 58c - Coffee $1 - Celeratus 12½	1	76
" 18	Ginger 13 - Molaſses 48c - apples 17 - onions 18		96
Jan " 8th	vinegar 6c - Molaſses 48c - apples $2.50 Carting 1/-	3	21
" 22	Bread 10c - Raisins 16c - Tea 55 - Gin 8c		89
"	Rum 8c - Brandy 9d - Wine 9d - Cash Lent $12 - 50/100	12	83
"	10c Sugar $1 - Cash $1.25c - Celeratus 9d - Paper 10c	2	48
"	Nutmegs 9d - Seed 7c - Molaſses 3/- - Soap 20 - Gin 8c		98
March " 10th	Nutmegs 9d - Tea 55c - Sugar $1 00 - Coffee $1 - blacking 1/-	2	85
"	Flour $2.50c - Wood $3.50 - Lamps $1.25 - Knives $4-00	11	25
"	Tumblers $2 - Stove Pipe $3.27 - Pork $3.75	9	02
"	Brandy 1/6 - Pins 10c - 7# Fish @ 4d - Soap 45c	1	24
May " 2d	Molaſses 3/- - Ginger 9d - Loaf Sugar 3/-	1	13
"	Sugar $3 - Coffee $5 - Nutmegs 63c - Tea 96c	9	60
"	Cyane Pepper 9d - G. Myrr 1/6 - Matches 8c - Salt 4c		50
"	Molaſses 3/- - allspice 28c - Sugar $3 - Soap 11c	3	89
" 10th	Arrow Root 30c - Molaſses $1.50 - Celeratus 63c	2	43
"	Starch $1.42 - 2¾# Tea @ 4/6 - Salt 8c	3	57
"	Caſsie 3/- - 2 boxes H. & Eyes @ 4c - Olive Oil 3/-	1	08
"	Dreſs Case $1 - Platter 3/6 - Brush 2/3	1	96
"	Tea $2.25 - bottle Rosewater 2/3 - Pins 10c	2	73
"	Bottle C. oil 28c - Pocket Book 2/-		62
June " 1st	Blacking 1/- - Cash Lent $15 - Cash do, $5	20	17
July " 18	Pint brandy 9d - Pint & ½ Rum 9d - vinegar 9d Gall & Pint of Wine 4/6	1	19
	2 Gall Molaſses @ 3/- - Matches 4c Glaſs 5c - Mathes 3c	1	12
Sept " 1	4 Gall Molaſses @ 3/- - Bottle C. oil 28c - bottle Rosewater 1/6	2	53
" 8	1 Lavender 1/6 - 2 boxes pins @ 10c - balsam 9d - Ink 9d		70
"	Bottle Peppermint 2/- - 1 Roll Salve 1/6 - 7 Panes Glaſs @ 5c		94
"	1 quire Paper 20c - Mustard 9d - Watchkey 20 - Spruce 8c		61
20	Wicking 60c - P. Sauce 25c - Lavender 25	1	10
"	Lamps 50c - E. Spruce 9d - Blacking 1/- - bottle S. Oil 28c	1	08
"	Quills 4c - Ginger 9d - Mustard 9d - Ink 9d - Lamp 9d		55
27th	7# Celeratus @ 9d - 3# Ginger @ 9 - 2# Caſsie @ 25c	1	75
	To Due bill to ballance $15.73	25	73
		$ 159	50

Contra Cr

1838 Jan. 22	By Cash recieved $36-	36	00
July 16th	Cash recieved $5	5	00
Sept 15th	Cash rec $5-00- $1- from Eunice	6	00
	Commenced boarding with R C Paddack 29th of Oct 1837 at $2"50/100 pr Week 7 Weeks deducted up the 29th of Oct. 1838- Being 45 weeks	112	50
		$ 159	50

A Wife's Stratagy.—One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a fine, large codfish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him, for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different styles, and, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from the brook, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed upon the table, and with a frowning fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish that I bought?"

"Yes, husband."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I'll bet anything you've spoiled it for my eating." (Taking off the cover.) "I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why husband, I thought you liked it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing; you knew better; I never liked fried fish. Why didn't you boil it? How stupid!"

"Why, Zachariah, the last time we had fresh fish, you know, I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying, she lifted a cover and lo! the shoulders of a cod, nicely boiled, were deposited in a dish, the sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he; "boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you hadn't been one of the most stupid of women-kind you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed! I dare say it is a very unpalatable, wishy-washy mess; I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole lot of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by the wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large bull-frog, of pretentious dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpressed apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong; and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such a lesson; and he was as good as his word.

Wit, Humor, and Sentiment.

Punctuality.—Mr. Higgins was a very *punctual* man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality, and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed:—

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man, "it is well thought of, and I will do it *now*."

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sunk back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more. "My son, *read me that list*. Is the name of Mr. Wiggins there?"

"It is, my father."

"Then *strike it off*," said he, emphatically, "for he was *never punctual*—was never *anywhere in season*, and he might *hinder the procession a whole hour!*"—[Universalist Trumpet.

One of our Citizens who has been troubled with a severe cold on the lungs effected his recovery in the following simple manner: He boiled a little boneset and hoarhound together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arms, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all these off with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard paste instead. His mother put some onion drafts on his feet and gave him a lump of tar to swallow. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet, and went to bed. Next morning, another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill, and an aunt arrived about the same time from Bethel, with a bundle of sweet-fern which she made into a tea, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring on Franklin street, gave him two pills of her make, about the size of an English walnut and of a similar shape, and two table-spoonfuls of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half pint of hot rum at the suggestion of an old sea captain in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of the neighbors arrived who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea, and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pill, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burnt on a shovel in his room. He is now thoroughly cured and full of gratitude. We advise our readers to cut this out and keep it where it can be readily found when danger threatens.—*Danbury News.*

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A foolish boy was once left by his mother in a room with company, with private instructions to say nothing, that his infirmity might not be revealed. Pretty soon one of the visitors asked him his name, but the youngster obeyed his instructions to the letter. Other questions were asked, with no better result. Finally, one of the ladies ventured the remark, "I guess the boy is a fool!" Just then the maternal head of the family returned, when he ran to her and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, they have found me out!"

Judge Davis is in imminent danger of being found out.

Cleaning Coat Collars. A lady writes the American Agriculturist:—"For cleaning coat collars and woolen goods I recommend the soap-tree barks (*Quilliya saponaria*) which can be procured at the drug stores. Break a piece about two inches square into small bits, and pour over it a half a pint of boiling water; let it stand an hour or two, then sponge the collar well with the liquor; a second sponging with clear water will clean it nicely. Both washing and rinsing water should be as warm as for flannel. We have, by using this bark, washed black and blue Empress cloths successfully, and have cleaned hair cloth chairs which had been soiled by contact with the head."

Deprecatory.—A genuine "Down Easter" was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly "tough beef" at dinner, in a Wisconsin Hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the attention and smiles of the rest of the company, who were in the same predicament as himself. At last "Jonathan's" patience vanished under ill-success, when lying down his "utensils," he burst out with "Strangers, you needn't laff—if you hain't got no regard for the landlord's feelings, *you orter have some respect for the old bull!*" This sally "brought down the house."—[Silver Creek Gazette.

Axe-ident and In-cident.—Nehemiah had a careless habit, while talking, of tapping everything near him with whatever he held in his hand.

Nehemiah returning, hatchet in hand, from chopping, called upon neighbor Jones. In the course of conversation, he unluckily chipped a fine table of the farmer's.

"See there, you careless lubber," exclaimed the farmer, "see what a large *dent* you have made in my furniture!"

"Yes," meekly answered Nehemiah, who was something of a wag, "but that was an *axe*-ident."

"Very likely," cried the enraged farmer, burying his fist in the offender's phiz, "and that's an *in*cident."

A Mischievous Parrot.—In Boston, a parrot that was kept on board a ship, was much interested in watching the drays that came to leave goods on the wharf. One day the driver of a dray left his team and went down into the cabin of the ship. The parrot watched him, and when he was out of sight began to imitate his talk to the horses. "Whoa! back, there—back, I say!" exclaimed the bird. The horses backed; and the parrot encouraged by the success of his experiment, continued to scream, "Back, back, I say!" until the team backed over the wharf into the water, and one of the horses was drowned.

"Bad is the Best."—The best defence of lying that we ever read, is the remark of Charles Lamb, related by Leigh Hunt, that "Truth was precious, and not to be wasted on *everybody*."

From the Scientific American.

Important to Young Men.

Small Capitals and How to Get Them.—The history of many of the world's best men, who have risen from poverty to positions of honor and affluence, reveals the interesting fact that it was the possession of *a small cash capital* in the outset, which enabled them to *start* on that career of success which ever after attended their footsteps. The histories of thousands of men, unknown to fame, who have raised themselves from the daily drudgery of servile tasks, to situations of comparative comfort, attest the same important truth.

We fear that a sad forgetfulness of these examples prevails among young men of our day. They are too apt to sneer at the idea of "small beginnings," and to indulge their fancies in "higher aspirations." They boast, as if it were a virtue, that they must commence business on a large scale, or not at all.

With such spurious notions, constituting the mainspring of all their actions, they soon fall into spendthrift habits; they neglect to economise their small means; they waste their time; they have no fixed purpose; they live from hand to mouth; their reputation for reliability is not good, and when a favorable opportunity occurs, where, by the judicious employment of a small capital—say one hundred dollars—they could commence a profitable business, such individuals are caught without a cent in their pockets or an acquaintance who dares to trust them.

Again, there is a large class of young men who cherish the belief that the times are less favorable now for the successful development of small enterprises than bygone years.

This is a very great mistake. The opportunities for money-making, especially from small beginnings, are a hundred-fold more numerous now than they were twenty-five years ago.

There is no telling what may be the products now-a-days from even a hundred dollar capital. In our own sphere of business, we have known many instances, where individuals, by having on hand ready cash, even to a smaller amount than that named, have been enabled to obtain full or partial interests in valued patents, from which they soon realized large fortunes. Indeed, our own personal experience is a striking example:—it was the happy possession of four hundred dollars—saved up in readiness for the first propitious opportunity—that enabled the senior partner of the Scientific American to enter upon the successful path which he now holds.

Similar incidents are of daily occurrence in every business. They show the importance, to young men especially, of always having on hand, ready for a valuable *start*, a small sum in cash.

The inquiry of many who read these lines, will now be, "how shall we get even a small capital?" We reply by close economy, by over-work, and especially by pushing through with *energy and perseverance*, whatever the hands find to do.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE ASSAULT UPON SENATOR SUMNER. The English press have commented freely, and in terms of deserved severity, upon the cowardly assault made by Mr. Brooks upon Senator Sumner. There are none, however, whose remarks are more deserving of attention on this side of the water than those of the London *Morning Star*, a paper which has uniformly treated American affairs in a just and liberal spirit, and whose opinions are worthy of respectful consideration. We transfer to our columns an editorial from that paper of June 24:

"We shall not be suspected of cherishing other than the most friendly feelings towards the Government and people of the United States. The series of articles that have recently appeared in this journal will surely suffice to acquit us of such a charge. So far, indeed, are we from watching their growing greatness with grudging or repugnance, that we cordially concur in the sentiments of Sir James Mackintosh, that 'those who, from whatever motive, either of narrow faction or political jealousy, regard America with unfriendly eyes, are strangely forgetful of the honor which redounds to their country from that monument of the genius and courage of Englishmen.' In common with myriads of men in Europe—sickened with the spectacle of humanity, oppressed and degraded by evil institutions inherited from the barbarism of past ages—we have been wont to turn our eyes to the great western commonwealth with emotions of gratitude and delight, in the hope that it was about to fulfill the poet's fond anticipation, and become

'Time's noblest offspring as its last.'

To us it has always appeared that a glorious and enviable destiny was open to our American brethren. And with all our hearts have we bid them God-speed, as they have gone forth to earn far higher and more honorable distinctions than could be reaped from the bloody battle fields of the Old World, by occupying and cultivating the boundless territories which offer fresh and inexhaustible resources to their industry; in building the secure and lofty fabric of their great republic, as the home of liberty and civilization; in teaching all nations, by the inspiration of their example, how freedom and order may be combined to shed their blessings on the head of humanity; and in diffusing by moral and commercial influences over the mighty continent they inhabit their own admirable qualities of vigor, earnestness, and enterprise, so as to impose new life into effete and antiquated communities.

In proportion, therefore, as we have nursed these ardent hopes, is our sorrow bitter and profound, to witness certain incidents which have recently made all the admirers of American institutions in this country hang down their heads with confusion and shame. We do not so much refer to the scenes of violence and anarchy which prevail in Kansas, though these are lamentable enough; but by far the saddest and most ominous signs, to our mind, are the gross and brutal outrages committed in the very sanctuary of the Constitution, by men who are the sworn guardians of the freedom and dignity of the Republic. *The assault upon Mr. Sumner stands without parallel in the annals of civilized communities.* While sitting at his desk in the Senate Chamber, quietly engaged in writing, a member of the other legislative body, the House of Representatives, deliberately walks up to him, and taking advantage of his utterly helpless position, where he could neither escape nor defend himself, begins to beat him violently upon his bare head with a heavy cane, until he falls down stunned and insensible, covered with his own blood, the cowardly ruffian not desisting even then, when the form of his antagonist lay prostrate and senseless before him. While this is taking place a number of his brother Senators stand round, and make no attempt to stay the arm of the assailant, some of them, indeed, mounted guard expressly to prevent interference. Such conduct is utterly inexplicable to us in this country. We say nothing of the obligations of religion and morality—nothing of the requirements of personal self-respect or official decorum—nothing of the impulses of manly dignity or gentlemanly honor. It is easy to conceive that men of the quality of Mr. Brooks and his abettors should be utterly inaccessible to sentiments of this nature. But the wonder is that the mere instinct— we were almost going to say the mere animal instinct—of fair play, which is found to actuate even the humblest classes of our population in their roughest physical conflicts, did not cry shame within their bosoms. We believe that there is no company of coalheavers or costermongers, haunting the lowest purlieus of London, that would have suffered what the elect and educated legislators of America witnessed; some with dastardly connivance, and others with avowed complacency and exultation.

If anything could aggravate the inherent brutality of this act, it is the character of the man upon whom it was committed. For Mr. Sumner is a gentleman in whom there meets a combination of qualities adapted in a rare degree to inspire the affectionate attachment of friends, and to command courtesy and respect from all generous and honorable opponents. A man of a chivalrous and heroic spirit, of a refined and sensitive nature, of a powerful and cultivated intellect, disciplined by hard study and adorned with profound and various learning, who has led a life of irreproachable purity and active benevolence—the favorite pupil of Story, the intimate friend and disciple of Channing, the chosen associate of the finest living minds of America—Quincy, Sparks, Longfellow, Goodrich, Dana, Everett, Bryant, Emerson. 'I think,' says the latter, at a recent meeting at Concord, 'I may borrow the language which Bishop Burnet applied to Sir Isaac Newton, and say that "Charles Sumner has the whitest soul I ever knew," and yet this noble head, so comely and so wise, must be the target for a bully to beat with a club.' For many years of his life Mr. Sumner, like many other men of delicate moral sensibilities, shrunk from taking any prominent part in the stormy life of politics. He lived among his fellow-citizens, known rather as a philanthropist than a politician, until within the last few years, when the daring aggressions of the slave power roused his spirit and brought him out into the arena of active life.

And when the greatest of American orators and statesmen, Daniel Webster, was stricken down by the hand of death, Mr. Sumner was the man whom the State of Massachusetts chose from among her sons as most worthy to be his successor. And most nobly has he vindicated the wisdom of their choice. Taking small interest in the ordinary conflicts of parties, he has stood forth from the moment that he entered the Senate as the courageous and resolute champion of the slave. His speeches are elaborate and masterly orations, with perhaps almost too much of classical stateliness and refinement for the tribune. Over the hard and dry abstraction of politics he throws the glancing lights of his fertile and polished fancy, and relieves the tedium of debate by the rich stores of an elegant and varied erudition. The speech that brought upon him the recent attack was perhaps the greatest of all his efforts. It is in every respect a magnificent production. With a lofty and relentless logic he tears away the covering veil of sophistry with which the Southern members had sought to conceal the naked iniquity of the transactions in Kansas. There are no doubt passages of terrible severity, but not, we think, exceeding the license of parliamentary debate among ourselves. And the most conclusive testimony to the power of the orator is afforded by the desperate extremities to which it reduced his discomfited foes.

We have no words of commiseration to offer to Mr. Sumner. God grant only that a life so valuable may be spared, and he will occupy in the estimation of all men, at home and abroad, whose judgment he would value, a prouder position than he ever occupied before. He stood in the vanguard of freedom, and the marks of the ruffianly outrage inflicted upon him, which he will probably bear to the grave, he will wear as more honorable scars than ever warrior brought from a battle-field. Indeed, so far as the cause to which Mr. Sumner has consecrated his life is concerned, this incident, otherwise so foul a blot on the escutcheon of the United States, is hardly to be regretted. It will inflict incalculable damage on the slave interest and its advocates. That they are themselves aware of this is, indeed, sufficiently obvious. For though the Southern papers speak of presents of canes with ferocious devices, and other appropriate testimonials being sent to Brooks, all this bravado poorly conceals the lurking consciousness everywhere betraying itself that their champion has committed not only a heinous crime, but an irreparable blunder.

Indeed it is clear enough to everybody, that if the Southern gentlemen are compelled to abandon the conflict of reason and eloquence—and, confessing themselves beaten in arguments and oratory, are obliged to have recourse to bludgeons and revolvers, as the only resource left to them—if they convert the capitol from the arena of honorable debate, where intellect meets intellect in an inspiring and ennobling emulation, into a pugilistic ring, where bullies and blusterers display their superior animal strength and prowess, they will themselves proclaim trumpet-tongued that their cause is indeed irretrievably lost.

Meanwhile, such acts as these upon which we have animadverted are bringing lasting dishonor on republican institutions. If Americans knew the enormous advantage they are giving by such frantic ebullitions of passion to the friends and champions of despotism in all parts of the world—if they knew what a 'heavy blow and sad discouragement' they inflict on the cause of human progress, surely they would put some restraint upon themselves, and not send forth the glorious form of Liberty haggard and bleeding from the wounds she has received in the house of her friends, to be a laughing-stock and a reproach to all the tyrants of the earth."

THE "BATH" SLAVE CASE. The *Edgartown Vineyard Gazette*, gives the following detailed account of the circumstances of the escape at Holmes's Hole of the slave secreted on board the barque Franklin, bound from Jacksonville, Florida, to Bath, Maine :—

After the escape of the slave from the Franklin, he landed on West Chop, and proceeded to Gay Head, where he entered a swamp and remained concealed for several days. On the 16th inst., a warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Lambert, of Chilmark, for his arrest, on a charge of larceny, the offence alleged being the stealing of a boat from the Franklin. With this warrant in his pocket, Sheriff Lambert proceeded in a search for the slave. He went to Gay Head, but did not enter the swamp ; indeed he did not know, not having been informed, at least, positively, that he was there. He, however, searched in vain for the fugitive during the day, and as night came on proceeded to his home. Just previous to, or at the very moment when the warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Lambert, two women emerged from the lovely village of Holmes's Hole, and after lingering a moment in the suburbs, were furnished with a vehicle, into which they entered, taking with them some food, a woman's dress, bonnet, &c. They had heard of the slave, and were determined to save him from capture, if possible. After entering the vehicle, they drove with all speed to the swamp at Gay Head. On arriving there, they endeavored in vain to persuade a man to enter the swamp and inform the slave that some friends were outside, ready to convey him to a place of safety. The women, knowing there was not a moment's time to lose, then boldly entered the swamp,—all marshy and wet, and overgrown with briars and thorns as it was,—and after a short search found the slave, who endeavored to escape from them ; but after being furnished with food, and learning that the heroic women were his friends, ready to assist in his escape from the officer of the law, he conferred with them. The woman's dress and bonnet were soon placed upon him, when they all emerged from the swamp, and jumping into the wagon, drove directly to Manainshe Bite, and entered a boat, with a good pilot on board, which the same women had engaged to meet them at that place, before leaving Holmes's Hole. Hardly had the rumbling of the wheels ceased to vibrate upon the ear, or the dust to find its accustomed repose in the neighborhood of the swamp, ere Deputy Sheriff Lambert was at the spot ; but all was still and silent as the grave, save the music of the trickling water-brook, and the clear sharp notes of the feathered warblers, which sang freedom's sweetest, wildest song of jubilee. The Sheriff was entranced, he forgot his mission, the reins fell from his hand, and he thought of nothing but nature, and music, and the goodness of God. When he aroused from his delightful trance, it was to discover the tracks of the carriage, and the impression of human feet upon the clay. But this discovery came too late. As he made it, the slave crept into the boat, the warp was unfastened, and the already hoisted sails filled to the breeze !

After the arrival of the boat at New Bedford, the women took the slave to the residence of an abolitionist, and arrangements were made by him, which resulted in the forwarding of the slave to Canada.

☞ I cannot approximate to any just and adequate enumeration of the pernicious results of intemperance. When I pass in review in my mind the boundless variety and extent of its calamities, I feel as though I were moving round in a circle large as the orbit of Saturn, where, upon either side, farther than the eye can reach, there is nothing but desolation and woe, by which mankind have been decimated, a tenth part cut off and dissociated from the rest. . . . . . If all the wealth now sunk in the bottomless pit of intemperance were appropriated to the purchase of libraries, philosophical apparatus, or cabinets of natural history,—if all the time—that element of priceless value, which is now worse than lost in the various haunts of dissipation—were devoted to the reading of well-selected books, to lyceum exercises, to music, or other social and refining arts, it would give to society a new moral and political sensorium. How can any man witness without pain this great deformity, where there should be beauty and divine grandeur.—*Horace Mann.*

VARIETY OF FOOD FOR HOGS.—In an experiment detaited in *Deitz's Farm Journal*, where hogs were fed on cooked potatoes and oats, the excrement showed by the iodine test that a large portion of starch was passing off undigested. The addition of a small amount of peas to the feed caused all the starch to be appropriated to the animal economy. Experience has demonstrated that a variety of food is essential to the perfect development of animals. When hogs are fed for any length of time on the same food, they become "glutted."—*Rural Messenger.*

A curious case has been before the Paris courts for the last four years, which has just been decided. In the Spring of 1868 one M. Rolland, happening to be driving in a low open carriage near the Longchamps race-coursewhile the races were taking place was alarmed at the giddy pace at which his horse suddenly dragged his vehicle along. Presently the whole mass of people standing about and looking on at the races in front, were frightened by the carriage breaking through their ranks behind. Four persons were knocked down, M. Rolland was turned out on one side, the coachman on the other, and everything had to make way for the ungovernable horse until it reached the course, where it fell in with the riders and did not stop until it had reached the post. It was soon discovered that many people had been wounded and bruised, but none so severely as M. Paris, a ladies' tailor, whose leg was broken. M. Rolland was picked up at some distance from the sufferer. It was then found out that the ungovernable horse had been a famed winner formerly, and had not been able to resist the engagement of running for the prize. The consequence of its ambition cost its master a round sum of money, for he has had to pay the costs and damages undergone by complainants, and 50,000 francs to M. Paris for the loss and outlay entailed by his broken leg.

College Days Ended.

Sweet summer bells are ringing
A tender, mournful knell;
Our college days are ended,
And we must say farewell.
But let our song be joyous,
As in glad days of yore,
While we stand around the elm tree,
Emblem of Seventy-four.

Now Alma Mater bids us
A godspeed on our way;
Strong in the right and dauntless,
She wields a loving sway.
And, grander aims inspiring,
To nobler work she calls
All those whom time may gather
Within her sheltering walls.

The past holds memories precious;
The future, too, is fair,
For we are rich in youth and hope,
And the bond of love we bear;
This, classmates, ne'er will sever,
Though changing fate may frown,
But bind us close forever,
Till "the end the work shall crown."

THE COURT'S DECISION.

The Story of the First Breach of Promise Case in the United States.

Pieter Kock lived in New York, or New Amsterdam, as it was then called, in the year 1654. He was a stalwart, thriving burgher; had a ruddy round face, a small twinkling gray eye, sturdy calves, and a capacious corporation, of which he took ample care. Well had it been for him had he bestowed the like attention upon his heart. But of that he took no care—allowing it the independent privilege of protecting and looking after itself. Anna Van Vorst lived on Breedeweg, and boasted the possession of a little competency, which enabled herself and mother to live without labor. Anna was a most perfect specimen of Dutch beauty, having flaxen ringlets, dumpling cheeks, very light and large blue eyes, pouting lips, dimpled elbows, and one of those firm figures which are only to be found among the lasses of "Fatherland." Anna and Pieter had met, and the matter-of-fact business-like damsel bethought herself of a husband, mentally exclaiming—"That is the man for me, and I will have him!" Pieter never dreamed of love or marriage. He had about forty gallons of choice canary in his cellar, and he loved that. He had a larder "always well stocked," as the advertisements of the porter-houses say, and he was wedded to that in soul. He had too long lived under the superintending direction of his wrinkled housekeeper, to think of taking a wife to darn his hose and tuck him up in bed. Still he visited Anna Van Vorst, complimented her mother, and stroked the cat, while the maiden, in silence, played several batteries of glances against the fortifications of his affections. His nights, which had been spent at the great tavern, were now regularly enjoyed in the quiet of a peaceful home, where, overwhelmed with attention and kindness, he sipped his canary without knowing exactly why he felt so comfortable. For two years Pieter had habitually said, every night, rain or starlight, to Anna—"Good even, my dear!"—had exclaimed "God bless you!" most fervently, when the old lady sneezed at the usual hour—tickled grimalkin's sleek hide while the water was boiling for domestic use; and yet he had never gone beyond the frigid boundary of respect, nor indicated the slightest indication of being under the influence of the tenderest of all human passions. Poor Anna was in despair.

In the days when the judicial enactments of New York city covered the offense of sleeping in church, and subjected scolding wives to a public reprimand, and other penalties, modesty, or propriety, was a very necessary virtue; and for Anna to have popped the question herself, would have been for her to perpetrate the suicide of her character. But though woman's modesty prevented this rash act, woman's wit accomplished the cherished design by another method. Pieter Kock had, as who has not, an Achilles' heel—a vulnerable spot which even a pigmy's straw of design could penetrate—viz., his love of canary, and his good nature when under its too great influence. So Anna—oh, wicked, tricky woman!—plied him with canary one evening, until he was—shall we write it?—drunk. Yes, the important citizen and highly-moral burgher was as drunk as Cassio. He saw two Annas, two cats, two duenna mothers, and he felt like two men. It is singular, by the way, that while intoxication doubles everything else, it never performs that interesting operation for one's money. As Pieter saw a reflection of everything, he beheld the good qualities of Anna Van Vorst in their doubled aspect, and as he *felt* like two men, he loved her twice as much as he ever had before, and he solemnly popped the question over his sixth pint. He was accepted, and a duly serious contract was at once ratified, after which Pieter Kock was trundled to his residence near the Burgher's Bettery, scolded by his housekeeper, and then installed between his virtuous sheets.

Pieter's promise was of some service to him; it made him *think*—a luxury he had seldom taken the trouble to enjoy. As he cogitated over his prospects he was pleased and happy; and after he had visited the bride elect as such about a month, he discovered that he really loved her dearly, and that her companionship was positively necessary to his happiness. Perplexity, "thy name is woman!" No sooner had the plump Anna Van Vorst caught her fish than she lost her desire for it. What she had been so anxious to obtain, she, obtaining it, despised. Mature reflection taught her that Pieter was too fond of canary—his nose was a little too red—his eyes somewhat smaller than was becoming—his well-fedish appearance was only caused by a predisposition to dropsy, and his high forehead was made by a baldness consequent on age. Before the wedding-day arrived, she cared nothing for him—when it dawned, she actually *hated*, and refused to marry him.

She had taught Pieter Kock to think; so when she declared her unwillingness to ratify a contract of her seeking, instead of falling on his knees, or tearing his hair, he merely said, while he crushed down the emotions that swelled his heart well nigh to bursting, "Very well, Anna; you must suffer for this act."

Anna was given plenty of time to make up an opinion by which she intended to abide, and Pieter, not to deprive her of the opportunity of amending the wrong she had inflicted, renewed and continued his visits as of yore. Weeks slipped away without bringing any change. Anna did not love another, she said, but she could not love him.

"Then you are determined not to marry me?" said Pieter Kock, deprecatingly, as he took up his cocked hat, to quit the premises for the last time.

"I am," replied the obdurate woman, coldly.

"Then beware of me!" exclaimed the rejected and suffering burgher, as he rushed into the Breedeweg to traverse the very limited precints of the city.

That night he was seen in earnest conversation with two of the city authorities. What the substance of the conference was he did not disclose; but it was observed he sought his home with an air of alacrity; that his countenance was open and pleased in its expression, and that his eye gave token of the existence of a very tangible idea in his brain. The following day the murder was out. The schout served a summons on Anna Van Vorst to appear, at the sound of the bell—all formal and legal proceedings in those days being commenced by the ringing of a bell three times—before the city court at the Town Hall, on the 18th day of May, to answer to certain charges preferred against her, the nature of which would be defined at that time. Affrighted at this occurrence—and ignorant of its true import—the lady flew to consult with Pieter, forgetting everything but her own danger.

"I can arrange the matter quietly," said Kock, with an amiable air; "I know what it is all about."

"You know?" exclaimed Anna, with a stare of astonishment.

"I do. It is for breaking your contract with me. I am the complainant."

"Then you are a wretch!"

"Marry me!" responded Pieter with a contented-looking face—"Marry me, and I'll save you from disgrace."

"I'll endure anything rather than that!" vociferated the beauty.

"Think of the cucking stool," remarked Pieter.

"I don't care for it."

"Fancy yourself compelled to stand at the gate of the Hall all day in a certain position, with a crier alongside to proclaim your crime."

"Even that cannot alter my determination."

"Well, then, what say you to a ride on the wooden horse with a fifty pound weight at each heel?" inquired Mr. Kock, pleasantly.

"I'd rather die than become Mrs. Kock!" exclaimed Anna, as she left him.

"I don't believe it!" soliloquised Pieter, as he poured out a bumber of his favorite wine, and tossed it off at a draught.

The awful day arrived. The court was composed of two burgomasters, four schepens, and twenty burghers, all of whom were of course anxious to protect the rights of one of their set, and who looked with exceedingly stern faces upon the violator of her faith. Pieter was there, his face shining with hope. The trial proceeded. Anna acknowledged the charges, but denied the right of the court to interfere in the matter, inasmuch as a woman wasn't merchandise, and could dispose of herself according to her own will. Whereat, two of the august court laughed outright.

Pieter Kock was then sworn, and told his story. He proved the existence of the contract—related the story of his wooing, as Othello did, in a "plain, unvarnished" manner; and after detailing the amount and kind of damage he would suffer, halted.

"How do you know the lady loved you?" inquired Burgher Johannes Gelisen Verbruggins. Did she ever tell you so?"

Here the complainant produced a half sixpence, a pair of woolen garters, and a fine neckcloth with his name embroidered in one corner, around two bullock-looking hearts (even at that day such emblems were peddled in Cupid's auction mart), all of which were her gifts to him—and cunningly asked if the very act of making such presents could not be construed into a certain declaration of unadulterated love; whereupon all the members of the court

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opened their eyes wide, shut them once, much after the fashion of a figure in a Holland clock, gave a Lord Burleigh shake of the head, and very gravely and emphatically uttered the affirmative.

After hearing of the affair in all its phases, and duly deliberating, the court commanded the parties to retire, and await a second notice to appear. As Anna passed out from the Hall, Pieter pointed maliciously, in order, first at the wooden horse, then at the whipping-post, the stool, the stocks, and the part of the building used as a jail. [All these implements of justice were in the streets before the City Hall or West India Company's Tavern; and the parade for the militia was also this spot].

Notwithstanding the 'terribly unpleasant predicament in which the delinquent found herself, yet the spirit of obstinacy came to her assistance when she thought of relenting, and she concluded, most decidedly, to brave the storm, let it burst ever so furiously. A second investigation was had, which ended in the court delivering the most curious and ambiguous opinion or decision, that "the parties should be at peace!" But the woman was resolved that no peace should be made. She announced that her maidenly feelings—the sentiment of her heart—had undergone a total change since the matrimonial promise was given, and that all the courts in Amsterdam proper, New Amsterdam, and the world beside, could not induce or compel her to make Pieter Kock her companion for life. She disliked Pieter, and he should never have anything to do with her.

Horrified by this contempt of their authority—this dreadful insult of their high stations—the members of the court commanded the bell to be rung for Kock vs. Anna Van Vorst, for the third and last time. The chamber was crowded on the day appointed, and every face wore a solemn cast. The fair defendant was weeping—the injured bachelor was smiling grimly, and evinced the possession of a full share of the phlegm of his nation.

At that time there were no lawyers. Every man did what the new constitution says it is proper we should all do—plead his own cause, and that in the briefest terms. Verbiage was not permitted—the judges could not endure it. "Never say anything unless you have it to say, and say that in the fewest possible words," was a rule of universal adoption. Pieter developed the case in plain, straightforward, concise language. No feed counsel drew fanciful pictures of the complainant's "broken heart, blighted hopes, and future unhappiness," to enlist the sympathies of the hearers. The court wanted to know whether or not the contract had been broken, or if it had, if the offending party was willing to make it good. They thought that no matter what the result was, the violator of a contract ought to be censured or punished. Queer people those of the olden time were! They made law synonymous with justice—a foolish custom which we have very wisely discarded. Pieter's story was not contradicted by Anna, and the court at once consulted, forming a desision without any unnessary delay—another silly custom, not in keeping with the wise characteristics of this age.

What *was* the decision, think you? How many guilders damages do you suppose they awarded? Not one—not a fraction of money; and for all that they decided against the faithless woman. Here is the luminous and wise award of this bench of Daniels:

"We do consider that Anna Van Vorst, single maid, did faithfully promise to become the wife of Pieter Kock, single man, burgher and inhabitant of this city of New Amsterdam, and the promise was mutual. It appears by certain declarations of the parties, that in consequence of certain misgivings, the bride of the said Pieter Koch is in no way disposed to be married to him. The burgomasters and schepens of this city, having examined to their full satisfaction all that can affect the cause for and against both parties, do decide that as the promise of marriage has been made before the omnifiscient (exactly as the word is written in the record) God, it shall remain in force, so that neither the plaintiff nor defendant, without the knowledge and approbation of their lordships the magistrates, and of either party, shall be permitted to enter into matrimony with any other, whether single man or single woman; provided, however, that all the presents made in confirmation of the marriage contract shall remain in the possession of the complainant, or until lawful marriage or mutual agreement shall exempt them from the contract. Furthermore, both plaintiff and defendant are condemned equally in the costs of this suit. This done and sentenced in the session of the 18th of May, 1654!"

Thus ended the first trial ever had in New York for a breach of promise of marriage. What think you of the decision? Could Lycurgus have given a better?

Were all cases of the kind so disposed of, breaches of promise, or trials for them, would be few indeed.

THE KING AND THE COBBLER.—There is a story of Charles V. walking incognito through the market at Brussels. He contemplated with the eye of an amateur a capon which seemed worthy of the imperial kitchen, when a woman of the people drew near the poultry merchant, bought the capon, and carried it off. Charles followed her as far as the house of a shoemaker, which she entered. The evening having arrived, Charles returned and knocked at the door of the house. The door was opened, but not before some parleying, and the Emperor found two of the jovial brotherhood of Saint Crispin ready to sit down to table. To their great surprise the unkuown said that he came in the name of his Majesty, and invited himself, having decided in his wisdom to taste the capon. His hests, vanquished by his air of assurance, made place for him. Presently a hamper of old wine, brought by a lackey, showed them that their companion intended to pay his scot. The supper went on and finished gaily, and Charles wished good night to his friends, whom he left surprised alike at his appetite and his good humor. On the morrow he sent for the shoemaker to the palace, made himself known to him, and begged his host to solicit some favor. "Sire," said the shoemaker, "I shall be full of gratitude if your Majesty will authorise me to take for a sign a *Crowned Boot.*" The Emperor readily granted the grace which cost him nothing, and which was fitted and fated to be of immense benefit to the shoemaker, as all the courtiers would not fail to see their *chassure* at the *Crowned Boot.* Charles V. was never so deligated as when he could make the fortune of some one without spending the smallest sum.

ALL TIBSEY BUT ME—Among the delusions to which tipsy men are subject, it has been one of the most curious and amusing that the inebriate thinks himself the only sober man in the company! He even suspects the furniture of being drunk, and charges everything he sees with having taken "a drop too much." A German poet has given a capital representation of this delusion in a song entitled "All Tipsy but me," of which the following is a lively translation:

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night;
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street, you are drunk; 'tis a very clear case.

Moon, 'tis a very queer figure you cut;
One eye is staring while t'other is shut;
Tipsy, I see, and you are greatly to blame;
Old as you are, 'tis a horrible shame.

Then the street lamps—what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord!

All is confusion; now isn't it odd!
Nothing is sober that I see abroad;
Sure it were rash with the crew to remain
Better go into the tavern again.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

THE following singular tradition is related of a key in a collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal at Venice:

About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talents is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon that could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it disclosed a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness that it entered the flesh, and buried itself there without leaving external trace.

Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with sharp and sudden pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his own house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physician, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the young maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal; they, too, perished miserably in a few days. The alarm that these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examinations of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal; every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first month of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak to her at the gate. Her reply was most decisively in the negative.

Tebaldo, beside himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the gate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his actions from being observed. On her return to her room, the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased: the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

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Mr. Snow was one of our old and respected citizens not a few of whom have passed away from us during the present year. Sober, quiet, industrious, respected by all who knew him, he spent his life in comparative obscurity; and was the honered father of thirteen children all of whom were born in the same house. Twenty of these including the partners of his sons and daughters married, were at the funeral and five grand children. And when these twenty-five men and women with the aged mother, stood around the grave where they were laying away their loved one, the writer thought and felt that never on a similar occasion had he seen a more touching or beautiful sight. No unseemly grief was theirs: but deep heartfelt sorrow "that they should see his face no more." The father had no riches to leave to his children; but he had given them what was better—he had furnished them with an education such as the schools of their time and place could give, and had trained them in habits of honest industry; and they are now in their various places in this state honest and honorable and well-to-do citizens such as make our glorious old commonwealth respected throughout the nation and the world.

The programme of the day ended with the following song by the graduates, which was very appropriate and highly appreciated:

Come, boys, and let your voices all
 Join in a farewell song,
For college days are over now,
 And we must part ere long;
We've been together many a day
 In search of classic lore,
And closely woven bonds unite
 The class of Seventy-four.

CHORUS—Oh, dear old Seventy-four,
 Oh, dear old Seventy-four;
 We love thee yet, we'll ne'er forget
 The class of Seventy-four.

And since the Past is no more ours,
 The Future yet to be,
Let's seize the Present with its joys,
 And from dull care be free.
The span of life is short at most,
 Our troubles come too soon,
And dreary, cold December days,
 Must follow those of June.

CHORUS—Oh, dear old, &c.

Our class will soon be scattered, boys,
 All over this broad land,
Perhaps to never meet again
 As a united band;
But when our work is ended here,
 And evening's shadows come,
May each one go with many sheaves,
 To sing his "Harvest Home."

CHORUS—Oh, dear old, &c.

The Testimony of a Southern Statesman.

In a recent speech before the Whigs of Richmond, Va., Hon. John M. Botts discussed in an able manner the present aspect of political affairs, and gave expression to some home truths which the people of that State are not accustomed to listen to, but which they will do well to ponder. After referring to the odium which he had encountered for having opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he declared that "its repeal, *with the consequences and circumstances that have grown out of it, was the most wanton, the most mischievous, the most suicidal, and the most unpardonable act that was ever committed by the representatives of the people.* (Loud cheers.)"

In tracing the history of this far-famed compromise, Mr. Botts said it "was introduced—*not by the North but by the South,* pretty much under the same circumstances, however, that the repeal of the Missouri compromise was introduced in 1854. They selected a Northern man to introduce it, *but it was first agreed upon as a Southern measure,* and it was passed by Southern votes." Mr. B. then explains the terms of the compromise and the manner of its passage, and says:

"Thus was the compromise of 1820 brought about; *and the history of that day will show that it was regarded (as it really was) as a great Southern Triumph,* in which the North reluctantly acquiesced, the most distinguished Southern men, including Mr. Clay, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. W. Smith, Lewis McLean and others, being its chief advocates. * * * * Under the operation of that law to which the integrity and honor of the South was pledged, the South obtained the admission of Missouri and Arkansas as slave States, when it was in the power of the North to have rejected them. They also obtained the admission of Florida as a slave State, of Texas as a slave State, *and never, never while there was an opportunity to make a slave State out of Southern territory did they dream that it was proper to repeal that law.*

But when they had populated all their own territories and obtained the admission of all their slave States, when there was no necessity for it whatever, *they attempted to rob the North of its just due,* and thereby dishonestly sacrificed the integrity and honor of the South that were pledged to carry out, in good faith, the bargain entered into."

Mr. Botts shows that the Missouri compromise line, prohibiting slavery north of 36 30, was applied to both Texas and California by the active co-operation of the entire Southern delegation in Congress, and convicts the Southern members who afterwards voted for its repeal of glaring inconsistency and injustice. Coming to a discussion of the compromises of 1850, the speaker lays bare the perfidy of the President and the Democratic party in repealing the Missouri compromise after declaring the compromises of 1850, which reaffirmed it, to be a finality, and pledging themselves to oppose all further agitation of the slave question. Yet they now come, says Mr. B., with the old deceptive syren song of "Help us to save the Union." "The Union cannot be saved except by the Democratic party." He continues:

"They have had a Convention at Cincinnati, and they have fully endorsed the policy and measures of Mr. Pierce's administration, that has produced civil war, that has sacrificed all the territory of the United States to the cause of the free soilers, and that has brought about a condition of things in which disunion is openly threatened, in a greater or less degree, in every Congressional district throughout the United States. They have endorsed all their measures, and they have put their candidate, Mr. Buchanan, upon the platform, and he tells you that he stands not only upon that platform, but that he is no longer James Buchanan, but merely the candidate of the Democratic party. (Cheers and laughter). Well, now I want to know if the Democratic party can accomplish all this from the 4th of March, 1853, to the 4th of March, 1856, how much longer it would take them to bring about an actual dissolution of the Union. (Laughter). They have accomplished more than three-fourths of their task already. Let this policy be pursued but a little longer, and the Union is gone; and if anything can dissolve the bond of this confederacy it will be another administration of the Democratic party. (Loud cheers). You have been told by Mr. Seward that the day for compromise has passed away. Mr. Seward is right. Blame him who may, Seward is right. The day for compromise has passed away, and has passed by the fiat of Southern Democracy. They have told you they would have no more compromises; they, in the minority, without the power to control, have said to the North, in the majority, 'we will have no more compromises; compromises are unconstitutional: either you or we must control this Territory.'"

The following extract is a severe rebuke of the assertion of Mr. Fillmore that the South would have just cause for refusing to acquiesce in the election of Mr. Fremont, which Mr. Botts seems to look upon as altogether probable. The rebuke is the more significant from the fact that Mr. B. advocates Mr. Fillmore's election:

"Now I do not mean to say that Mr. Fremont, if elected, will do nothing to cause or justify a dissolution of the Union; *but what I do say is, that his election by the people, lawfully and constitutionally expressed, furnishes no ground for a dissolution, and he is insane who contemplates any such thing;* and I will say more—I will say it furnishes no just ground of complaint to the democracy, as they first made the issue by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and have ever since pressed the issue by their attempts to keep every other question than that of slavery out of the canvass, and by their constant and daily efforts to sectionalize the entire South on this sectional issue; and if they start the game, and are beaten at it, what right have they to complain? We may complain, and hold them responsible for it, as we should; but their lips will be sealed. They should have known their strength better before they challenged and defied their adversaries to the combat, at which they will, in all likelihood, be badly whipped, and they will richly deserve it, if they are."

Mr. B condemns the laws of Kansas as "a system of tyranny, oppression and despotism, that I have not known to be paralleled in ancient or modern history." He also denounces the attack upon Senator Sumner in strong terms, and declares that if his own brother had acted as Brooks did, he would have voted for his expulsion. The conclusion of Mr. B.'s speech confirms the belief of sagacious men that the cry of dissolution of the Union is mere electioneering nonsense:

"With regard to the frequent threats of disunion, let me say *the Union is in no danger of a dissolution.* There are but two ways of dissolving the Union: one is by revolution and force, which the strong arm of the general government will always be able to put down, and the other is, by a convention of the States that adopted the constitution, and framed the government of their choice. Newspaper editors and cross road politicians have no power to dissolve, and there is now, and always will be, good sound sense enough among the conservative elements of the country now engaged in their daily avocations in the workshop, in the field, in the factories and in every pursuit of life, not heeding nor caring for the cry of 'wolf! wolf!' with which their ears have become famaliarized, but who will, when occasion calls for it, rise up in their mighty strength and trample under foot these noisy, mischievous malcontents, who make 'night hideous' with their yells of disunion; and let me tell them that when they attempt it for no better cause than it has yet been threatened, I for one, will meet them at 'Philippi,' and on that field they will find me kneeling at no other altar than the altar of the Union, worshipping at no other shrine than the shrine of the constitution, and fighting under no other flag than the stars and stripes of the United States."

These manly utterances of the truth in the heart of proscriptive, pro slavery Virginia, do honor to the courage and love of truth of their author, and they cannot fail to have a powerful effect in convincing the South that the people of the North are only contending, in the present struggle, for their just rights, as repeatedly recognized by distinguished Southern statesmen. This speech, however, has excited the ire of the Richmond *Enquirer*, which, in its eagerness to put down free speech, declares that "if Botts is not arrested under the act for the suppression of incendiary language, the law is either a dead letter or our prosecuting attorneys are not true to their duties." We hardly think, however, that the prosecuting attorneys will care to meddle with Mr. Botts. They would excite a discussion which would bode no good to slave institutions or the power of the slaveocracy. Besides, Mr. B. is an adversary for whose powers they will doubtless have a wholesome fear.

Saved his Whipping.—A little urchin, seven or eight years old, in one of our schools where a Miss Blodgett was teacher, composed the following and wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to the great amusement of the boys:—

"A little mouse ran up the stairs,
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers."

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For a punishment she gave him his choice, to make another rhyme in five minutes, or be whipped. So after thinking and thinking, and scratching his head till his time was nearly out, and the teacher was lifting the stick in a threatening manner, at the last moment he exclaimed—

"Here I stand before Miss Blodgett;
She's going to strike, and I'm going to dodge it."

An auctioneer, at a late sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, with the following candid observations: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was a brass or an iron founder, I cannot tell."

Original.

What Don't Pay.

I FIND it don't pay to be selfish.
  Though the world's palm is sordid and mean:
There is many a hand washed with gratitude's tears,
  Would turn out quite open and clean.

I find that deception don't pay one:
  Stop you cannot if once you begin.
You will sure be found out—if not by the world,
  By the conscience that pricks you within.

I find it don't pay to be envious,
  To covet the lot of a friend;
For the good things of life come by brain-work and toil:
  These will pay best, you'll find in the end.

I find it don't pay to be fretting:
  Worry never makes things smoothly move.
Some troubles must come: and though giants at first,
  If you laugh, they will good fairies prove.

Don't be jealous: ten times you will find it
  Was but your own nature you saw;
And an innocent heart may be cut to the quick
  While you were the one had the flaw.

I find it don't pay to be sinful,
  Unkind, uncivil, or cold:
For the kind one is loved, and the good one is praised,
  While you are left out in the cold.

You may pride yourself first on your money,
  You may trust then to influence and name;
But wherever you go, take the run of folks through,
  You always will find it the same.

Though people may false be as aloes,
  They honor the one who is true;
And pleasure and love, if you'll heed the above,
  Shall come, my dear reader, to you.

Coralinn Daniels.

An old bachelor of this city promised to give a young lady a pony for a kiss. She gave him the kiss, much to his surprise, but he refused to give her the pony. She sued him; he pleaded "no consideration;" but the court held that a kiss is a valid consideration, and so the old sneak had to "pony" over.

The Surveyor of Rockport, Mass., an old man of 86, relates as follows, of his old horse, &c.:—"I let the same old horse to Rev. Mr. Gannett to go to the harbor with (Gloucester). It took the minister a good while to go that journey, as the beast was never known to move faster than two miles an hour, if he could help it; and when he got back I charged him a dollar and a half, which was double price, and Mr. Gannett knowed it; and says he to me, 'Ain't you sot the price rather high?' 'Waal,' says I, 'Mr. Gannett give me four and sixpence and I'll call it square, as I calculated to allow you seventy-five cents for driving the critter.'

"There's another little thing," he continued, "that I remember about Mr. Gannett. Arter he left the old man, David Babson's, at the big farm on the hill, over there by the Folly, and had come down this way to board with Susannah, he wanted her to have a new front-door step. There was a stone near the house, he thought at first would do, but arterwards found one farther off that he liked better. There wa'n't any kind of shape to it, and it was an ugly thing to move on rollers; but Mr. Gannett was bound to have it, and got a crowbar to help me along with it. You know he is a kind o' lame, and, not being used to it, the first thing he knew the stone gave a lurch, and laid him flat, with his legs held tight to the ground, under the bar.

"Arter I got him up, I told him if he couldn't handle a *sarmon* better than he could a crowbar, that I wouldn't give much for him; and then I asked him how much he got a year for preachin' up there in Bawston. 'Waal,' he said, 'about twenty-five hundred dollars.' And then I said to him, says I, 'Mr. Gannett you ought to be a rich man—you are, ain't you?' 'Why, no,' said he, 'I can hardly make both ends meet at that.' 'Waal, then,' said I, 'a man that can't lay up anything out of that pay, ought to have a *guardeen!*'"

A Definition of Humbug.—A woman was being examined as a witness, when, to a question put by the barrister, Clarkson, she replied, "Don't think to humbug me." Upon which the Recorder said, "Answer the question directly, woman, or I will commit you." "Ay," said Clarkson, "and tell us what you mean by humbug?" "Why," replied the woman, "if I was to tell you, Mr. Clarkson, that the Recorder was a gentleman, that would be humbugging you and the court too."

A Pulpit Joke.—At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The last preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Lo, here am I!" The impromptu and his sermon gained him the church.

Wooing in Poetry.—An old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words:

"If from your *glove* you take the letter *G*,
Your *glove* is *love*, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following answer:

"If from your *Page* you take the letter *P*,
Your *Page* is *age*, and that won't do for me."

Emerson says: "We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count."

Peace makes plenty, plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil poverty; poverty patience, and patience peace.

Tit for Tat.—"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

Eloquence.—True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style; for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style—the sublimity lies only in the thing; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.

The Man to be Pitied.—The man who feels remorse for evil he has done is to be pitied; but there is one being still more unfortunate, he who feels his guilt beforehand, and yet commits it.

Right and Left.—Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other what side she would take, the right or left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

"Do you think raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "So far as I know, they are; I never knew one to complain of being out of health," he replied.

"Not if my whole future, Nelly, is one perpetual penitence?"

"No."

"And you won't marry me a week from to-day, dearest? You won't——?"

"No, no, no!"

"To that array of negatives," exclaimed Paul, laughing, "I oppose three affirmatives quite as formidable—'Yes, yes, yes!'"

"You're a wretch, Paul Charlton!"

"You're an angel, Nelly Randolph!"

"I hate you!"

"I adore *you!*"

"Will you leave hold of my hand?"

"Not until you have promised to give it me for good, one week from to-day."

And not until she *had* promised did Paul Charlton release that little fluttering hand from the bondage in which he held it.

AUNT BETSY'S ADVENTURE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a hot July afternoon, the air full of slumberous electricity, and the sunshine sleeping dreamily on the close-cut grass in front of the Merrifield hotel; while down in the glen, towards the railroad track, you could distinctly hear the fret and ripple of the little trout-stream over its bed of mossy stones.

Merrifield was a pretty, sequestered place, full of picturesque wood-nooks and pleasant rambles and, as yet, not over-crowded by the high tide of summer fashionables. Moreover, the fare was low and the hotel charges moderate,—and that was the reason Miss Betsy Whistleton had come thither with her bandboxes, her tortoise-shell cat, and her niece Elfrida.

Miss Betsy was a tall, sparely-fashioned maiden lady, stranded somewhere on the debateable land between forty and fifty, with a leathery complexion, hair cut short in the neck, cold black eyes—glassy rather than brilliant—and thin, colorless lips. As the French say, "There are old maids, and old maids." Some are perfectly irresistible in their sunny good humor and *embonpoint*—more bewitching than any sixteen-year-old girl, because their arrows are tipped with the barb of experience. But Miss Whistleton did not belong to this "rare and radiant" few. Miss Whistleton was an old maid—venomous—a radical opponent to anything savoring of matrimony—a believer in catnip tea, total depravity, and the approaching end of the world. And, above all things, Miss Whistleton detested—a man!

Little Elfrida Martin was totally different. Elfrida was just seventeen, with a round, apple-bloom face, eyes as blue as wood violets, and mischievous dots of dimples, coming and going, like the impress of Cupid's finger on her smooth, pink cheek. And Elfrida wore white dresses, with blue ribbon fluttering about them, and roses at her belt, and read poetry *sub rosa*, and believed in man-kind—particularly in Tom Castlewynne!

Consequently, it may be easily inferred that Elfrida led a dolorous life of it with her aunt Betsy and her aunt Betsy's peculiar views.

This particular afternoon, Miss Betsy sat bolt upright, engaged in a hideous piece of patchwork, which had been poor Elfrida's "black beast" ever since she was tall enough to wield a needle, and scolded her niece persistently.

"Don't talk to me, Elfrida Martin!" she said, energetically—which was quite unnecessary, for poor Elfie had *not opened her lips in a quarter* of an hour,—"I know *perfectly well* that it is all through your doing that Thomas Castlewynne, and his riotous, cigar-smoking friend, have come down to Merrifield and taken the room next to ours—the *very next* room! I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, Elfrida, to be walking about the piazza with him, and the house full of respectable boarders."

Elfie colored up here.

"I am sure, Aunt Betsy, Mr. Castlewynne is respectable."

"A pettifogging, dissipated, good-for-nothing lawyer—and Frank Ermine is no better. Elfrida, if you don't stop taking such long stitches I'll make you rip it all out again. What I want you to understand is this: that this love-making business has got to stop. I won't *tolerate* Thomas Castlewynne's presumptuous attentions—no, not for another day! I'll pack up, and leave Merrifield sooner! Do you hear me, Elfrida?"

"Yes, Aunt Betsy, I hear you."

"*Very* well; then I'll trouble you to heed me as well. Perhaps you think I didn't see you lingering on the very threshold of their door this morning, talking nonsense about the trumpery wild roses you had been gathering. On the threshold of a *young man's room!* Elfrida, I don't know what you 're coming to!"

"But, aunty, the door was wide open, and Mrs. Glenn was in the hall, and Isabella Raymond, and Major Parker's daughters——"

"I don't care if the twelve tribes of Israel were there, it makes it none the less improper for you"—and here Aunt Betsy rolled up her eyes in a fearfully cataleptic manner.—"Now stop dropping those big tears over the turkey-red joining of that quilt. I never saw such a baby in my life—never."

What a relief it was to poor, hunted little Elfrida when Mrs. Major Parker came in, with her stiff, rustling silks and her basket of knitting-work, and she was allowed to steal away into the inner room, with pricked finger, aching spinal-column, and eyes yet dewy with tears.

"I'll be married as soon as ever I can," thought Elfie, with an indignant pout of the cherry lips. "If I thought I should ever live to be an old maid like Aunt Betsy, I'd jump into the river—I would!"

And Elfie crept away for a walk, low-spirited enough.

The afternoon was well advanced before Mrs. Parker departed; and Miss Betsy Whistleton, politely seeing her guest to the door, stood looking after her portly retreating form.

"I wonder where Elfrida has gone to," pondered the spinster-aunt. "Down in the grove, flirting with that odious Castlewynne, I've no doubt—dear me, what a trial girls are! Castlewynne's out somewhere, I know, for the door of his room is half-open. Now, I wonder——"

Miss Betsy Whistleton stretched her long neck curiously towards the neighboring apartment—she looked up the hall, and down the hall, but there was not a soul in sight.

"I don't really believe they exchange notes," said Miss Whistleton, "but *if* they did—and it's really, a very excellent opportunity——"

She paused again and listened; still no sound, save stray footsteps in the hall below.

"I think it's my duty," said Miss Betsy, setting her colorless lips tight together, and advancing on tip-toe into the apartment of Messrs. Castlewynne and Ermine.

"I never was in a man's room before," thought the lady, with a little bridle and a simper. "Dear me, what a variety of boots and slippers, right in the middle of the floor! Is this brandy-and-water? No, it's lemonade—and a box full of cigars, as I live, and a novel! Oh, the depravity of young men! I really hope I shan't be contaminated by this awful atmosphere. And what's this curious wooden thing? Oh, I suppose it must be a boot-jack! A dressing-case, too, with chased silver stoppers to all the bottles—dear me, this cologne is really very nice. I wish I had brought that empty paregoric bottle along with me, I don't believe they'd ever miss a few drops. Pink pomatum, too, as I live and breathe—and a 'housewife' all fitted up with needles and spools of thread. My goodness me, if it isn't lined with the very brocaded silk that belonged to my grandmother's wedding-dress! I thought that pattern came short when I measured it, to make a silk-quilted skirt! I *do believe*, Elfrida took it to make this piece of folly and nonsense with."

Miss Whistleton elevated her eyes and hands with pious horror.

"Two whole inches! I wonder if Elfrida ever thought what a sin it is to steal."

The inquisitive spinster tip-toed about the room, peering into boxes, opening botttles, and looking behind sofas; but still she found no condemning proof of a correspondence between Mr. Castlewynne and her niece Elfrida. She was just turning to come out, rather disappointed than otherwise at the non-success of the scouting expedition, when Tom Castlewynne sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time, and strode along the hall, followed by his friend Frank Ermine.

Miss Betsy made a rush for the door, but she was too late. Tom's speed of locomotion had been greater than she had calculated on, and with a blind impulse of concealment she darted into the closet and shut herself in, among dressing-gowns, shooting-coats, and strange looking bifurcated garments that filled her spinster soul with horror.

"They'll go out again, pretty soon," thought Miss Betsy, panting, as she held desperately on to the inner handle of the door, "and then I can just slip into my own room!"

But no such denouement appeared near at hand. Mr. Castlewynne and his friend sat themselves down, and deliberately lighted their cigars; the blue vapor stole, spicy and pungent, through the key-hole.

"I shall choke," thought Miss Betsy.

"Now look here, Tom," said Mr. Ermine, apparently resuming a conversation which had been temporarily interrupted, "there's no use in being a faint-hearted fool! Marry the little Elfie, if she has forty old maid aunts!"

"My goodness *gracious!*" secretly aspirated the captive maid.

"I say, though," said Castlewynne, "what an old cat Miss Betsy is. Fifty, if she's a day!"

"Sixty, *I* should think!" remarked Frank.

("The impudence of the creatures!" gasped the imprisoned subject of criticism.)

"But still," pursued Castlewynne, "Elfie has some tender little notions about never marrying without her aunt's consent, and if we could persuade her to give it——"

"Never," said Ermine. "Who could expect a shriveled up old fossil like that, to——Hallo! what's that noise?"

For Aunt Betsy, half stifled in the closet, and choked with cigar smoke, had given a little spasmodic "Ketch—a!" of a sneeze.

"Nothing but the cat on the verandah roof."

"I tell you it's something in that closet!"

Ermine rose and tried the door. Aunt Betsy hung resolutely on to her side of it.

"If it *is* the cat," said Castlewynne, coming to the rescue, "she's remarkably strong in the muscular developments; give a good pull, Frank. Hal-loa!"

For the door flew open with a jerk, revealing Miss Betsy Whistleton shrinking back into a corner! One moment Castlewynne stared—the next a brilliant idea flashed across his mind; he shut the door again, and bolted it, instantaneously.

"Thieves!" he cried in carefully suppressed tones. "Bobbers! burglars!"

"Oh, my good Mr. Thomas!" squeaked Miss Betsy, wildly, through the key-hole, "please don't! Please stop crying for help; it's only me, Miss Betsy Whistleton; it's all a mistake, a misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding, eh?" said Castlewynne. "It has rather a burglarious look. I should be sorry to deliver you into custody, Miss Whistleton, but——"

"Have mercy on me!" shrieked Miss Betsy, rattling at the door-knob. "Indeed, indeed, I meant no harm—it was a mistake, upon my word! Please let me out, quick, before any one comes! and me in a man's room too!"

"Dreadful!" groaned Mr. Ermine.

"Too frightful to think of!" hollowly echoed Castlewynne.

"Oh, dear, dear!" wailed Miss Betsy, as all the horrors of her situation dawned upon her; "do, *please* let me out, Mr. Thomas! and I'll give you anything I have in the world!"

Mr. Castlewynne paused; he appeared to deliberate. Miss Betsy took heart of hope.

"Will you give me your niece Elfrida?"

"My niece Elfrida? N—ever—I really could not——"

"O, very well! just as you elect. Ermine, will you have the goodness to step down stairs and call up the landlord?"

And at the same instant Elfrida's soft voice was heard calling in the next room.

"Aunt Betsy! Aunt Betsy! Oh, Mrs. Parker, where *can* my aunt be gone!"

Search, an *exposé* and detection were looming inevitable over the wretched victim of circumstances; she rattled madly against the door.

"You needn't go, Mr. Ermine—you needn't go! Only let me out, and——"

"You will freely bestow the hand of your niece upon me?"

"Yes—yes—anything—everything!"

Mr. Castlewynne unbolted the door and threw it open with a low bow. Miss Betsy stayed not to reciprocate his politeness, but darted from the room like an arrow fleeing from the bow, never stopping until she was safe in her own room.

"Auntie!" cried the astonished Elfie, "where on earth have you been?"

But that was just what "Aunty" never would tell her.

"Elfridu," said Miss Betsy, when she had calmed her agitated nerves by green tea and a nap, "I've changed my mind about young Castlewynne. If you and he are really bent on making a match of it"—here Aunt Betsy involuntarily grimaced, as if she was taking medicine—"why, you must have your own way, I suppose."

Elfie's countenance grew radiant. "Dear Aunt Betsy," she cried, with a shy kiss on the parchment forehead of the elder lady, "I am *so* glad!"

"There, there, go along!" said Miss Whistleton, ungraciously, "I want to rip up my caps for the wash, and I can't be bothered with kissing!" "I *do* hope, "she added, mentally, as Elfie tripped away, "he won't tell that child the whole story!"

But there was a mischievous sparkle in Elfie's eye, when she came up to bed that night, which filled Aunt Betsy's soul with dread, and convinced her that Castlewynne had betrayed the secret of her siege and surrender!

And thus Aunt Betsy, sorely against her will, was forced to help Cupid's bark float adown the stream of True Love. Alas! poor Aunt Betsy!

A MEMBER of the Arkansas Legislature, who goes for economy in public expenditure, in speaking on an extravagant appropriation, indignantly exclaimed, "Gentlemen talk about 'adequate compensation of public servants!' Why, sir, during the late war, I was in thirty-seven battles, was wounded thirteen times in the cause of the South, and the entire pay I received was $31, in Confederate money, every cent of which I gave for one glass of old rye whiskey!"

A FATHER'S RETALIATION.

A vixen wife who, for the horsewhip's smart,
Ran to her father, begged he'd take her part;
"What is your fault?" said he; "come, state the case."
"I threw some coffee in my husband's face,
For which he beat me!" "Beat you, did he? 'slife!
He beat my *daughter!* zounds! I'll beat his *wife!*"

A married man in New Hampshire has adopted an original method of economy. One morning, recently, when he knew his wife would see him, he kissed the servant-girl. The household expenses were instantly reduced $200 per year.

A fellow, having a spite at a sausage-maker, rushed into his shop, when crowded with customers, threw a large dead cat upon the counter, and said: "That makes nineteen! we'll settle when you're not so busy!" and made his exit.

A bachelor remarking that a hot flat-iron was good to keep the feet warm in winter, was answered by a blooming young lady, that a very great improvement had been discovered on that invention.

A young lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding-party.

THE CURSE OF GOLD.

"MY son! my ungrateful son, to whom I have left such vast possessions, has left me here to die like a dog."

The above words were uttered by an avaricious father, who had made money his God, and the one great object of his life. What did he care how it came, or from whence? He had always led a parsimonious and niggardly life, scarcely allowing his son the comforts and enjoyments which were his due, and withholding from him a start in business when he had in his coffers the glittering gold which he could count by the thousands.

Well might he say that he was left to die like a dog. The twenty-first birth-day evening of this ill-used son was spent in one of the hell-dens of earth; and the agility with which he shuffled the cards too plainly bespoke that this was not his first appearance there. So much was he engrossed in the game and the flowing bowl, that he did not see, standing near him, with his arms folded over his chest, an elderly gentleman, who was watching every move with apparent interest. The young man lost the game. Another sum was staked, another "horn" taken, and cigars called for.

"Lost! lost! irretrievably lost," muttered the interested watcher as he left the gilded saloon of so many lost souls.

A few moments after the exit of the strange observer, a note was handed to the misguided son, containing the information that it was the desire of his father to see him once again before he died; and if he wished to do so, he must hasten immediately. And how was it received? By bitter oaths of inebriety.

"Curse him," muttered the stoical son. "I have nothing to thank my *munificent* parent for. If he had done by me the part of a father, I should be by his bier truthfully and sincerely lamenting his loss. But instead of being there, where I know I should be, I am here—here in this cursed place of destruction. And wherefore am I here? Ah, yes, wherefore am I here?"

Arising from his seat, he paced the saloon to and fro. Suddenly he paused in his walk, and turning to the bearer of the note, he said:—

"Go to my father (for custom compels me to call him such), and tell him that I am truly sorry that things are as they are. I would it were in my heart to be there with him, and smooth the pillow of death; but I cannot mock at a grief I feel not. If he had been to me a dutiful parent, I should have been to him a grateful son. Tell him that I have frequented this place ever since I was a boy of sixteen years of age; and tell him that his own heart will teach him why I am here! Home, I hate the name; and yet it should be a place that every child should love. But there are no sweet recollections to cheer me through life, that I can wreathe around my home since my mother's death. My mother! did I, dare I, pollute her sacred name by uttering it with my profane lips? Would to God I had had such a father as I had a mother! She was an angel in the simple garb of a woman!"

The thoughts of his mother seemed to arouse feelings that were before buried beneath the ruins of vice. He sunk into a chair near him, and wept bitter tears of shame and remorse.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a kindly voice addressed him in the following words:—

"Young man, arise and throw aside the yoke of the bondage of sin, and assume the garb of an upright man. Thou hast tried the gall, now try the sweet. Come, follow me, and I will be to you a father."

He arose, as if guided by some spirit hand, and left the den of so much misery and vice, never to re-enter it, for the happy home influence had its weight, even upon this apparently lost youth.

O fathers and mothers, look not upon thy offspring as beings for thee to misuse or to love as thy heart prompts thee to do, for they are not thine; they are the temples of the Creator, and the man or woman that defiles that temple, him will He destroy.

There is a mighty responsibility resting upon the head of the parent. The responsibility is not merely the bodily comfort, and mental training, but it is the guidance of the soul; and for that guidance, be it evil or good, thou art held responsible.

One of the great causes of so many wild and dissipated youths may be attributed to the unpleasantness of their homes. Parents, and mothers in particular, study the disposition of your child, and wreathe around the abode of home such fascinating powers as will cause your child to turn to it with thoughts of love and pleasure. The home culture and the home training perform wonders in the drama of life. The home influence and home education will show itself, even if it has been polished by a college course. Then if it is your desire to send out into the world noble men and women, spoil not the home culture, for upon it depends the future career of your children.

F. CRESWELL.

RUSSIAN LADIES.—The ladies eat and sleep so much that they very early grow out of all shape and proportion; and among them, of course, this excessive corpulence is thought particularly charming. The common people, on seeing such a figure waddling along, generally exclaim, in admiration, "How thick and beautiful she is!"

* * *

—It is far easier to feign respect when we do not feel it, than to express it when we actually do; for which reason frank, straightforward people always appear hypocritical to suspicious ones. The very fear of seeming deceitful, makes us seem so.

Two friends were dining together, one of whom remarked:

"As I am going abroad, I have made my will, and have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence!"

The other replied:

"You are generous as well as kind. You have bequeathed to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

LONGEVITY OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

DR. HALL, in one of his excellent "Health tracts," gives the following reasons why marriage is favorable to health. Bachelors are always in a state of unrest; they feel unsettled. If indoors after supper, there is a sense of solitariness, inducing a sadness, not actual melancholy, with all their depressing influences; and many hours in the course of the year are spent in gloomy inactivity, which is adverse to a good digestion and a vigorous and healthy circulation. His own chamber or house being so uninviting, the bachelor is inclined to seek diversion outside, in suppers with friends, in clubs which are introductories to intemperance and licentiousness, or to those more unblushing associations, which, under the cover of darkness, lead to speedy ruin of health and morals; and when those are gone, the way downward to an untimely grave is rapid and certain.

On the other hand, marriage lengthens a man's life, by its making home inviting; by the softening influences which it has upon the character and the affections; by the cultivation of all the better feelings of our nature, and in that proportion saving from vice and crime.

There can be no healthful development of the physical functions of our nature without marriage; it is necessary to the perfect man, for Divinity has announced that it was "not good for man to be alone."

Marriage gives a happy and laudable object in life, the provision for wife and children, their present comfort and future welfare, the enjoyment in witnessing their happiness, and the daily and hourly participation in affectionate interchange of thought, and sentiment, and sympathy; these are the considerations which antagonize sorrow and lighten the burdens of life; thus strewing flowers and casting sunshine all along its pathway.

Voltaire said,—

"The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten, where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts was laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unsuitable match. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections, and his acts. Here is a home for the entire man, and the counsel, the affections, the example and the interest of his better half keep him from erratic courses, and from falling into a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. Therefore the friend to marriage is the friend to society, and to his country."

Whatever may be said of Voltaire's theology, his statement on the marriage question is certainly correct. Statistics prove that a large majority of our criminals, State's Prison convicts, etc., are unmarried. Think of this, young men; and if you wish to escape all that is bad, try to form a partnership with a good woman, and you will be secure.

* * *

THE best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

LORD BYRON AND MISS CHAWORTH.—At three miles distance from Newstead Abbey, contiguous to its lands, is situated Annesley H the old family mansion of the Chaworths. Th families, like the estates, of the Byron and the Chaworths, were connected *in former times* unti the fatal duel between their two representatives. The feud, however, which prevailed for a time, promised to be cancelled by the attachment of two youthful hearts. While Lord Byron as yet a boy, he beheld Mary Ann Chaworth, a beautiful girl, and the sole heiress of Annesley. With that susceptibility to female charms, which he evinced from childhood, he became almost immediately enamoured of her. According to one of his biographers it would appear that at first their attachment was mutual, yet clandestine. The father of Miss Chaworth was then living, and may have retained somewhat of the family hostility, for we are told that the interviews of Lord Byron and the young lady were private, at a gate which opened from her father's ground to those of Newstead. However, they were so young at the time, that those meetings could not have been regarded as of any importance; they were little more than children in years, but as Lord Byron says of himself, his feelings were beyond his age.

The passion thus early conceived was blown into a flame, during a six weeks vacation which he passed with his mother at Nottingham. The father of Miss Chaworth was dead, and she resided with her mother at the old Hall of Annesdale. During Byron's minority, the estate of Newstead was left to Lord Grey de Ruthen, but its youthful Lord was always a welcome guest at the Abbey. He would pass days at a time there, and from thence make frequent visits at Annesley Hall. His visits were encouraged by Miss Chaworth's mother; she partook of none of the family feud, and probably looked with complacency upon an attachment that might heal old differences and unite two neighboring estates.

The six weeks vacation passed as a dream amongst the beautiful bowers of Annesley. Byron was scarce 15 years of age. Mary Chaworth was two years older, but his heart, as I have said, was beyond his age, and his tenderness for her was deep and passionate. These early loves, like the run of the uncrushed grape, are the sweetest and strongest gushing of the heart, and however they may be superseded by other attachments in after years, the memory will continually recur to them, and fondly dwell upon their recollections.

His love for Miss Chaworth, to use Lord Byron's own expression, was "the romance of the most romantic period of his life," and I think we can trace the effects of it throughout the whole course of his writings, coming up every now and then, like some lurking theme that runs through a complicated piece of music, and links it all in a pervading chain of melody.

How tenderly and mournfully does he recall in after years, the feelings awakened in his youthful and inexperienced bosom, by this impassioned yet innocent attachment; feelings he says lost or hardened in the intercourse of life:

"The love of better things and better days;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world and the world's ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone."

Whether this love was really responded to by the object is uncertain. Byron sometimes speaks as if he had met with kindness *in return*, at other times he acknowledges that she never gave him reason to believe that she loved him. It is probable, however, that at first she experienced some flutterings of the heart. She was at a susceptible age; had as yet formed no other attachments; her lover, though boyish in years, was a man in intellect, a poet in imagination, and had a countenance of remarkable beauty.

With this six week's vacation ended *his* brief romances. Byron returned *to* school deeply enamoured, but if he had really made *any* impression on *Miss Chaworth's* heart, it was too slight to stand the test of absence. She was at that age when a female soon changes from the girl to the woman, and leaves her boyish lovers behind her. While Byron was pursuing his schoolboy studies, she was mingling with society, and met with a gentleman of the name of Musters, remarkable, it is said, for manly beauty. A story is told of her having first seen him from the top of Annesley Hall, as he dashed through the park with hound and horn, taking the lead of the whole field, in a fox chase, and that she was struck by the spirit of his appearance, and his admirable horsemanship. Under such favorable auspices, he wooed and won her, and when Lord Byron next met her, he learned to his dismay that she was the affianced bride of another.

With that pride of spirit which always distinguished him, he controlled his feelings and maintained a serene countenance. He even affected to speak calmly on the subject of her approaching nuptials. "The next time I see you," said he, "I suppose you will be Mrs Chaworth," (for she was to retain her family name.) Her reply was "I hope so."

I have given these brief details preparatory to a sketch of a visit which I made to the scene of his youthful romance. Annesley Hall, I understood, was shut up, neglected, and almost in a state of desolation; *for Mr Musters rarely visited* it, residing in the neighborhood of Nottingham, I set out for the Hall on horseback in company with Colonel Wildman, and followed by the great Newfoundland dog Boatswain. In the course of our ride we visited the spot remarkable in the love story we have cited. It was the scene of this parting interview between Byron and Miss Chaworth prior to her marriage. A long ridge of upland advances into the valley of Newstead, like a promontory into a lake, and was formerly crowned by a beautiful grove, a landmark to the neighboring country.—The grove and promontory are graphically described by Lord Byron in his "Dream," and an exquisite picture given of himself, and the lovely object of his boyish idolatry:

> "I saw two beings in the hues of youth,
> Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
> Green, and of mild declivity, the last
> As 'twere the cape of a long ride of such,
> Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
> But a most living landscape, and the wave
> Of woods and corn fields, and the abodes of men,
> Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
> Arising from such rustic roots;—the hill
> Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
> Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
> Not by the sport of nature, but of man;
> These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
> Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
> Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
> And both were fair, and one was beautiful;
> And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
> As the sweet moon in the horizon's verge,
> The maid was on the verge of womanhood;
> The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
> Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
> There was but one beloved face on earth,
> And that was shining on him."

I stood upon the spot consecrated by this memorable interview. Below me extended the "living landscape," once contemplated by the loving pair, the gentle valley of Newstead, diversified by woods and corn fields and village spires, and gleams of water, and the distant towns and pinnacles of the venerable abbey. The diadem of trees, however was gone. The attention drawn to it by the romantic manner in which he had associated it with his early passion for Miss Chaworth, had nettled the irritable feelings of her husband, who but ill brooked the poetic celebrity conferred on his wife by the enamoured verses of another. The celebrated grove stood on his estate, and in a fit of spleen he ordered it to be levelled with the dust. At the time of my visit the mere roots of the trees were visible; but the *hand* that laid them low is execrated by every *poetical* pilgrim.—*Washington Irving.*

The British Post Office. One of the first recorded facts concerning the establishment of the post in England, is that Edward IV. in 1481, being then at war with Scotland, established relays of horses, so that dispatches were conveyed to London in three days—a feat which was no doubt considered quite remarkable at the time. Letter posts were first established in the time of James I. for the conveyance of letters to foreign countries, suggested, apparently, by private enterprise, which had adopted the expedient in order to gain advantages in the markets. Not until 1635 was a post for inland letters established, when, by running night and day, the post went from London to Edinburg and back in six days. The time now occupied is fifteen hours. The carriage of letters was assumed by the government for the formation of a profitable monopoly, rather than to accommodate the public, and was unsuccessfully remonstrated against at the time as a usurpation of the rights of private enterprise. A penny post established in London in 1683, was likewise seized by the government, which granted the author a compensation. At first the mails were carried on horseback, then in coaches, an improvement suggested by a theatrical manager. Another, and the greatest improvement of all—the system of penny postage for all distances—was also suggested by a person having at the time no connection with the post office—Rowland Hill. The money order office was originally the speculation of some clerks, and was not adopted as a branch of the establishment until 1838.

The increased importance of the Post Office during the last few years is well illustrated by a comparison of its present with its former business. In 1763 the secretary of the department had one clerk and two supernumeraries; in 1854 there were 67 clerks in his office. At the same period the receiver general had two clerks, and the accountant general a deputy and one clerk; and their duties now united require 51 clerks. Two clerks sufficed to open all the dead letters in 1763; now 35 are employed. The packet service then consisted of four Harwich, six Dover, and five New York packets, at a cost of £10,000 a year; now the mail packets are 110, and £800,000 a year is paid for their services. The whole number of officers, postmasters, letter carriers and clerks employed in the establishment at the present time, exclusive of those in the colonies, is 21,574. The number of post offices in the United Kingdom in 1854, was 9973; in 1840 there were only 4028; and the mails are carried nearly 57,000 miles per day, at an average charge by rail of 8½d., and by coach of 2¼d. per mile.

In 1839 the number of letters passing through the post office was seventy-six millions, and in 1854, four hundred and forty-three millions—an increase of nearly six fold. Of these, nearly one-half pass through the London Post Office, and one hundred and three millions are delivered in London and the suburbs. About eighty-five per cent. are enclosed in envelopes. Fifty-three millions of newspapers and three hundred and seventy-five thousand books passed through the London office in 1854. The money order offices now constitute a very important branch of the establishment, and number eighteen hundred and seventy-two. In 1854, 5,466,244 orders were issued to the amount of £10,462 40, yielding, after paying all expenses, £16,538. The increase during the last five years has ranged from three to seven per cent.; in 1854 it was four and three quarters. Remittances of nearly ten millions and a half of pounds, presents a striking picture of the active circulation of the capital of the country. The gross revenue of 1854 was £2,689,000—an increase of £98,000, or four per cent. over 1853. The expenditures were £1,413,000, an increase of three per cent. Total net revenue £1,276,000. During the late war the average number of letters sent to the army was 45,250, and the number received from it 43,125. These facts exhibit in a strong light the blessings which flow to the people from the establishment of cheap postage, and also afford a good index of the progress of education among the masses. A cheap press and cheap postage are two of the mightiest instrumentalities of modern civilization.

After a long drought there fell a torrent of rain, during which one farmer observed to another, "This is a Providential rain. I hope it will bring up everything out of the ground." To this the other replied with a dubious shake of the head, "I can't say as I agree with you there, neighbor. I've buried three wives in the ground, and I should mortally hate to see 'em all come up again."

"**Send** and get me the strongest adhesive plaster that the art of man can make," said an irritable husband to his street-yarn-spinning wife. "What do you want of *that*, my dear?" "I want to see if I can make you *stick* to your domestic duties, Madam." "I'll broom-*stick* you to yours," was the wife's reply, preparing to suit the action to the word, but the husband outran her.

A Modest Kiss.—The Rev. John Brown courted a lady upward of six years, and was so singularly modest and bashful that he had never ventured to kiss her. One day it occurred to him that it would not be a bad thing to do. So it is recorded he said: "Janet, my woman, we've been acquainted now for six years, an'—an' I've never got a kiss yet. D'ye think I may take one, my bonnie lassie?" The reply was wonderfully characteristic of the Scottish maiden. "Just as you like, John," said she, "only be becoming and proper wi' it." 'Surely, Janet," said John, "we will ask a blessing." The blessing was asked and the kiss exchanged. "O, woman," said the enraptured but still devoted minister, "O, woman, but that was gude! We'll return thanks." And they did.

SWEDISH FARE

The Swedes are nice people enough, and "particularly careful in their eating; every thing is scrupulously clean, and there is an absence of grease about their compounds truly delightful."

"Smörgos" is their peculiarity. Literally it means "buttered goose," so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as goose does not appear in it at all.

The smörgos is placed upon a side-table, and consists of a numerous collection of small glass dishes containing all kinds of eatables—generally *raw*—such as dried fish, raw herrings, tiny slices of smoked salmon or sausages, dried reindeer, scraped cheese, spise-brod (barley bread), and other varieties of black bread and biscuit. In the centre of the viands stand two large decanters, one of gin, the other of weak Curaçoa.

The custom of the country is to walk up to this sideboard with the smörgos on it, and spoil your appetite for breakfast with raw herring and cheese parings, washed down with neat gin.

It not unnaturally struck our travelers as looking "odd to see a lady take a piece of bread with her fingers, lay it on the palm of her left hand, spread it with butter, and plaster on the top of this a raw split herring," devour it, and then rush off to the large table and sit down to her breakfast or dinner, as the case may be. The Swedish gentlemen were unanimous in abusing smörgos; but added, "it was a custom of the country, and would never be given up." These Swedish gentlemen, though "native there and to the manner born," seem to have considered the practice any thing but lady-like, and not likely to advance the growth of polished manners in their countrywomen. Under the circumstances, they behaved as Dr. Johnson did to Mrs. Thrale's mother's spaniel, that had not the luck to possess good-breeding—"Because one must not wish ill to the lady in such cases, one curses the cur." And because these Swedish censors could not with gallantry wish their wives a fit of indigestion, they heartily wished ill to the custom of smörgos.

A Whimsical Scene.

When John Randolph was in the hight of his celebrity, he was often compelled, on account of his hereditary complaint, to receive his visitors in bed. One evening, in the depth of winter, John Tyler, on whom he frequently inflicted a lecture, and who was then a member of the House of Representatives, had a consultation with him in his chamber. Randolph had so great a horror of heat that he would never suffer a fire to be lighted in his room; Tyler had an equal antipathy to cold; and the night being excessively severe, and his coadjutor's lecture unusually long, perceiving a second bed in the room, he seated himself upon it and partly covered himself with a blanket. But still feeling insupportably cold, he gradually crept, full-dressed as he was, into it; and the two statesmen lay, for a considerable time, at opposite ends of the room, the one warmly declaiming, and the other, shivering, and submissively listening, with nothing but their heads visible above the bed-clothes.

* * *

Why is it?—A widow hath always been a mark for mockery, a standing butt for wit to level at. Jest after jest hath been huddled upon her close cap, and stuck like burrs upon her weeds. Her sables are a perpetual black joke. Satirists, prose and verse, have made merry with her bereavements. She is a stock character on the stage: farce bottleth up her crocodile tears, or labelleth her empty lachrymatories; comedy mocketh her precocious flirtation; tragedy even girdeth at her frailty, and twitteth her with "the funeral baked-meats coldly furnishing forth the marriage-tables."

* * *

—Esteem is the mother of love; but the daughter is often older than the mother.

— The *Interior* has heard of a good old lady who has read the Baptist papers so faithfully that she discharged her laundress for sprinkling her linen.

A Chicago correspondent of *Harper's Drawer* mentions the case of an old mulatto who belonged to an acquaintance. The old mulatto was asked if he was legally married to the woman whom he called his "wife." To which he replied, "Yes; we had no minister, but we took a-hold each other's hand, knelt down together, and I axed her if she'd be my wife till death; she said 'Yes;' and then we took de Lord's name in vain, and we was lawfully married."

"**Drunkenness** and extravagance in dress are the most common social vices," said the Rev. D. Teaser.

"I beg your pardon, uncle, but I think there is a social vice more common than either of 'em, and one to which you are yourself much addicted," responded his nephew Tom.

"Name it!" said the uncle, aghast.

"*Ad*-vice," rejoined the audacious Tom.

How can you prove that black was white? By seizing an Ethiopian serenader, and giving his face a good washing.

* * *

Habits of French Ladies.—A French lady is commonly considered a sort of butterfly, fluttering about the house, or away from the house; but always appearing in the character of an ornament. This, however, is contradicted by the best-informed observers, who say that half the women who attend the Imperial balls have been in the kitchen that very day, scolding their *bonnes*, and lifting up the lids of the casseroles. A really elegant dame spends the morning at her toilet, and is ready to be admired at four in the afternoon. Admirers are not long in coming. In many houses, from four to five, gentlemen call in and are received in the *salon* by the lady alone. No visitor of her own sex is expected, and her husband is away making calls on his own account.

* * *

Courtship of the late Dr. R.—"Dear Sir, I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged Eliza L."—"Dear Miss Eliza, I beg your pardon, but wrote your name in mistake; it was Miss Ann I meant to ask; have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother, J. R." The Dr. and Miss Ann were married, and, as they say in the fairy tales, "lived very happy all the rest of their lives."

* * *

—Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling into the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

One cold winter day, when Henry Clay was in middle age, a lady friend called his attention to his "tendency to profanity," and begged that he would check it, saying that it was a very bad habit. "True, true, Madam," he replied, "but at present it is too cold to think of parting with any *habit*, be it ever so bad."

"How do you like the looks of the varmint?" asked an Arkansian of a Down-Easter, who was gazing with distended eyes at an alligator with wide-open jaws, on the bank of the Mississippi. "Wa'al," responded the Yankee, recovering his mental equipoise, "he aint what ye w'd call a han'some critter, but he's a deal of openness when he smiles."

The Saturday Review says the intemperance of English women is certainly alarming, and shows the rotten and dangerous condition of society. Drunkenness is by no means a crime or disease peculiar to the "lower classes;" it stalks and totters in the palaces of the rich and curses the nation.

—The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creation of fancy.

—"What makes you feel uncomfortable when you have done wrong?" asked a teacher who was lecturing his pupils on conscience. "My father's leather strap," answered a boy.

SONNET: TO A LACHRYMOSE YOUNG LADY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

O wondrous maiden of perpetual tears!
O breathing Niobe!—I fain would know
Why, ever and anon, thou weepest so;
And whence the rain that thy young cheek besmears
With stains untimely in thy virgin years,
Ere thou hast known a woman's lightest woe.
Thou smilest, too, at times, in such a way
Amid thy tears, e'en at their fullest flow,
(Pleasant and pluvious, like an April day!)
I can but think a vicious habit lends
The easy shower that evermore descends,
Cheating thy sunshine of its proper ray,—
And oft—to see those hated drops appear—
I mutter—half in wrath—"*Dry up*, my dear!"

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JAMES MONROE.

BY JAMES PARTON.

"Monroe is a man whose soul might be turned wrong side outwards without discovering a blemish to the world."

So wrote Thomas Jefferson from Paris, in 1786, of his old law-pupil, James Monroe, afterwards President of the United States. Aaron Burr had a very different opinion of this eminent Virginian, which he thus expressed in 1816:

"Naturally dull and stupid; extremely illiterate; indecisive to a degree that would be incredible to one who did not know him; pusillanimous and, of course, hypocritical; has no opinion on any subject, and will always be under the government of the worst men; pretends, as I am told, to some knowledge of military matters, but never commanded a platoon, nor was ever fit to command one. '*He served in the Revolutionary War*!' that is, he acted a short time as aide-de-camp for Lord Stirling, who was regularly drunk every night. Monroe's whole duty was to fill his Lordship's tankard, and hear, with indications of admiration, his Lordship's long stories about himself. Such is Monroe's military experience. As a lawyer, he was far below mediocrity. He never rose to the honor of trying a cause of the value of a hundred pounds."

Which of these two statements are we to believe? There was a degree of truth in both. Monroe, as Mr. Jefferson says, was a simple-minded, honest Republican; but, as Burr informs us, his mental endowments were not remarkable, nor his knowledge extensive. When Burr wrote those bitter words he was a ruined man, and he saw James Monroe about to step into the Presidential chair which he had once confidently hoped himself to fill, and of which he deemed himself abundantly worthy. He dipped his pen in gall, and wrote as falsely of Monroe as men always write of men whom they deem their inferiors, and yet see them succeed where *they* have failed.

The father of James Monroe was a Virginia planter named Spence Monroe, who was descended from a gentleman who served in the wars of Charles the First's time, on the side of the king, and emigrated to Virginia after the failure of the royal cause. James Monroe was born in 1758, and, after being prepared for college by the parish clergyman, entered, at the age of sixteen, William and Mary college, intending to embrace the profession of the law. When he had been in college about two years, and had reached the age of eighteen, the colonies declared their independence, and the youth abandoned his books and entered the army under General Washington.

Nothing can be more false than Burr's account of his military career. As a lieutenant of eighteen, Monroe served with credit in the terrible campaign which followed the loss of the city of New York. In the action about Harlem Heights, in the battle of White Plains, and during the discouraging retreat through New Jersey, he bore a part worthy of his country and of its cause. He won his first distinction at the battle of Trenton, where he rushed upon an enemy's battery at the head of a "platoon," (which Burr says he never commanded) drove the gunners off, and took possession of their guns. While performing this gallant feat, under the eyes of his general, he was wounded in the shoulder, and General Washington promoted him to the rank of captain. At the battle of Brandywine he was standing by the side of La Fayette when La Fayette was wounded. He was commended, too, for his conduct at Germantown and Monmouth.

So far was he from being satisfied with his place on the staff of Lord Stirling, that he signified his intention of resigning his commission unless he could have more active service. General Washington valued him so highly, that he asked the Legislature of Virginia to permit the raising of a new regiment, and give the command of it to Major Monroe. The legislature complied with his request; the regiment was authorized, and Monroe was commissioned its colonel. But Virginia had sent so many men to the war that the raising of another regiment was found impossible, and Colonel Monroe, seeing himself without prospect of a command, entered the office of Governor Jefferson as a student of law.

This event was decisive of all his subsequent career; for he so completely won the esteem of Mr. Jefferson, that he was continually placing Monroe in situations wherein a man of discretion could scarcely fail to gain distinction. Before he had been long in Governor Jefferson's office, the enemy appeared on the Virginia coast; when Col. Monroe resumed the sword, and exerted himself vigorously in putting the southern counties in a posture of defence. Governor Jefferson sent him soon after, as a kind of commissioner to the southern army, and, ere long, the surrender of Cornwallis concluded the war, and restored the young student to the pursuits of peace.

It is true, as Burr remarks, that James Monroe never rose to the dignity of conducting a suit for the value of a hundred pounds; but he omitted to give the honorable reason for this fact. During the very first year of peace, when he was but twenty-three years of age, he was elected a member of the Virginia legislature; and from that time forward, for the space of thirty-three years, he was almost continually employed in the service of the public—first, as a member of the Virginia legislature; next, as a member of the Executive Council of the State; then, as a Member of Congress; and, by-and-by, as ambassador, Cabinet minister, and President.

His great success in public life, although chiefly due to the friendship of Thomas Jefferson, was signally promoted by two events which partook, in some degree, of the accidental.

The first was this: In May, 1794, he went out as minister to France, in very peculiar circumstances. Gouverneur Morris, a gentleman too conservative in his feelings to sympathize with the French revolution, had been recalled at the request of the revolutionary government; and to please the same government, the person selected to succeed him was James Monroe, who was notoriously identified with the principles most dear to the revolutionists of France. He was received in France with unbounded enthusiasm. He was embraced by the president of the National Assembly; and, while receiving from him the tri-colored flag of the French republic, he presented to him the star-spangled banner of America. The federal party at home disapproved of this open expression of sympathy, and John Adams conferred upon Mr. Monroe the great distinction of abruptly recalling him—an event sufficient of itself to make him an idol of his party.

The other accident to which I have referred was, if possible, still more striking. The American minister in France, Chancellor Livingston, had been endeavoring for some time to negotiate with Napoleon for the purchase of Louisiana. As the affair seemed to linger, Mr. Jefferson dispatched Monroe, as his confidential envoy, to accelerate the affair, giving him special instructions and special powers. Mr. Monroe chanced to arrive in the very nick of time, when Bonapart wanted money more pressingly and impatiently than Mr. Jefferson wanted the mouths of the Mississippi. Within two weeks after his arrival in Paris, Monroe concluded the treaty by which France ceded to the United States. for fifteen millions of dollars, the immense tract of territory now comprising Louisiana, Texas and Missouri. The whole world, except the two or three individuals acquainted with the facts, naturally assigned to Mr. Monroe the chief credit of this dazzling diplomatic triumph. No doubt, he performed his duty well, but we now know the true reason of his success was Napoleon's urgent need of a small amount of ready cash. It gave him such a standing before the country, however, that he was a formidable rival to Mr. Madison in 1808, and in 1811 was appointed by President Madison Secretary of State.

During a portion of the war of 1812, after the capture of Washington, he performed the duties of Secretary of War in addition to those of Secretary of State; and while officiating in both these capacities, he gave a striking proof of his disinterested love of country. The treasury was empty. A great British expedition was threatening the Gulf States, and the government was straining every nerve to send arms and ammunition for the defence of New Orleans. At this crisis, Mr. Monroe went into one of the bank parlors of Washington, and made a desperate attempt to raise a little money on government securities, but the cashier was inexorable. At length, Mr. Monroe said:

"Mr. Whann, have you confidence in my honor? Will you accept a pledge of that, backed by all my private fortune, that this sum, now so indispensable to the wants of the government, shall be made good? I PLEDGE THEM!"

The cashier went to the directors' room and, returning soon after, gave Mr. Monroe the small sum of money indispensable to getting off two boat loads of arms for the lower country, one of which arrived in time to be used by General Jackson in his immortal defence of New Orleans.

This generous conduct was perfectly characteristic of Mr. Monroe. While holding the office of President, which he did for eight peaceful and prosperous years, he dispensed a hospitality so bountiful and continuous that he retired from the office more than impoverished, for he was deeply in debt. During his old age he was so harassed by his creditors that he removed, at length, to New York, where he found an asylum and a home at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur.

He was, indeed, one of the most generous of men. We may truly say of him that he was generous to a fault, not only to the public, but to his family and friends. He died in the city of New York, on the fourth of July, 1831, at the great age of eighty-nine. I can well remember, though very young at the time, the thrill that ran through the city as the news was passed from mouth to mouth, that another President of the United States had died upon the birth-day of the nation. A few years ago, the body of Mr. Monroe was removed from New York, for final interment in his native State.

Beauty.

What is beauty, after all? Each eye makes it for itself. *You* think Smith's lady-love rawboned and hard-featured. *He* calls her a "magnificent woman," and wonders what you see in your little angel with her baby-face and stature. So it is, the world over; and, yet, we would each give something to be beautiful after our own fashion. How the powders and lotions which are to bestow upon poor billious mortals skins of satin and snow, and the hair-dyes, and pomades, and cosmetics of all sorts, sell, we need not mention to prove the fact. In France, old ladies are even being made over, at the cost of half their fortunes. Heaven keep me from ever catching a glimpse of one of those enamelled, dyed, and miserable old creatures after her renovation, by the way.

Yes, we all want to be beautiful; and, if only our ideas of beauty were what they should be, we might accomplish our desire easily. Meekness and love make all faces pleasant. Were we *good*, we should be *beautiful*.

We all feel this. There are plain features so charming with the sparkle of good humor that we love them. There are blemished faces so sweet that they are pleasanter to look upon than the most perfect. After all, it is in the expression that the actual charm lies. So that were some one to promise the Secret of Beauty for twenty-five cents and a post-paid envelope, he would scarcely be an impostor should he return the Golden Rule, with instructions to learn and practise it. If we only could do this earnestly and truly for one generation, the next might wonder whether it were not a fable that such a thing as ugliness was ever known upon old Earth.

EMELINE PALMER.

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—Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

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—The most influential man, in a free country at least, is the man who has the ability as well as the courage to speak what he thinks, when occasion may require it.

BILLINGS takes the editor's chair, and answers correspondents as follows:—

Plutark.—Yure mistaken; the Shakers don't marry. If young Shakers fall in love, they are sot to weeding onions; and it cures them forthwith. I can't tell you now how much it dus cost to jine the Shakers, but I believe the expense used to be, includin' having your hair cut and learning how to dance, about $65.00.

Sportsman.—Your inquiry is not egzacly in my line, but I haste to reply, as follers, to wit: The rite length to cut oph a dog's tail has never yet been fully discovered, but it is undoubtedly back of his ears, provided you can get the dog's consent.

N. B.—It aint absolutely necessary the dog's consent should be in writing.

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Written for the Waverley Magazine.

Ariosa.

[Ariosa, a young Cuban of fine attainments and noble character, was recently shot by the Spanish troops, preferring death to the alternative of entering the Spanish army.

THE hero dies: his parting breath
But welcomes all that gives to death
Its glory. How pure his life had been,
From records of the past we've seen.
His principle—how firm at last!
Believing, that, when death is past,
A victor he o'er all should be,
Triumphant in eternity.

Can Roman valor in the scale
Compare to principle? Let the frail
Body perish? Triumph right!
This victor dares the power of might
To conquer him. Fire! foemen. fire!
Truth's hero braves the Spaniard's ire.
Shoot! soldiers, shoot! he'll gladly go,
And leave behind him every foe.

A scholar young and noble too,
A character so firmly true;
A Cuban by the Spaniards slain
Preferred death to dishonor's stain.
Angels have welcomed him above,
Now cherished by a Father's love:
Our God, who gave him strength to bear
His sorrows here, will crown him there.

O Thou who dryest the mourner's tears!
Thou too canst calm a hero's fears:
Teach us, thy sorrowing children here,
To know on earth no greater fear
Than that of failure to attain
The highest good, the greatest gain,
Thy approbation of each deed;
For thine alone is all we need.

MARY B. MOON.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

AMONG the objections raised against any extension of woman's freedom or enlargement of her sphere of activity and usefulness, the most common opinion has been that she would become unsexed thereby. At no time has this cry been so loud and bitter, as when, rejecting the hurtful fashions of the day and the form of dress which custom imposes upon her as the one properly worn by women, she adopts one better adapted to the needs of the body, and one which more nearly gratifies her artistic taste. The fear of such a calamity as that of "women being turned into men" would be, is gradually dispelling from the public mind. Women are quietly and successfully filling new positions in literature, in the various professions, in mercantile life, in the pulpit and on the platform, and yet are brightening rather than tarnishing their womanliness. The world sees the happy result and is forced to admit its reality. We infer that its faith in the power of nature to maintain its own limitations in the matter of the sexes will soon become firmly established, a not to be shaken even though woman adopt a costume as free, and healthful, and graceful as it is possible for her to make one.

The most serious objection to the prevailing style of dress for women is the great waste of menta power which it involves. So much time and though are necessarily consumed in the elaboration of it manifold mysteries, and in the constant care required to keep it properly adjusted after it is completed and put on, that but little of either is left t be given to higher objects. It has been argued wit some show of reason that it is unjust to require women to attend to grave public duties, while such burden as fashionable dressing is imposed upon he as a necessity; it is proper to ask why such a bu den should be imposed on her at all, dwarfing he mind and restricting her usefulness. Much has bee written on the propriety of giving the duties of th toilet proper attention, and then forgetting the dres altogether.

More absurd and unreasonable advice could no possibly be given to woman, since the fashion of he attire makes a watchful care of its adjustment a n cessity of each movement of her life when in motio for it is so easily disarranged that without this ca she would soon find herself in a ridiculous and da gerous plight. Men laugh at women for thinking s much of dress; it remains to be seen whether the will encourage and sustain her in the putting on one which shall make such ceaseless thinking u necessary. What can be more pitifully suggesti than the little girl's attempt to compete with h brother in a game of romps; holding her hat wi one hand to keep it from falling, hampered by h flying skirts and shawl, half blinded by a veil ti over her face to keep her complexion from bei spoiled, while her legs are protected only by th stockings. Unfairness in the adjustment of re tions between the sexes begins on the playgrou in the advantage given to the boy by a sensib dress and the disadvantage meted out to the girl denying such a one to her. The boy's clothing fashioned with especial reference to his comfort a freedom from care of it, while the girl's is as unco fortable as it could well be planned.

The unhealthfulness of woman's dress is universally admitted by physiologists, physicians, and all thoughtful people. It restricts the action of heart, lungs, and viscera, and so prevents all unrestrained movement as to make real breathing, running, walking, leaping, and climbing impossible, and so shuts her out from the best physical life and culture. I doubt whether one woman in a thousand ever enjoys the luxury of a full, deep breath; for, even when the clothing is removed for the night, the lungs which have been compressed through the day cannot assume so capacious a size as they would attain if they were never restricted.

Corsets are only second to liquor in the destruction of physical and moral health, and their manufacture and sale should be prohibited by law. I would as soon give the wine-cup to my trustful boy as I would put corsets on the beautifully-moulded body of my girl, dooming it to dyspepsia, and inviting consumption. Paniers and bustles belong also to the means used by those whom pure-minded women should seek to reclaim, and not heedlessly follow.

Clothing should secure as nearly as possible an equable temperature to each part of the body; but woman's clothing does not do this; it covers it very unequally, leaving the extremities which require the most covering almost entirely unprotected, and wrapping the hips which need the least in numerous burdensome folds.

The flowing skirts are so easily set on fire or caught on any projecting substance, that the wonder is not that so many women are burned, and bruised, and maimed, but that any escape. It is not surprising that insurance companies are unwilling to take risks on women, since the fashion of their apparel constantly endangers life and limb. Men are rarely burned to death by their clothing taking fire, simply because they wear less inflammable material, and because their clothing is so simple in construction and so easily removed. If the clothing of a woman takes fire, her chances of escape are very small, since it is composed of so many separate pieces, and each article so fastened as to make removal difficult.

Nowhere in nature do we find grace without freedom, and woman's dress violates all laws of grace and beauty, both by the restriction of the movements of the body and by its misrepresentation of its natural form. Graceful walking is only possible when a free heart sends its pure blood to every muscle, when free lungs furnish such blood, and when the legs are unencumbered by skirts. The most beautiful object in nature is the human head, but how frightfully fashion distorts it; chignons, puffs, braids, hair-pins and nets, surmounted by an indescribable jumble of velvet, laces, silk, feathers and flowers! This bit of millinery art is so frail, so easily crumpled and spoiled, that it is never safe after it leaves the designer's hand except in the band box, or securely poised on the owner's hand. It follows that it must be worn in church, and hall, and theatre, simply because it is so frail that, if laid once aside, the probability is that it will never be "fit to be seen" again. Serious affections of the head doubtless result from sitting with the head covered in heated rooms, and while the brain is in active exercise. It is altogether wonderful what an amount of torture woman will endure to save her bonnet. I once rode several miles with a friend, in an open buggy, exposed to a north wind; I knew her temples were often aching with neuralgia, and tried to prevail on her to cover them with the zephyr scarf she carried; she refused, lest by so doing she might endanger the safety of the flowers on her bonnet! If we smile at her decision, what shall we say at the custom which requires such articles of apparel to be worn.

Women have been taught that their first duty is to be beautiful. When through higher teaching they learn that they must be natural, and useful, and good, before they can be beautiful, they will also learn that dress must be adapted to the body, and must not conflict with the greatest culture and enjoyment of both mind and body before it can make any claim to be called beautiful. Her present costume represents and is adapted to the helplessness, and immaturity, and general inefficiency which have been supposed to be woman's birthright. It is the natural outgrowth of the harem, of social and political inequality, of marriage, customs, and laws, which give woman to man, to have and to hold as seemeth him best. It is the badge of her servitude, and just as fast as she gets release from that servitude she will set herself to devising and wearing a costume which shall fitly express her free womanhood.

THE WAYWARD CHILD.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

She was always the pet:—there was Bess and Jane,
And George and Robert, and Tom and Ben;
Those four great roysterers, father said,
"Would always be boys, if they lived to be men."
Ah, many a time have I seen the cloud
Of anger, or grief, on his care-worn face,
Give way to the touch of a little hand,
The baby hand of his darling Grace.

She would win in races with Tom or Ben;
Could swim or handle an oar as well;
And all her wonderful witching ways
I'm sure it would take me an age to tell.
Whate'er her faults—and they were not few—
Her virtues ever our hearts beguiled,
And hushed the lips that might give reproof,
Or question the deeds of this wayward child.

Our love was watchful; and we beheld
The sunlight fade from our darling's face,
And vexed our hearts with the vain desire
To learn what evil had come to Grace.
We met one morning around the board,
And bent our foreheads in dumb despair;
We could not eat, and we could not speak,
As we faced our grief—and that vacant chair!

She was not dead:—ah, we often thought,
In those weary days, 'twould have been relief
To know she was safe in the fold above,
And not to our hearts such a *living grief*.
The sorrow cut to our father's heart;
He spoke but seldom, and never smiled,
And died with a blessing upon his lips,
And a prayer of peace for his wayward child.

The years rolled on; and the changes came
To many a home as they came to ours.
There were births and bridals; the fragrant scent
Of orange buds and of cypress flowers.
We saw the likeness of those most dear
Revealed at times in a baby's face,
And left the kiss of affection there,
As we thought of father, or thought of Grace.

The girls had married and gone afar;
The boys were acting the part of men;
Three had gone to the South, and I,
A lonely widow, kept house for Ben.
One night we sat by the glowing fire,
The sky was black, and the wind was high,
We heard a sound like a smothered groan,
And once what I thought was an infant's cry.

The door was opened before we spoke;
With wild despair on her haggard face,
There fell at our feet as we stood aghast,
The wreck of our beautiful sister Grace.
Come home to die!—as we gave her cheer,
And kissed her often, she sweetly smiled;
And we knew ere she passed to the other shore
That God had forgiven His wayward child.

LANCET'S PRESCRIPTION.

Dr. Lancet was a blunt old fellow, and an excellent physician; and he never drove around an obstacle when there was need of going through it.

Matilda Jane had just come home from boarding-school, and was not feeling well. She was troubled with a rushing of blood to the head; with dizziness; and with loss of appetite. In this condition she called in Dr. Lancet, and asked him if he could help her.

"I have been trying to doctor myself," she said, languidly, and with a faint, fluttering smile, as the old physician felt her pulse.

"What have you been doing?"

"Well—I have taken Limpshin's Sarsaparilla, and Knave's Anodyne, and Hummer's Pills, and Numhead's Balsam, and Fooler's Tonic, and the Nonesuch Expectorating Cordial, and Dr. Flathead's Universal Vivifying Recuperator,—and—and—"

"Goodness mercy!" gasped the doctor,—"and haven't any of these things given you relief?"

"No," replied the pining fair one,—"they have not helped me at all. O, dear Doctor, what *can* I take that will be sure to do me good?"

"What can you *take?*" repeated the old ma moving back, and eyeing her from head to foot. "*Take?*" he exclaimed, with a flash from beneath his shaggy brows. "My dear girl, *take off your corsets!*" C.

"Do you ever observe how very devotional Deacon Buffam is?" asked a good lady of her husband. "Yes, my dear; the Deacon *is* very devotional. He always keeps his head bowed in prayer till the contribution box has passed."

A SURGEON, whose wife is a great scold, being asked what he thought would be the greatest triumph of the surgical art, replied, "To take the *jaw* out of a scolding woman."

—Daughter—Well, to tell the truth, I do not think much of the close of the sermon. Father—Probably you were thinking more of the clothes of the congregation.

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less improved districts.

A FEMALE SWINDLER.

The Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives the following account of an extraordinarily clever and brilliant "fast" woman, whose power of fascinating and beggaring men has been wonderful:

"Among the young spendthrifts noticed in the journals of the day is the name of a Prussian prince, Count or Baron Enchel, who has eaten up, in less than four years, a fortune of more than six million francs, all for the sweet eyes of a woman well known in Paris as the Marchioness of Païva. The history of this woman is curious. She was observed in Russia, where she was born of Jewish parents, by a great pianist, who conceived for her a passion justified by her beauty, and above all, by her knowledge and intelligence. She spoke seven languages perfectly. The pianist brought her with him to Paris, where he had the weakness to present her as a legitimate wife in society, and even at a court ball. At this ball she made such an impression on one of the princes of the Orleans family that she attracted him to the home of the man whose name she bore. Borne down by his excessive expenses, the artist quitted France for a time to mend his fortunes abroad. His companion, left at home during his absence, quitted it one fine morning to follow Lord Ward, known in London by his conquests of this kind. The nobleman did not retain her long; he economized too much the wealth of which she was greedy. Returned to Paris in quest of a new position, which was the height of her ambition, she encountered the young Marquis of Païva, brother of the Portuguese Embassador, whom she so fascinated that he espoused her legally and religiously, promising her a million francs in case they should separate from incompatibility of temper. This eventuality was not long in coming. The new Marchioness could not consent to live in the heart of Portugal, whither her husband had taken her; so, after making useless efforts to retain her, he counted out the million and let her go. At the end of a year the million had vanished; so the Marchioness was obliged to sell furniture, horses, and carriages, and to take refuge in furnished lodgings, where she spent her last cent. She had not the wherewithal to pay for a dinner, when she met a friend, to whom she told her condition, and who offered her a meal at the Restaurant Ledoyen, in the Champs Elysées. In the conversation at dinner she told him that here she would soon be a millionaire or drowned; that this was her unchangeable resolution and the vision of her slumber. While saying this she held in her hand a journal, and her eyes rested on an extract from a Prussian gazette, relative to the decease of a Prussian personage who left a fortune of ten to twelve millions to his two young unmarried nephews. She read this several times, became thoughtful, and four days afterward she left for Prussia, with a thousand francs, borrowed from her acquaintances. She was presented afterward, I know not how, to the eldest of the heirs. But he was a species of Nimrod herdsman, who had no passion but the chase. She addressed herself to the cadet of the family. He, just coming from school, was of nature sweet and sensitive as that of his brother was rude. He was an easy prey; and hardly had the adroit huntress caught him in her toils than the death of his brother doubled his fortune. He followed his tempter to Paris, and surrendered himself to her with such abandonment, that I have heard that young man, endowed nobly in body and mind—who knew all the antecedents of her who had seduced him—express his regret that she was not a widow, so that he could bestow upon her his name, as he had his fortune. He was hardly twenty-eight years old, while she was over forty! He covered her with the rarest diamonds and pearls that could be found. He bought for her a country seat near Paris, which is a princely chateau. She gave every week splendid dinners, but she had for guests only men, and this tormented her. Her ambition, when all else was satisfied, was to attract to her, by her splendid style of life, women who were not of the demi-monde. This impossible thing caused her to blush amidst her opulence. Hoping to triumph over this obstacle by softening the conscience of the public, she commenced to build in the great avenue of the Champs Elysées a mansion which would be a wonder. The staircase is entirely of onyx, and the dining-room of malachite. But the work has been suspended, after an expense of two or three million francs. The poor rich man has come to the end of his millions, after reaching that of his illusions!"

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Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without beaux, and are in a quiver until they get them.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had for Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen-turkey."

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ORIGIN OF THE TERM LYNCH LAW.

In the infancy of nations, as in all newly constituted communities, the reign of law is anything but absolute. It only becomes sovereign when the foundations of society have been carefully laid, and time has cemented the superstructure. When the action of the law is feeble or suspected, a wild species of justice supersedes it, and executes an informal, but not necessarily an unrighteous judgment.

This irregular mode of procedure, generally known as Lynch Law, is by no means peculiar to America, which has not even the honor of giving it a name. Ireland claims that distinction, and with good right, as we shall proceed to show.

Many nations have practiced it in spirit, if not in form.

In Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when every petty prince, noble and prelate claimed the power of life and death over their vassals and dependents; when merchants were plundered and taxed at the caprice of the nobles whose territories they passed through; when the honor of the wives and daughters of citizens was held as a thing of small account, a singular species of Lynch Law became established throughout a considerable portion of the country, particularly in Swabia, Thuringia and Baden. It was administered by secret judges, who were bound by no written code, had no fixed places for holding their courts, but assembled in the depths of some lone forest, ruined church, or castle of one of their chiefs.

They made no prisoners, and pronounced but one sentence—death.

This mysterious association was known as the Holy Vehm, or Vehm Gericht.

No person, however exalted or humble his rank, could withdraw himself from its jurisdiction. It judged and executed in secret. Did our space permit, we could cite the names of royal personages condemned and put to death by its secret agents.

The Holy Vehm has long since disappeared before the progress of law and civilization, but several interesting monuments of its former power are still to be met with in Germany. Possibly we may one day have an opportunity of describing them to our readers, and entering more fully into the subject.

In France, during the earlier stages of the monarchy, when the great vassals of the crown were frequently more powerful than their suzerain, and entered into cabals and even foreign alliances against him, the king appointed some great personage or faithful adherent to hold what was termed the Grand Assize, during which the laws became suspended. He could judge, condemn and execute without any form of trial; nor could his actions ever be called to account.

This was but another form of Lynch Law.

In Scotland they had, during the wild wars with England, on the borders, what was termed Jedbury law. The accused was first hanged, and then a jury were summoned to pronounce upon his innocence or guiltiness.

The above instances are quite sufficient to prove that lynching did not originate in America.

The following sad history, the truth of which has never been disputed, establishes the fact, that if Ireland did not give birth to the practice, it at least gave occasion for the name.

Galway, one of the most romantic counties in the province of Connaught, is washed by the Atlantic. Its shores present the finest bays and creeks in the country, advantages which naturally led to extensive commercial intercourse, particularly with Spain, whose inhabitants settled there in considerable numbers.

The streets of the cities are narrow, and many of the houses have the jealousies or peculiar species of shutter so common in the Peninsula. The neighboring peasantry, as well as the citizens of Galway, still afford proof of Spanish descent—dark hair, fine forms, and flashing eyes. The women might serve as models for the painter or the sculptor.

In 1493, James *Lynch* Fitzstephens was Mayor or chief warder of Galway, a very different office from that of chief magistrate of a town in modern days, the holder of it being not only supreme judge, but commander of the rude species of militia formed for the defence of the place. He could call it out, disband, or employ it as he thought necessary.

The Mayor had considerable commercial relations with Spain. His family most probably came originally from that country, although the name would imply a Norman, rather than a Spanish source.

In the course of his transactions, this worthy man found it necessary to send his son to Spain. Unlike his father, the youth appears to have been of a wild, reckless disposition. Instead of attending to the business which brought him over, he squandered the funds intrusted to him in vulgar dissipation. This compelled him to borrow a large sum of money from the merchant to whom he was accredited, in his father's name. And it was agreed that the nephew of the lender should accompany him back to Ireland, to receive payment of the loan, and enter into more extended commercial relations.

Truly has it been remarked that the first crime proves the fruitful parent of a hundred others. Young Lynch, having no means of his own for discharging the debt, and not daring to avow his defalcations to his father, conceived the horrible idea of ridding himself of his liabilities by murdering the companion of his voyage.

Having induced the crew of the vessel to assist him in this evil design, the unfortunate young Spaniard was seized in the dead of night and cast overboard.

Everything appeared to promise immunity to the cowardly assassin. The ship belonged to his father, and the seamen were in his employ. Spain was far distant, and intercourse between the two countries precarious.

There is little doubt but, on his arrival in Galway, young Lynch was joyously welcomed by his family and friends. In time, he too became a merchant, and, unless tradition errs, a very prosperous one; in fact, so much so that he proposed for the hand of one of the most beautiful girls in his native city, the daughter of a wealthy burgher.

It was willingly accorded.

Preparations for the marriage were being made, when the too confiding father received a pressing summons to attend the death-bed of one of his old seamen. As the man had served him long and faithfully, he felt bound to attend to it.

Our readers may judge of the horror and despair of the true-hearted magistrate, when the dying sailor, impelled by remorse, confessed to him the villainy of his only son, and the share he had taken in his crime.

It was one of those blows which, falling upon the heart, must either crush or change it into steel. The after-conduct of the upright judge will show which effect it produced upon him.

The first act of James Lynch Fitzstephens, on returning to his desolate home, was to arrest his son, whom, despite the entreaties of his wife and relatives, he committed to prison on the charge of murder: the next, to secure such further evidence of his crime as time and circumstances permitted. The old seaman was not the only living witness of the death of the young Spaniard; several others of the crew were still living. These the upright magistrate secured, and when everything was prepared to further the ends of justice, brought the wretched criminal to trial.

It must have been an awful scene. A son before the tribunal of justice pleading for his life, and his father presiding! The evidence was overwhelming; in fact, it does not appear that the young man denied his guilt. With superhuman fortitude, the Mayor of Galway, faithful to his oath of office and the trust reposed in him by his fellow-citizens, heard the verdict of guilty and condemned the culprit to death!

Few persons believed the sentence would be executed, and many resolved that it should not.

The first attempt to save young Lynch from his impending doom was made by his distracted mother and female relatives, who threw themselves at the feet of the inexorable judge and implored his mercy.

"It will leave us childless," urged his wife.

"Not more than his crime has done," was the stern reply.

"Think on the disgrace of our name."

"We must bear that as we may."

"Inhuman parent!" exclaimed the wretched mother. "Neither the laws of God nor man can demand such a sacrifice at the hands of a father. It is against nature—horrible, wicked. It shall not be."

The old man shook his head mournfully.

It is asserted that the beautiful girl affianced to the murderer tried in vain the effect of her tears and entreaties to shake his resolution. If so, she must have loved the murderer well. The mother of the condemned took more active steps, and nearly succeeded in saving him.

Dame Lynch Fitzstephens was a Blake, one of the wealthiest and best-considered families in Galway. Hastening to her relatives and friends, she implored them to avert the infamy from their name as well as hers. They promised, and on the morning of the execution assembled numerously and well armed in the street opposite the Mayor's house, to which for greater security the criminal had been removed.

When James Lynch Fitzstephens appeared with his son, surrounded by the officers of justice, on the way to execution, a rush was made by the Blakes and many of the citizens to rescue him. Seeing that he was unable to contend against their number, the resolute old man commanded that the culprit should be taken back to his home. This was accomplished, although with some difficulty. The Mayor was the last to retreat, strongly barring the doors behind him.

Thinking they had succeeded, the rioters set up a shout of triumph; but they knew not the spirit they had to contend with. In a few minutes culprit and judge appeared at one of the upper windows of the building. With a cry of horror the Blakes saw the Mayor himself fix the rope round the neck of his son, and after embracing, launch him into eternity.

This stern act of justice so confounded them that they dispersed.

After the death of his son, James Lynch Fitzstephens resigned his office, and mingled no more in the world. He had done with life, and the few remaining years of his existence were passed in prayer and retirement.

The house in which the tragedy took place still exists in Lombard street, which the people generally call Dead Man's Lane. Over the principal entrance are to be seen a skull and cross-bones executed in black marble, with the inscription, "Vaniti of vaniti, and all is but vaniti." The building is exceedingly massive, and illustrates the architecture of the period.

Tradition may have added something to the terrible history we have recorded, but the facts are indisputable. They prove, or we are greatly mistaken, that we must look to Ireland for the true origin of the term Lynch Law.

TAKING AND GIVING OFFENCE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Half the people in the world have had friends whom now they know no more, yet with whom they never have had any absolute quarrel.

"There seemed to be some coldness, and we left off seeing each other," is the excuse, and no more is known, at least on one side. A candid talk might re-adjust everything, but there is no such talk, and each goes his way with a thorn in his breast,—a miserable state of things enough, but a very common one. Ten to one a lie is at the bottom of it; perhaps only a look misinterpreted; perhaps nothing. We all wish, that one who is offended with us would candidly state the reason. To clasp a hand in honest friendship one day, and on the next receive a distant bow and a glance of mysterious reproach, is very hard and often very cruel.

One cannot walk up to the offended individual and say unasked, "I haven't said anything against you. I haven't called you any names, or expressed any evil intentions toward you." It would be placing one's self in the position of the little boy of whom we heard, who, having plucked the flowers from his grandmother's carnation pink, had resolved to assert his innocence, and exposed himself by volunteering the declaration, "Gammoser, *I* didn't teal oo tarnation pink," before any one but himself knew of the robbery. Your friend would be confirmed in his suspicion by your words.

I remember a certain instance, in which a person with whom I had always held the most amicable relations—of whom I had only uttered praise—passed me with such terrible wrath upon his countenance, that I have always retained the impression that he went off with a fizzle of gunpowder, and a flash of blue flame, like a demon in a pantomime, though I know he only walked out of a door in an ordinary manner. I never knew, and never shall know now, what angered him. I, myself, have suffered mentally when, without doubt, there was no cause for offence, because of a suspected hit in some light speech, or because of an averted face, which, in my conceit, I fancied should have been looking my way. It is a great deal easier in this world to take and give offence than to bestow or receive good will and friendship.

As for ostensible causes for offence there are plenty of them. Quoting Shakespeare seems an innocent thing enough, but mortal offence was once given by the line—

"Shake not thy gory locks at me,"

uttered by an individual who had forgotten that the person to whom she spoke had red hair.

Jones, forgetting to introduce Smith to Brown, makes two undying enemies, each believing the other a distinguished personage, to whom Jones was ashamed to present an ordinary individual, like himself.

Bashful girls offend their lovers by trying to conceal the fact that their hearts are touched; and bashful men offend the women they love, out of pure stupidity and terror of them. Old Goldbags' nephew is disinherited because he cannot laugh at his uncle's jokes; and married pairs have parted because of quarrels that had their origin in the color of a glove or the flavor of a pudding. On the whole, we are very lucky if we do not go through the world dropping our friends behind us to mark the way, as Hop-o'-my-Thumb dropped his bread-crumbs on his way to the Ogre's mansion.

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—All that a man has to do in a place where he is a *stranger*, is to bridle his tongue and his temper, cultivate good feelings and kind affections, and meet every advance of his neighbor with courtesy, cordiality and cheerfulness.

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—In general, that man is a coward who shapes his course of action by his fears; and he alone is a man of real courage who dares to do right.

The Difference.—Genius rushes like a whirlwind, talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses, cleverness skims like a swallow in the summer evening, with a sharp, shrill note and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories, the clever man will assail the individual and slander private character. The man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength; he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true, that should a poisonous worm cross his path he may tread it under his foot; should a cur snarl at him he may chastise him; but he will not, cannot, attack the privacy of another. Clever men write verses, men of talent write prose, but the man of genius writes poetry.

WHIZ!

A St. Louis paper gives an account of a man who "changed his love when he pleased, and as often as he pleased" during the temporary absence of his wife. This man, commendably solicitous for the health of the partner of his joys and sorrows, after much persuasion, induced her to take a trip to an Eastern city, to spend two or three months with her relations. He regretted that it would be out of his power to accompany her, but promised to go and bring her home as soon as the heated term which he was so afraid would not agree with her, should have passed. Upon this assurance, and in the confidence which she felt in his constancy, she departed, and he was left to console himself for her absence as best he might. For a few days he maintained a most praiseworthy demeanor, but at last found the loneliness of his position unsupportable, and thought of sending for his wife. But his loving nature shrank from recalling her to broil and suffer through the heat of August, and he magnanimously refrained. Still, he was miserable, and every day grew more lonely and unbearable. He was in a quandary, but at last a happy thought struck him.

He had read the proceedings of one or two free love conventions, and he resolved during the absence of his wife "to love whom he pleased, and to change his love as often as he pleased."

A lady friend was found who sympathized with him in his loneliness, who condoled with him for want of a congenial mate, and then placed her services at his disposal, which were gladly accepted. Like a pair of cooing doves, they dwelt together for a few days, when to their utter astonishment and dismay, the wife returned and found them sitting down to a cozy dinner. Oh! what a melee! What a tantrum was played!

The leg of mutton, unconscious of doing any harm, rose like a feather in a whirlwind, and moving in graceful circles, undulated for a minute in the air like an aspen leaf, and then struck her intrusive rival on the head, causing her to spin for a moment like a top. The potatoes, animated by some mysterious influence, flew out of the platter, and lighting on her face spread out like a pancake! The dishes, too, went "whiz," "co-bank," and fell in beautiful showers of earthenware around her fragile person. The gravy ascended toward the ceiling, then fell in limpid drops over her person. The table animated with a strange impulse, threw its legs uppermost.

The husband and his temporary "affinity," of course, fled. The wife, vigilant, active and persevering, pursued. Wherever she stopped, bricks, stones and sticks mysteriously rose up and pursued the fugitive pair. A friend endeavored to pacify the wife, and a brick rose and fell on his head.

Finally the husband and his new love escaped. The wife returned, mistress of the situation. The husband finally repented, swore that he would never change his love again, asked his wife's forgiveness, worked ten days to effect a reconciliation, and was finally duly accepted again by his wife. He says that the mutton, pies, dishes, gravy, sticks, bricks, stones, etc., rising spontaneously in the air, presented sufficient evidence to him that a man has no right to change his love during the temporary absence of his wife. He claims that he was laboring under a fit of "emotional insanity," and that he actually in one day changed his "love" five times, fully believing that he had a right to do so. He said the "things" rising around so curiously when his wife returned, made him sane again.

BY F[illegible] [illegible]SHAW BADEN.

[illegible] [illegible] her's woe,
To hide the fa[illegible] I see;
That mercy I t[illegible] others show
The[illegible] merc[illegible] [illegible] me
UN[illegible]AL PRAYER.

THE NEW YORK LADIES' CLUB.

As the press all over the country have done the New York Ladies' Club the honor to give it prominent mention in their columns, I presume the fact of its existence will be no news to the readers of the *Ledger*.

Yes; they have "done it." Ladies—fie, for shame on them!—have "organized a club!" They meet at a perfectly respectable and fashionable restaurant; they lunch there; they eat there; they talk there; but their offence seems to consist in the fact that the matter and manner of their talk, on those occasions, is as yet an undivulged secret. So, in default of knowledge, the gentlemanly commentators, all over the country, have assumed—first, that they drink there; secondly, that it is champagne that they drink; thirdly, that they all talk together, as a natural consequence; fourthly, that turning the male waiters out of the room meant that they talked improperly, in some way or other; fifthly, that there was no reason why these ladies, having—most of them—comfortable, and even luxurious, homes of their own, shouldn't meet there, where their husbands and brothers could know what they were about. In short, if every thing was right, why this privacy? One editor so far forgot good breeding—if he had any—as to caricature in an engraving ladies of irreproachable standing in the community—one of them being represented as unable to sit up, and in a reclining posture, with a book falling from her hands.

Comment on this is needless, to those acquainted with the members of the Ladies' Club. Such impertinent coarseness only recoils on the perpetrators.

In the first place, the objection that they should hold these meetings in their own houses, that their fathers and brothers may know what they are about, seems to me to apply with equal force to gentlemen's clubs—the chief recommendation of which is asserted by one of its prominent members to be, "that no woman can gain admittance there." If we followed the charitable tone of the critics on the Ladies' Club, we might translate it: No *ladies* should find admittance there.

Again: the gentlemen who belong to these clubs are, some of them, grandfathers—or old enough to [illegible] be. I mention the fact because age, in the Ladies' Club, seems to be a disqualifying circumstance. These gentlemen have also, as have the ladies belonging to the Ladies' Club, luxurious homes—with servants to wait upon them, with libraries, with well-stocked larders and wine-cellars—and *yet* they prefer to meet their cronies where their wives and sisters can never find out "what they are up to." They have gone to the Club—that is the broad mantle to cover all things, and their wives, and children, and grandchildren can like or dislike it—are they not men, and shall they be dictated to or questioned?

Now, I fail to see why it is not just as right, when the wives of these men are left to take care of themselves in this manner, that they should not have equal privileges. I fail to see why it should be assumed that, because they do so, they are disgracing themselves, any more than that their husbands, and fathers, and brothers are doing the same. Nay more, I say that, where a man has need of such relaxation and amusement, his wife has five times the necessity for it, owing to her more nervous organization, and the endless, wearing, petty details of her life, and the lack of out-of-door relief from the same.

Now, in conclusion, I will add—having thus expressed my belief in their perfect right to organize such a club and carry it on as best suits them, without impertinent interference from those who do the same thing themselves—that I have never met with these ladies at their club; that I don't know what they intend by it, or through it; but that I know them to be *ladies* with brains and of irreproachable position; and that I have faith that they will accomplish, at least, quite as much, by their meetings, as the gentlemen at their clubs, where gaming and private theatricals are the order of the day or—night.

FANNY FERN.

—An old lady, hearing some one reading about a congressman-at-large, rushed to the kitchen door, shouting: "Sarah Jane! Sarah Jane! don't you leave the clothes out all night, mind I tell you, for there's a congressman at large."

—The epitaphs of Dacotah papers are not pathetic. Jim Barrett had been shovelling snow, and he caught a cold which turned into a fever. The fever settled Jim's mundane affairs, and a local paper says most affectingly in his obituary, "He won't have to shovel snow in the country he has gone to."

—A gentleman late one evening met his servant: "Hallo! where are you going at this time of night?—for no good, I'll warrant!" "I was going for you, sir."

Like the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederick the Great had a most philosophical indifference to death—*in others*. In one of his battles, a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out:

"Why do you run away, you old vagabonds? Do you want to live forever?"

A Man gathering mushrooms was told that they were poisonous.

"Thank you," he replied. "I am not going to eat them myself; I sell them at the hotel."

Fashionable Singing.—The kind of singing that is natural, simple, melodious, and without any conceited airs, is truly delightful; and when listening to such, we have been transported, as it were, to about as near heaven as we ever expect to get. But fashionable singing is such an intolerable bore and unmitigated nuisance, that we must give a specimen of it:—

Miss Julia was induced to give a taste of her musical powers, and this is how she did it. She flirted up her panniers, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to the piano, and sang,—

"When ther moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-ahming
O'er ther ca-halm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-e,
Its ra-dyunce so-hoftly stre-heam-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh! ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof thee-e-e-e-e!"

"Beautiful, Miss Julia! Beautiful!" and we all clapped our hands. "Do please sing another verse—it's perfectly divine, Miss Julia," said Eugene Augustus. Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, touched the white ivory with her jewelled fingers, and warbled,—

"When the sur-hun is bri-hight-ly glow-how-ing
O'er the se-hene so de-hear to me-e-e,
And swee-heet the wee-hind is blo-how-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh! ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-he-he-he-he-hink ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-hof the-e-e-e-e!"

A Husband Sold.—Some years since, when all the world was mad upon lotteries, the Irish cook of a middle-aged, single gentleman drew from his hands her earnings and savings of some years. Her employer was anxious to know the cause, and she told him that, having repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, she had bought the whole ticket. He called her a fool for her pains, and never lost a chance to tease her on the subject. She seemed to take his taunts in good humor, saying it would all turn out right by-and-by. One morning he opened his paper at breakfast, and saw it announced that the very numbers that Bridget had dreamed and bought, had drawn the great prize, one hundred thousand dollars!

Bridget was summoned, and the wily gentleman proceeds to inform her that he had long valued her as a friend, and being desirous to settle himself for life, he would be willing to make her his wife, if she had no objection. Bridget had always thought him a dear, good man, and would be glad to do anything to please him. So he finished his breakfast, told Bridget to put on her best things, the parson was sent for, and made them one that very morning.

After it was all over, the cautious husband said to his bride,—

"Well, Bridget, you have made two good hits today; you have got a good husband, and now bring me the lottery ticket you and I have laughed so much about."

"Please don't laugh any more about that; I knew there was nothing in them dreams, and I sold [illegible] the butcher a month ago!"

A Quarrel.—If there is any one thing more than another that will make a man hate himself—that will turn his blood yellow, hot and poisonous, that will shut out the smiling and the warmth of God's sunshine from his soul—it is a right down quarrel. Whether he gets the upper or the under hand in the so [illegible] squabble, he can feel only shame in the result. He can have no respect for himself, and certainly the event will not enhance the respect of his neighbors. A man may fall into a mud-hole, and the wet will dry, and the dirt may be brushed off; a man may stumble and bark his shins, and he can recover his equilibrium, and the pain will soon be wasted. Even a broken bone may be healed, and lost flesh may be replaced. But the stings that result from a quarrel are not so easily overcome. Quarrelling begets quarrelling. It blunts the sensibilities, and sets the spirit in a ferment; and a fermenting spirit is about as near an approach to hades as can be found on earth. If the thing can be honorably done, live in peace and quiet. Peace and quiet are not only good for the individual, but they are good for the neighborhood. As a rule (all rules may have exceptions), if a man cheats you, don't deal with him any more; if he seeks to abuse you, let him severely alone. In short, keep cool and keep the peace. "Blessed are the peace-makers," says the Great Teacher; and we may add, "Thrice blessed is he who can maintain an atmosphere of peace about him continually."

Let Us Help One Another.—This little sentence should be written on every heart, and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule, not only practised in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another, we not only remove thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow-creature. A helping hand, or an encouraging word, is no loss to us, yet a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend! How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a hand on the shoulder, and to hear a kind voice whisper: "Do not be discouraged—I see your trouble—let me help you." What strength is inspired, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine.

Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak, and by lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—*Cowper*.

A BROTHER in a Thursday night prayer-meeting added to his prayer: "And that fellow who stole my horse, O Lord! hit him with a thunderbolt before he gets over into Iowa."

TO CHARLES SUMNER.

If I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong
Than praise the right; if seldom to thine ear
My voice hath mingled with the exultant cheer
Borne upon all our Northern winds along;
If I have failed to join the fickle throng
In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest strong
In victory, surprised in thee to find
Brougham's scathing power with Canning's grace combined;
That he for whom the nine-fold Muses sang,
From their twined arms a giant athlete sprang,
Barbing the arrows of his native tongue
With the spent shafts Latona's archer flung,
To smite the Python of our land and time,
Fell as the monster born of Crissa's slime,
Like the blind bard who in Castalian springs
Tempered the steel that clove the crest of kings,
And on the shrine of England's freedom laid
The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's shade—
Small need hast thou of words of praise from me.
Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst guess
That, even though silent, I have not the less
Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped for thee,
When, years ago, beside the summer sea,
White in the moon we saw the long waves fall
Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
That, to the menace of the brawling flood,
Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a Fate; with not a leaf nor vine
Nor birch spray trembling in the still moonshine,
Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think
That night-scene by the sea prophetical—
(For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs,
And through her pictures human fate divines)—
That rock wherefrom we saw the billows sink
In murmuring rout, uprising, clear, and tall
In the white light of heaven, the type of one
Who, momently by Error's host assailed,
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite mailed;
And tranquil-fronted, listening over all
The tumult, hears the angel say: "Well done!"

—J. G. Whittier.

According to a Detroit paper, a "gemman ob color" in that city, having long admired a colored widow living in the next street, and being afraid to come out boldly and reveal his passion, went to a white man of his acquaintance, the other day, and asked him to write the lady a letter asking her hand in marriage. The friend wrote, telling the woman, in a few brief lines, that the size of her feet was the talk of the neighborhood, and asking her if he couldn't pare them down a little. The name of the colored man was signed, and he was to call on her Sunday night for an answer. A few days after, the writer of the letter met the negro limping along the street, and asked him what the widow said. The man showed him a bloodshot eye, a scratched nose, a lame leg, and a spot on the scalp where a handful of wool had been violently jerked out, and he answered, in solemn tones, "She didn't say nuffin', an' I didn't stay dar mor'n a minute!"

A Good Majority for Him.

Several years ago, a celebrated Methodist minister and revivalist, well known for his eloquence and zeal, was preaching at Louisville. The feeling had got pretty well up, and one night, after a very powerful sermon, he came down from the pulpit, for the purpose of receiving the mourners, whilst the good old hymn of

"Sweet Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan!"

was struck and chimed in by hundreds of voices. The hymn was concluded, but he exhorted—his words and appeals fell upon the ears of his congregation without exciting any emotion. At length he concluded to make a bold strike and follow it up with a test, and resuming the pulpit, after a few words of exhortation he solemnly announced that he would put a question, upon which he expected all to vote in view of the estimation they placed upon their souls. With finger raised significantly, and in a most solemn manner, he announced—

"All those in favor of Christ will please rise to their feet."

Only some eight or ten responded to the announcement, and while the minister was watching intensely for others to signify their position by rising, a worthy member, who was on his feet, interfered and suggested—

"That the reason might be that the disciples were all too modest to vote."

At this juncture, a loud voice was heard in the gallery—

"I say, Brother ———, it's no use a talking or trying to force the vote; this congregation is for the devil, by at least twenty-five hundred majority."

The Old Kitchen.

Far back in musings my thoughts have been cast
To the cot where the hours of my childhood were past.
I loved all the rooms, to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearest of all.
Its chairs and its table, none brighter could be,
For all its surroundings were sacred to me,
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door.—
And I loved every crack in that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fireplace with mouth high and wide,
The old fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which each Thanksgiving came puddings and pies
That fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes.
And there, too, St. Nicholas slyly and still,
Came down every Christmas our stockings to fill;
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store
Is the *mother* that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her head always light;
For it seemed to me then she knew not a care;
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear.
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes
When she told us the stories that children so prize,
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before
From her lips, at the wheel on the old kitchen floor.

To-night those old visions come back at my will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still.
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mouldering in clay.
The hearthstone so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again,
The sun through the window shines in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

A High Sense of Honor.

The Duke of Wellington had a high sense of honour in all money dealings, and would suffer none of his agents to do a mean thing in his name. His steward once bought some land adjoining his country estate, and was boasting of having made a very fine bargain, from the seller being in straightened circumstances.

"What did you pay for it?" asked the Duke.

"Eight hundred pounds," was the answer.

"And how much was it worth?"

"Eleven hundred pounds," said the steward, rubbing his hands in glee at the thought of the good bargain.

"Then take three hundred pounds, and carry them to the seller, with my compliments, and don't ever venture to talk to me of cheap land again."

The steward was confounded, and could scarcely credit his own ears. The idea that any one could refuse to profit by a sharp bargain, and throw money away in paying more than was agreed on, was hard for him to comprehend.

Show.

The world is crazy for show. There is not one perhaps in a thousand who dares fall back on his real, simple self for power to get through the world, and exact enjoyment as he goes along. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial airs. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these days. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, there is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man desires to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh and invigorating in such an example, and we should uphold and honor such a plan with all the energy in our power.

Believe the Best. He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his own heart. It is the base only who believe all men base, or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody—for when Rome was rejoicing over his death, some loving hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged, at least while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny; however incorrect, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice, but they rarely get it while alive, either from friend or foe.

FOURTH-UM-J'Y.

BY ROSA GRAHAM.

The cannon boomed,
The great guns screeched, and everywhere
Bright banners floated on the air;
Yet, spite the din,
A merry voice came rippling in,
I heard a cry:
"Ise habin' Fourth-um-J'y!"

I turned to see
A tiny maiden, blithe and fair,
With starry streamers in her hair;
Her fingers deft
Torpedoes snapping right and left—
Her constant cry:
"Ise habin' Fourth-um-J'y!

I could but smile
To see this tiny patriot stand
So proudly for her native land.
"All hail," I said,
"My pretty little cracker-maid,
Pray tell me why
You're habin' Fourth-um-J'y?"

"Oh! yes," she cried.
"Bad peoples way across the sea,
They tried to make us mind. Not we!
Another day
We 'ipped 'em, and they runned away;
And this is why
Ise habin' Fourth-um-J'y!"

The loyal maid
Here snapped torpedoes in such glee
That I was fain to turn and flee,
Yet heard her say:
"Ise glad they's 'ipped and runned away;
'Cause this is why
I'se habin' Fourth-um-J'y!"

SOMEBODY'S LOVERS.

ALICE CARY.

Too meek by half was he who came
A-wooing me one morn,
For he thought so little of himself
I learned to share his scorn.

At night I had a suitor, vain
As the vainest in the land;
Almost he seemed to condescend
In the offer of his hand

In one who pressed his suit, I missed
Courage and manly pride;
And how could I think of such a one
As a leader and a guide?

And then there came a worshipper,
With such undoubting trust,
That when he knelt he seemed not wort
Upraising from the dust.

The next was never in the wrong,
Was not too smooth nor rough;
So faultless and so good was he,
That that was fault enough.

But one, the last of all who came,
I know not how to paint;
No angel do I seem to him—
He scarcely calls me saint!

He hath such sins and weakness
As mortal man befall;
He hath a thousand faults, and yet
I love him with them all!

He never asked me yea nor nay,
Nor knelt to me one hour;
But he took my heart, and holds my heart
With a lover's tender power.

And I Bow as needs I must, and say,
In proud humility,
Love's might is right, and I yield at last
To manhood's royalty!

THE OLD AND NEW.

O, sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;—

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;-
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

John G. Whittier.

4
4
4
7
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25
59
85
50
48
20
93
95
8
14
75
83
12½
87½

Slurs on Women.—Of all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak slightingly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who they forget are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one and deep-rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or lewd women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightingly of women.

ENTRANCE INTO LIFE.

It is doing a service to mankind to destroy the prejudice which is generally entertained that youth is educated when some care has been taken of their infancy. This prejudice, besides other bad effects of it, suspends the zeal of that small number of individuals in the middle ranks of life, who wish to give their children the best education they possibly can .From a false notion that the minds of young persons are formed at a very early period, they suffer them to be their own masters at a time when they stand most in need of a guide to direct them in the course of the most important period of their education, by the wisdom of his counsels, the gentleness of his insinuations and the force of his example. Few persons in their infancy, learn the art of employing and governing themselves; and it is very difficult to learn it till the faculties of the mind are full-blown, and the character has taken its true bias.

When young persons, therefore, are entering upon the tempestuous ocean of human life, then is the time they must be taught the pilot's art, the manner of steering their course, so as to avoid rocks and quicksands. A philosopher must begin to take the charge of education when the vulgar think it is finished. Many persons are capable of educating children in the ordinary method—there are few, very few, who are capable of forming men.

Womanly Modesty.—Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leave him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and of pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figure in paintings; it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint that Christian virtue should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome odor, and which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it ends in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like a flower of the aloe, which blooms and dies in a few hours, but modesty gives the female character charms that supply the transitory freshness of youth.

Beauty of the Female Character.—There is a spell in woman. No man, not utterly degraded, can listen without delight to the accents of a guileless heart. Beauty, too, has a natural power over the mind; and it is right that this should be. All that overcomes selfishness, the besetting sin of the world, is an instrument of good. Beauty is but melody of a higher kind; and both alike soften the troubled and hard nature of man. Even if we looked on lovely woman but as a rose, an exquisite production of the summer hours of life, it would be idle to deny her making even those summer hours sweeter. But as the companion of the mind, as the very model of friendship that no chance can shake, as the pleasant sharer of the heart, the being to whom man returns after the tumult of the day, like the worshipper to a secret shrine, to revive his noble tastes and virtues at a source pure from the evil of the external world, and glowing with a perpetual light of sanctity and love, where shall we find her equal? or what must be our feeling toward the Disposer of earth and all that it inhabits, but of admiration and gratitude to that disposal, which combines our highest happiness with onr purest virtue?

Kisses.

LET thy kisses, I entreat,
Have a language of their own,
When they bring to me, my sweet,
What no other lips have known.

Is it welcome? Bid them bear
From thy heart love's sweetest sign,
That my own thenceforth may wear
Sweeter grace received from thine.

Is it parting? I would fain
Know what language fails to tell;
Kiss me close, and share the pain
With no whisper of farewell.

Always, darling. grant me this,
At love's noontide or eclipse;
Kiss me not, or ever kiss
With thy heart upon thy lips.

How They "Fooled" a Stranger.

A STRANGER from the mountains came slowly riding down,
And stopped to get his dinner in Montezuma town.
And his rough-haired, raw-boned, played-out, tired and hungry-looking steed.
He sent out to the stable to recuperate with feed.

It wasn't such a fancy horse—his joints were very large,
And his legs hung out each side of him like oars upon a barge.
And the stranger who came riding that nag to Montezume,
Had no exalted opinion of his qualities, I presume.

But when they went to chafing him—those sports across the Range—
That he should get his banter up is nothing very strange.
And when they talked of betting that they had a colt "right thar"
That could beat his horse, he bridled up with "Gentlemen, I'll swar,

"Altho' I don't much keer to run, I never let a banter
Bluff me while I have horseflesh that can walk or trot or canter.
So if you've got a runnin' hoss, or a dozen, trot 'em in,
And I'll try to make it lively, even if nary a red I win."

Then like wild-fire spread the rumor, throughout that mining town.
That they'd caught a "greeny" napping, and would do him up so brown.
That 'twould make his head swim, maybe, for they entertained no doubt
Of their open-and-shut ability to clean that stranger out.

From fifty-dollar greenbacks down to Montezuma scrip
They staked their money lively, with a reckless "let 'er rip."
And they gathered up their bronchos and every nag they had,
For they wanted to wax that stranger and his horse almighty bad.

Then straightway that stranger started with those citizens *en masse*,
To find a level spot of ground all covered o'er with grass,
For said he. "I reckon we mout as well just let the critters go.
'Thout waitin' any longer, for it muchly looks like snow."

The rivals in that scrub lit out; the stranger got the lead:
And the "ornery" horse developed extraordinary speed.
He got away right easy with those Montezuma nags,
And that stranger smiled serenely as he pocketed their rags.

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A Woman's Perilous Adventure.

LANCUPE SORBUTTE, THE ROBBER.

Shortly after the final downfall of Napoleon the First, the Forest of Bondy, in the environs of Paris, which, prior to the Revolution of 1789, for centuries past, had been known as the favorite hunting ground of highway robbers and cut-throats, became again the scene of frequent acts of violence and robbery.

The police under the Bourbon Restoration was not very efficient. It wasted its energies upon watching the prostrate Bonapartists, and doing the dirty work for the fanatical and bigoted clergy, which, under Louis the Eighteenth, had again become all powerful; and, in consequence, highwaymen were not kept down as they should have been, and some of them even committed audacious assaults upon peaceable citizens at the very gates of the French capital.

A fellow, who in this respect was impudent beyond all belief, and who, at the same time, eluded the grasp of justice for several years, although he frequently ventured into the heart of Paris, was Lancupe Sorbutte.

Sorbutte had served ten years in the grand army of Napoleon the First, but although he was a brave man, had never been able to advance beyond the rank of captain, because he was

AN INVETERATE THIEF.

He stole articles when he had no earthly need of them. He robbed his best frienas when there was a certainty of detection. He stole things from his superior officers when he knew that, if the crime were brought home to him, exemplary punishment would be inflicted on him.

In effect, he was chastised innumerable times, and finally, in 1811, drummed out of the army, and sentenced to confinement for life at hard labor in a fortress. He remained with a ball and chain on his foot until 1815, at Lille, wheeling dirt. In that year he was pardoned and went to Paris. Having committed several petty thefts there, he was publicly flogged, and branded with a red-hot iron on the left shoulder, on the 16th of December, 1816.

At the trial, which resulted in his final conviction and execution, Lancupe Sorbutte swore that

THE ATROCIOUS PAIN

Which the branding with the red-hot iron had caused him, had so enraged him that he had resolved to become an enemy to society. But for that, he said, he would have undoubtedly committed thefts every now and then, but he would have never become a highway robber and murderer, nor have needlessly, and without provocation, committed truly fiendish crimes.

After the execution, on the above-mentioned occasion, in accordance with the odd custom of the French penal proceedings, had driven the flogged and branded criminal with a huge rod down the steps of the scaffold, amid the cheers of the populace, Sorbutte had slunk into a small lane, where, at a low groggery, he spent his last sou for a glass of cognac.

He met there a sinister-looking man of forty-five, who entered into conversation with him. The stranger gave his name as Paul Fantassin, and told Sorbutte that he had been present at his ignominious castigation. He added that he, too, had on his back the marks of a similar punishment, which he had received about a year before for a "little irregularity," at the hands of the executioner. He, too, had been a soldier, and he bitterly cursed King Louis the Eighteenth, under whom he said every member of the great emperor's army were treated as outlaws.

Sorbutte found a genial companion in M. Fontassin. They resolved to go to the Forest of Bondy and try to obtain money enough from travelers to enable them to buy horses, and waylay the conveyance in which the proceeds of the taxes, amounting to a very large sum, were taken every month from Lyons to Paris.

That very night the two confederates broke into the store of a gunsmith. They greatly regretted that they could not each carry off several rifles. So they took a double-barrelled one each, and also stole several costly pistols and daggers. They succeeded in getting with these stolen arms safely out of Paris.

Already before daybreak they committed their first highway robbery. They met the wife of a well-to-do farmer, who was taking three dozen geese to the Parisian market. The poor woman was frightened to death when the two men levelled their pistols at her head, and told her to give up all her money and valuables.

They got but very little money from her, but some valuable jewelry. Sorbutte then committed his first act of

PETTY CRUELTY.

He knocked the woman senseless, cut off the feet of the geese, and wantonly mutilated the donkey that was drawing the wagon.

Then the two went on their way to the Forest of Bondy. In olden times there had lived in this forest numerous charcoalmen. Their humble dwellings were, in part, still in existence. They had been erected in the most inaccessible parts of the thicket—for what reason is unknown—and, in consequence, afforded highwaymen excellent places of concealment.

During the following month Fantassin and Sorbutte, sallying from one of the least known of these hiding-places, committed countless depredations upon travelers and people living at the neighboring villages. Fantassin would content himself with the plunder alone, but Sorbutte would not only rob his victims, but also wantonly disfigure and wound them. On one occasion a royal councillor, with his young daughter, fell into the hands of the two outlaws.

After appropriating all they had, Fantassin wanted to let them proceed on their way, but Sorbutte cut off the left ear of the unfortunate councillor, and knocked out the front teeth of the daughter with the butt-end of his pistol.

The councillor's ear the brutal scoundrel stuck, like a cockade, into his hatband, and then walked off, laughing uproariously. This

FIENDISH DEED

Aroused the police to extraordinary activity. But even then the two outlaws would undoubtedly have escaped with impunity had not Fantassin got drunk, and, in consequence, insisted on remaining in the Forest of Bondy, while Sorbutte, hearing that a force of fifty mounted officers would scour the forest in the next few days, advised that they should flee and keep away from that part of the country for some time to come.

While they were still arguing and quarreling about this, three gens d'armes surprised them, and, after a desperate struggle, in which one of the officers was killed, Fantassin was overpowered. Sorbutte, although severely wounded in the head, succeeded in making his escape.

Fantassin was taken in irons to Paris. The Prefect of Police offered to guaranty his life if he would betray the whereabouts of his confederate, Sorbutte, whom the authorities were especially anxious to apprehend; but Fantassin firmly refused

TO BETRAY HIS ACCOMPLICE.

He was tried for murder, and guillotined on the Place de Greve, on the 14th of May, 1817.

Lancupe Sorbutte, with rare audacity, witnessed Fantassin's execution. As a disguise, he merely wore a moustache and a pair of green goggles. When Fantassin's head fell, he was among the loudest to shout "Viva la Justice! Viva la Roi!"

While the culprit was in prison awaiting his execution, Sorbutte, who had plenty of money, had gone to Spa, and cut quite a figure there among the visitors of that fashionable watering-place.

He had then returned to Paris in the royal diligence, and stopped at the Hotel de Hanover, under the name of Baron de Heecker, from Belgium. As soon as he deemed it safe, he intended to return to the Forest of Bondy, where Fantassin and he had concealed, under an old oak tree, about ten thousand francs in gold and bank bills.

He ventured back to his old hunting-ground in the Autumn of the same year, found the hidden treasure intact, and began his nefarious old business afresh.

But necessity compelled him to be more cautious. He no longer attacked several able-bodied men traveling together, but chose his victims mainly among women and old men.

In the course of the next six months he committed in this manner a large number of robberies. At the same time,

HIS CRUEL PROCLIVITIES

Seemed to assume the character of a morbid mania. He delighted in inflicting some permanent physical injury upon the helpless victims that fell into his hands. One day, a pregnant young woman, traveling alone with a coachman, was stopped by Sorbutte, near Rambouillet. The weather was very cold, and the wretch of a coachman ran away as soon as he caught sight of the well-armed highwayman.

Sorbutte, after robbing the greatly frightened woman of her gold watch and jewelry, stripped off almost all her clothes, and then kicked her until the intense pain caused her to faint.

Several hours afterward the poor creature was found half frozen and a prey to horrible sufferings. She died on the third day. The government offered a reward of five thousand francs for the capture of the inhuman villain,

DEAD OR ALIVE,

And he went for a time to the Poiton; but ere long he was back to the Forest of Bondy. But this time he committed there only one robbery, and that became fatal to him.

It was toward setting in of dusk, on the 3d of May, 1818, that Lancupe Sorbutte, near the village of Raigeur, met on the highway a horseman, who had a heavy valise behind him.

"Stop, my friend," shouted Sorbutte, seizing the horse's bridle, and leveling his pistol at the rider's head.

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"Spare my life," cried the stranger, a very weak, middle-aged man. "I will give you all my money."

"Your watch and chain, too," said the robber, coolly, "also those two rings I see on your fingers, and that locket round your neck."

The horseman surrendered everything amid groans and sighs. Sorbutte opened the locket.

"This is the portrait of a very pretty woman," said Sorbutte.

"Alas!" sighed the stranger, "it is the portrait of my young wife."

"*Diantre*!" cried Sorbutte, cynically, "she is a fool for marrying an old owl like you. But we are losing time, monsieur. Take off your overcoat, and let me see what you have in your pockets."

The stranger complied very reluctantly. From the breast pocket of the coat Sorbutte drew a small portfolio.

"What does it contain?" he demanded.

"Only papers, monsieur," replied the stranger, anxiously.

"Oh, then I can tear them up," remarked Sorbutte, maliciously.

"For Heaven's sake, don't, monsieur," cried the stranger; "they contain my title to a large estate."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Sorbutte, putting the portfolio in his pocket. "Then you will pay well for recovering these papers?"

"Oh, God!" I will give you to-morrow one thousand francs for the return of those papers," replied the stranger, in a supplicating tone.

"You can have them to-morrow for two thousand francs," said Sorbutte.

"I will give that sum, but how shall I transmit it to you, monsieur?"

"Let me think," said Sorbutte.

The highwayman reflected a moment. He then said, in a bantering sort of way:

AN INSIDIOUS PROPOSITION.

"Well, monsieur, I do not know who you are. Perhaps you are a very honorable man, and would not try to put up a job on me. But no one can tell what people will do, and so we have to be on our guard. Therefore, I cannot let you come yourself for the papers. But you have a wife. I am a gallant man. I pledge you my word that your wife shall return to you safe and unharmed if she will bring the money. Women cannot handle firearms, so I will risk it with her. You, monsieur, might bring a pistol along, and shoot me at sight."

The stranger at first demurred against this proposition. He did not know whether his wife would be courageous enough to undertake the mission. She was a weak and timid woman.

But when Sorbutte told him he could not get his papers back in any other way, he finally agreed that his wife should meet Sorbutte at a cross-road in the Forest of Bondy, which he described to his victim most minutely, on the following afternoon, at four o'clock. When they parted, Sorbutte said, condescendingly, to the stranger:

"I have treated you exceptionally well, monsieur. When I first stopped you, I intended to tear out one of your eyes!"

The stranger made a movement of horror, and galloped off as fast as his horse would carry him.

AN INTREPID WOMAN.

The man whom Sorbutte had thus boldly robbed, and from whom he expected to draw a larger sum, besides debauching his pretty wife (for that was his fiendish object in asking him to send his young wife to him), was Armand Baubart, a wealthy grocer of the Rue du Temple, in Paris.

M. Baubart had married but one year prior to this startling adventure just narrated, Marie Langournon, the beautiful daughter of Madame Nourrice Langournon, one of the wealthiest *Dames des Halles*. Notwithstanding her humble descent, the young Madame Baubart had received a good education. She was naturally very bright and energetic, and but a few months after she was married to her husband, she was governor of the house, and he willingly obeyed her directions.

In consequence, when he returned to Paris, after his unpleasant interview with the infamous Sorbutte, and told his beautiful wife how he had not only been robbed of all his money and valuables by the daring highwayman, but had also been compelled to give up the papers showing that he was entitled to a large estate at Melun, to which city he had gone on purpose on horseback, the pretty Marie soundly berated him for his cowardice, and, in her indignation, she exclaimed:

"*Pa d u!* Armand, if I had been in your place, that rascally bandit would not have had such an easy time of it."

"Well, my darling," said her husband, "if you wish it, you can confront him to-morrow yourself."

And he told her under what circumstances Sorbutte had promised to return the valuable papers. Now, Madame Baubart was a brave woman. At the same time she knew, like all her Parisian sisters, how to value riches, and, without those papers, that longed-for estate at Melun was unattainable. So, after a brief reflection, she said, with an air of determination:

"*Sapristi*! Armand, I will go; and I tell you that I will bring the papers back from that brigand without paying him a sou!"

Her husband had his misgivings about the result of

THE PERILOUS MISSION;

And he proposed that the police should be consulted in regard to it. But his wife laughed at the idea, and said that, in that event, the papers would hardly be recovered at all. No, she would go, and beard the lion in his den.

Next day, at noon, she began to dress. Like all Parisiennes, she understood that art to perfection, and when she was done, she looked indeed most charming.

She kissed her husband as she took leave of him, went to a certain earthern jar in the store, took some of its contents, and wrapped it up in a piece of paper. Thereupon she went to a neighboring drug store, where she bought a bottle of a certain fluid. And then she took a hack, and ordered the coachman to drive her to the village of Bondy. This village is situated near the southwestern angle of the forest of the same name. She arrived there at half-past three, took a cup of coffee at the hotel, and told her driver to return to Paris.

FACING THE BANDIT.

Then she boldly entered the forest, and her watch indicated five minutes past four when she reached the cross road where Sorbutte had agreed to meet her.

No sooner had she arrived there than the highwayman emerged from the thicket, and came to meet her.

"*Parbleu*!" he cried, as he looked her full in the face, "madame is certainly more beautiful than even her portrait would indicate."

"Let us talk business, monsieur," she replied; "where are the papers? I have the money ready for you."

"Ah! have you? Well, madame, you will have to accompany me to my humble house. I left them there as a matter of precaution. It is not far from here. May I offer you my arm?"

Although he said this with a horrible leer, Madame Baubart took his arm with the utmost imperturbability. She even did not get angry when he squeezed and kissed her hand tenderly.

Fifteen minutes afterward they reached, in the midst of an almost impenetrable thicket, an old decayed cabin, which Sorbutte invited her to enter. The place looked forbidding enough, and an unholy fire was burning in the lecherous eyes of the bandit; nevertheless she boldly stepped in.

"Now, monsieur," she said carelessly, putting her hand in her pocket, "here I have the two thousand francs. Where are my husband's papers?"

"Ah! my little darling," he replied amorously, "we can attend to that afterward. First, let me tell you that you are a most charming little woman, and that I shall take the liberty to kiss you."

He stretched out his arms to embrace her.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF AFFAIRS.

But at the same moment she drew a paper from her pocket—the same she had filled from the jar at the store, and threw the contents into the bandit's face.

The paper was filled with white snuff; this horribly biting substance had entered Sorbutte's eyes, he was blinded, and the pain elicited loud oaths and cries from him.

"*Canaille*," he shrieked, "I shall murder you for this. Oh! oh! the horrible pain!"

The agony caused him to roar like a mad bull. The more he rubbed his eyes the worse grew the pain. Madame Baubart, in the meantime, was not idle. She drew from her pocket the small bottle she had purchased at the drug store, and saturated her handkerchief with its contents. The latter must have been very strong, for they emitted a most pungent odor, and, when she held it under the nose of the raving, howling bandit, he cried:

"Ha! what is this!" and then sank fainting to the ground.

Mme. Baubart seemed to have foreseen this. She pressed the wet handkerchief against the nostrils of the prostrate man, and then she proceeded to bind him hand and foot with her shawl and the sheet of the bed, which she tore to shreds. Finally she put a piece of cloth into the mouth of the still insensible bandit.

Then she examined his pockets, and found in them the portfolio with her husband's papers. She found also his watch, his locket, and his rings.

After hiding these articles in her pocket, she hastily left the cabin, and ran back to Bondy. There she met a gend'armes who at first refused to believe her, but when she urged him to lose no time in securing the arrest of the bandit, he called some villagers to his assistance, and, led by Mme. Baubart, they hurried to Sorbutte's cabin.

When they arrived there they found him awake, and furiously trying to free himself from his fetters. The struggling bandit, who looked purple in the face, presented a fearful spectacle. The gend'armes quickly ironed him, took the gag from his mouth, and compelled him to rise.

Sorbutte called Mme. Baubart all the filthy names in the world, and the gend'armes had to gag him again. When

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they arrived in Bondy the villagers could scarcely be prevented from stringing him up summarily. It was dark when the criminal reached Paris.

Mme. Baubart became the heroine of the day. The royal government immediately paid her the reward offered for Sorbutte's apprehension.

Sorbutte was guillotined on the 29th of October, 1818. Nearly sixteen thousand francs in money, beside numerous articles of jewelry, were found in his cabin in the Forest of Bondy.

THE FIRST WEDDING.

With a Biographical Sketch of the "Happy Couple."

BY A DISTANT RELATIVE.

A great many years ago—long before it had entered the mind of man to build the Tower of Babel, or to lay out the City of San Francisco, or to do many other foolish and wicked things—there dwelt in a distant land a gentleman called Adam, whose surname was First Man, who became enamored of a beautiful young lady known as Eve B-Guild. His attentions appear to have been accepted and reciprocated by the young lady, and she became convinced that he was "the only man whom she could ever love," if we may judge by the following communication which she made to John Milton, who followed the rather singular vocation of advertising things "lost and found" upon her Father's estate. "Confirmed, then I resolve Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe; so dear I love him, that with him all deaths could I endure, without him live no life."

This being equivalent to the modest declaration that the lady is willing that her lover should begin to "pay her board," arrangements were immediately made to have the union consummated, and, in the absence of any official clergyman, the ceremony was performed in the most simple and unostentatious manner, in the beautiful garden of Eden. The auspicious moment having arrived, the groom took the white and little hand of his bride, unadorned even by "a plain gold ring," and affectionately imprinting upon it a kiss, reverently said: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." No cards. Thus was joined in the holy bonds of wedlock the first couple of which we have any knowledge. There was no "rotund, spectacled" father-in-law, no interested mother-in-law, with her legendary smelling-bottle, and no dear unmarried aunt present. Nor was the ubiquitous "Jenkins" there to "write up the affair," so the readers of the *Daily Post-Diluvian* could not take in, with their coffee and cakes, next morning, a detailed account of what was done, and said, and worn, at the wedding, much to the regret, doubtless, of the jolly Post Diluvians. But Jenkins, had he been there, would have found it difficult to get up a sensation article, for there was an entire absence of all obtrusive display and reckless extravagance upon the occasion refreshing to contemplate. The outfit of the groom was plain and simple, perhaps the most noticeable thing about it being the absence of the "dress coat," prescribed for such occasions by "our society." The bridal costume was marked by perfect simplicity and absence of all expensive and extravagant adornments. There must have been something very becoming in this costume, as certain ladies, in fashionable life, at the present day, imitate it as closely as possible, when in "full dress."

Dispensing with the practice, now so prevalent, of indulging in a wedding tour, and not caring to publicly proclaim themselves as newly married by the occupancy of the Bridal Chambers in the hotels and on steamboats, the happy couple settled quietly down to the joys and cares of married life in the Garden of Eden, and were noted for their plain and unpretending manner of living. They kept no carriage, hired no opera box, gave no costly entertainments, but contented themselves with the simple, inexpensive, and satisfactory pleasures and enjoyments incident to the circumstances and surroundings. Adam was a good husband; he spent his evenings (and a good many of his days) at home; he had no business engagements "down street" after dark, nor did he belong to a club. He spent his evenings at home with his wife, whom he never humiliated by coming home late o' nights with a "brick in his hat," and a very ambiguous dialect. He did not even "color a meerschaum," but retained in his cheeks the color which else had been transmitted in deeper hue to the bowl of a pipe. His sleep was undisturbed by the effects of dissipation or nightmares of the stock-market; hence was calm and refreshing. Undoubtedly he was an early riser and loved the "dewy morn"—as we are sure he did "the gentle Eve." Eve was, doubtless, a very beautiful woman. Milton testifies that "grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love." She deserved, if any of her sex did, the credit of caring little for the blandishments of dress. Her tastes and habits were eminently domestic, and for her in truth there was no place like home.

Her amusements were few; she cared little for opera or ball, but she probably attended the matinees of Nature's songsters in the open air, where usher, programme, and reserved seats were unknown, and it is not unlikely that she frequently accompanied Adam to see the menagerie or collections of animals in the garden. We know that Adam went, for Scripture tells us that upon one occasion he called the animals names.

Eve, so far as we know, spent little of her time and money in "shopping," and it is not probable that she had ever heard of "Stewart's," that Mecca of American women. She never sent Adam to a restaurant for his meals on Mondays because they were "washing days," nor made his life miserable by reason of semi-annual "house cleanings." She was not a heartless woman of the world, nor did she ever indulge in gossip or scandal; she had no affiliation with Mrs. Grundy and kindred spirits, and never troubled herself about the ownership of an "extra pair of stockings" dangling from her neighbor's clothes line. Eve was frugal, contented and happy, moving serenely in first circles, and, undoubtedly, Adam loved her devotedly. Mr. Milton appears to have esteemed the family highly, intimated as much, and we have no doubt that he knew. We regret to add that misfortune eventually came upon this happy family. Eve unfortunately became involved in a transaction in fruit—apples, principally—in which Adam was involved, and their property, including the "homestead," passed out of their possession, and they were obliged to seek a residence elsewhere. From this time we know little about them except that Adam, by careful attention to his diet, managed to live to reach the age of 930, and died in the prime of manhood, his days being shortened, doubtless, materially by the loss of his property. Whether Eve survived him or deceased first we cannot say, but presume she did.

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Circumstances Alter Cases.

DEACON W—— was a boss carpenter, and a Baptist in "good and reg'lar standin'" in Rome, Oneida County, N.Y., more than forty years ago. One day, while he was working with his men on the third staging of a new Baptist church which he had contracted to build, he heard one of the hands utter an oath, and he at once began a sermon on the sin of swearing. Just as he had arrived at the most impressive part of the discourse, the platform on which they were standing gave way. The deacon threw up his arms and, gazing heavenward, exclaimed, "Lord have mercy!" The staging settled straight downward, struck the second platform, and that, too, trembled a moment, and then gave way. Again the deacon looked skyward and repeated, "Lord have mercy!" Then, as the combined weight of the two platforms, including the deacon and his four men, reached the last staging, and that tottered an instant and went down, the deacon, thinking his doom was at hand, fairly shouted, "Lord have mercy!" But when the entire mass struck the solid ground with a final crash and nobody was hurt, the deacon glanced at the wreck and angrily jerked out, "Damn the stage!"

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Moral—Never trust to a death-bed repentence. It won't stand prosperity.

"OLD TIMES."

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There's a beautiful song on the slumb'rous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It came from a clime where the roses were,
And a hopeful heart, and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a coach of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violets' eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird-warbles and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow—
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on slumb'rous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it at first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes;
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it, now, Old Times.

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How Our Ancestors Travelled.

The Boston *Transcript*, in an article on locomotion, remarked that the canal, turnpike, plankroad, steamboat, railway, river and mountain tunnel and electric telegraph, are of comparatively recent production in the western hemisphere. Julius Cæsar (B. C. 27) occupied eight days in traveling from the River Rhone to Rome, 850 miles. At the commencement of the Christian era, fifty-six miles was considered a good twelve hours journey by the cisium or postchaise. The news of the fall of Maximin (A. D. 244) was carried from Rome to Aquileia, 320 miles, in four days.

Postchaises were introduced by Trajan, A. D. 100. Carriages were known in France in 1300, when but two existed in Paris; in 1550 there were but three in that city, and those were of rude construction. Henry IV. had one, but it was without straps or springs. A strong cob-horse (*haquenee*) was let for short journeys; later, these were harnessed to a vehicle called *coche a haquenee* hence the name hackney coach. These were let for hire in Paris in 1650, at the Hotel Fiacre. They were known in England in 1555, but not the art of making them. When first made in England, during the reign of Elizabeth, they were called whirlicotes. Omnibusses were invented at Nantes in 1826, and were introduced into London in the year following by an enterprising coach proprietor named Shillaber. They were introduced into New York in 1828.

John Winthrop, the founder of New England in 1630, and who died in 1640, never saw a stage coach. In 1660 there were but six in England. Two days were occupied in passing from London to Oxford, fifty-four miles. In 1669 it was announced that a vehicle called the "flying coach" would perform the journey between sunrise and sunset. It excited as much interest as the opening of a new railway a generation ago. In 1737 the mail from London arrived at Edinburgh with only one letter in it. Even as late as 1760 it took four days to pass from *London* to Liverpool, two hundred and ten miles. It was not until 1825 that the daily line of coaches established between the two cities accomplished the distance in *forty-six* hours. And even as late as 1835 there were only seven coaches which ran daily between the two cities.

In 1631 Sir Roger Saltonstall was six weeks upon a journey from Salem to Jamestown. In 1606 Rev. Mr. Rogers, the second minister of Ipswich, was twenty-four weeks on a voyage from Gravesend to Boston.

The first stage-coach in America started from the site of No. 90 North street, Boston, for Portsmouth, in 1661. The first line of stage-coaches between *Boston* and New York was established in 1732, a coach leaving each city once a month. Fourteen days were required to complete the journey. The first line of stage-coaches from New York for Boston started from the Fresh Water, now the site of the Tombs, in 1772.

In 1776 the news of the repeal of the stamp act was eight weeks in crossing the ocean. The first express agent from Boston to New York carried an account of the destruction of the tea in Boston *Harbor*. He left Boston on Friday afternoon, and arrived in New York on Tuesday afternoon. In 1776 Josiah Quincy, father and grandfather of the mayors of that name of Boston, spent thirty-three days upon a journey from Georgetown, S. C., to Philadelphia. In 1775 General Washington was eleven days in going from Philadelphia to Boston. Upon his arrival at Watertown he was met by a committee of citizens and congratulated upon the speed of his *journey*.

The first regular communication between Boston and Gloucester was established in 1788, by Jonathan Lowe, who ran a two-horse open carriage twice a week, each way. Besides the Gloucester coach, only four stages ran into Boston at that time. In 1802 the mail coach started from Boston for New York on Monday morning at eight o'clock, and was due in New York at noon on Friday. The news of the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, was twenty-nine days reaching Philadelphia. *Sixty* years ago the regular mail time between New York and Albany was eight days. As late as 1824 the United States mail was thirty-two days going from Portland to New Orleans.

The news of the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, at St. Helena, May 5, 1821, reached New York on the 15th of August. The news of the death of General Washington, at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799, reached Boston the tenth day after its occurrence. The news of the death of Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, July 24, 1826, reached Boston on the fourth day afterward. The news of the death of President Harrison, on the 4th of April, 1844, reached Boston on the third day afterward. The news of the death of President Taylor, on the 9th of July, 1850, was known in all the principal cities of the Union within one hour after its occurrence.

THE BLACK NAPOLEON.

A REMINISCENCE.

When I left school in 1824, I was acquainted at Marseilles with a young Egyptian, twenty-six years of age, named Napoleon Tard***. A certain identity of political opinions, and the same taste for solitude, soon cemented a strong friendship between us. All the disadvantage of our intimacy lay on his side, for I drank deep of knowledge from his conversation, and he instructed me in the Greek and Arabic languages, rendering his lessons truly delightful by recollections of his travels in Nubia, Ethiopia, and across the Jordan; by vast original information, and by those views which you cannot derive from books, because books are mutes, and have not the animation of gesture, nor the flash of the eye, nor the music of the voice, nor the quivering of the muscles. His memory, which he pretended he had lost, was encyclopedical. If you asked him for a word he would give you a volume. When he spoke I more than listened—I read. But the moment this overflowing of poetry, science, thought, and enthusiasm ceased, he would relapse into the deepest and most silent melancholy. Nothing could rouse him from it. A mild and constant smile alone denoted in him the motion of life. It was during this lethargic tranquility that you were struck with the muscular power of his thickset body, and with the fine form of his shoulders, arched and moulded like those of an antique statue. He was short, scarcely five feet four, but in such men the head is the body. His was of a size prodigiously out of proportion with his bust, although the latter was very large; whilst his thin and nervous legs were like those of all Orientals, without exception, inhabiting the borders of a desert. His head displayed the largest cerebral development ever seen in a European, together with the finest characteristics of an African. His nose, boldly aquiline, hung over lips more natural than delicate in their form. His chin turned up a little too much, which gave to the lower part of his face an enervative and somewhat monkish expression. But it was impossible not to pass over this defect, when you perceived that which justified his claim to a resemblance of which he was proud. His eyes, of a transparent and dazzling blue, indicated that mental superiority with which God now and then invests certain men, to prove to the levelers of all ages the untruth of equality among mankind. The fascination of his eyes dragged you within the vortex of his will, where you were forced to remain and encounter the shock of his emotions and the concussion of his mental excitement. His eyes, which you wished you had never seen, and which it was impossible to forget when once you had come within their influence, flashed fire; and the dark orbs which encircled these two burning mirrors, enabled you to comprehend at what price God sometimes bestows genius, and what constant suffering he kindles in those hearts which serve as its altars. From this description, which my feeble pen has left so imperfect, the reader will be reminded of the noble countenance of Napoleon, which will be handed down to the latest posterity. It is one of the family portraits of human nature.

Your idea of Tard*** would be incomplete if you forget he was a half-caste. Upon his huge, thick and hard skull was stretched a tanned skin always in perspiration. The straight hair of the Corsican fell over two large, flat and primitive ears. His was the frame of Napoleon, covered with the skin of Sesostris.

Let those who comprehend Napoleon's mission upon earth, who know what energy he derived from the Corsican, Genoese, and Florentine blood mingled in his veins, measure, if they dare, the confusion into which the same man would have thrown the social economy had he been born in Africa, his veins swollen with black blood, galloping naked upon a horse without a saddle, pointing with his sword to the west, and showing it to his people, as a tamer of wild beasts would show a quarter of fresh meat to a lion; moving men not with ideas of independence and glory—which symbols have no meaning but among old nations, rubbed smooth with worn-out civilization—but with miracles in deeds—lengthening the desert wherever he passed—realizing the unity of empires by death, and unviersal peace by silence—leaving in each conquered city a flame for ensign and a fire for garrison.

The consciousness of his high birth and two-fold origin, now kept Tard*** in a state of sombre preoccupation. As soon as our intimacy warranted every kind of confidence, he constantly talked to me of his mad projects in the East. "The East is mine," he would say, "as the West belonged to my father Napoleon. I will state my descent, my name, and my *projects*; I will place myself at the head, not of the Turks, but of the Arabs. The former have run their race. With the Arabs I will restore the civilization of the Ptolemies. I speak their language; I belong to their race; I am of their blood, and they will listen to me. I will call each city, each town, each hamlet, each man and each child by their several names. All will come to me; and the Nile, and the sands of the desert, and the winds shall roll towards Cairo and Alexandria as did the armies of Cambyses. The cross of the Cophts and the three colors shall operate new prodigies. I will do for Egypt that which my father had not the generosity to do. He wanted it only as a road to India, instead of making it independent. Egypt shall with me and by me be free; free by my sword, by the cross, and by the three colors. No more beys, nor pachas, nor slaves. Freedom, as in the time of the Caliphs, will I establish. See you this casquette?" he continued; "I will place it upon the pinnacle of Mecca. Until that time it shall never quit my possession; then shall civilization revolve around it. Then shall we open our libraries; then shall we call to us science now enslaved in old Europe. It shall come to us from Germany, and Italy, and Spain. The Arabic of the Caliphs, the Greek of Plato, and the Latin of Tacitus shall run through the streets of Alexandria. Then shall the light again come from the East, and the prophecies be accomplished!"

And I have seen him full of these strange ideas, full of projects of conquests, gallop half-naked upon the sand along the seashore, calling with his strong and sonorous voice upon the nations who dwell upon the banks of the Nile, the borders of the desert, and skirt the mountains of Ethiopia, waving his hand in the wind, as if balancing the scimetar, and shouting in Arabic, "Ye people and nations! behold the son of Kebir!"

Then stopping on a sudden, he would resume the mild and constant smile which I have already noticed, whilst the upper part of his face assumed the most perfect immobility. Insensibly the color which his enthusiasm and violent excitement had raised upon his cheeks would fade and merge into the hue of sadness, which like a cloud descended from his brow. Here again was to be seen the deep thought of Napoleon, so admirably represented in the picture of the battle of Eylau.

Let us use the privilege of poetry, and suppose for a moment that Napoleon's legitimate son, the Duke of Reichstadt, had realized some of those sublime hopes dreamt of by those who idolized his father—by men enthusiastic enough to adore Napoleon as a prodigy, and thoughtless enough to dishonor his renown, by supposing that the same greatness could exist a second time by mere force of descent; let us suppose that the political fetters so well and so adroitly fixed around the existence of the Duke of Reichstadt had burst of themselves, and that the son of Napoleon, as a soldier at St. Roch, an artillery officer at Toulon, and a General in Italy, had earned the right of leading our armies to the plains of Egypt, whither we had sent them a second time to obtain that which was there sought by his father—namely, a sun warm enough to dry the blood stains of another revolution—(for after civil murder, glory must be won; the alternative must lie between external war and the public executioner at home);—let us suppose this and who knows if Providence would not have placed face to face two principles sprung like Oromasis and Arimanes, from the same origin, and have revived for us incredulous people those mythic beings, who at first, under real human forms, lead men in herds to some act of regeneration, whether of blood or of fire, and who after they disappear, become moral truths like Typhon, Isis, and Osiris? Why should not this young prince, this legitimate son of Napoleon, have promoted that eternal tendency of Europe to obtain possession of Egypt, for the purpose of making an easy road to India, the cradle of civilization? And why should not the young Egyptian, the illegitimate son of Napoleon, have represented that want, already felt by Africa under its Mameloucs and its Pachas, of shaking off the besotted yoke of the Sultans? It would have been a wonderful spectacle for mankind to see two men sprung from the same father—one pale as Europe, the other bronzed like Africa—meeting under the curve of their sabres in their first march towards each other, asking each other's name, and each replying "Napoleon!"

Yes! I believe in the existence of an energetic and divine power, produced by the meeting of certain syllables and certain numbers. Without unfolding the mysteries of the Cabal, I believe that these two names, forming but one, would have aroused from their sleep of stone, Alexandria and its pharos, and its bazaars, and its arsenals, and its towers, and its nine hundred thousand inhabitants. I believe that the powerful breath of this double apparition would have dispersed the fine sand which now wears away so many noble monuments of granite; that in lieu of this dust would have sprung up columns and capitals hewed out of the petrified date tree, and all that population of statutes formed from the natural productions of Egypt.

Egypt only produces statues made from its sand, and sand which is made solely from its statues. Nothingness and form come and go alternately. To-day there is a pyramid, to-morrow a few heaps of sand. The Great Desert is but a collection of pounded cities.

But let us quit the field of hypothesis, and return to the reality of my narrative.

Tard*** added to his powerful energy of character, the most simple pursuits, and much innocence in his amusements. He was passionately fond of flowers. A sunset in the bosom of our Mediterranean threw him into extacy. His Oriental life always swam upon the surface of the habits he acquired in Europe. He used the bath and perfumes to excess, and when the heat of the weather was great, the veil of drowsiness threw over his eyes that languor peculiar to the women of the East, as well as to lions and tigers.

Before we proceed further I must state that Tard*** was mad, but his madness was nothing more than a philosophical monomania. It was so whimsical that it would hardly be worth recording did it not unravel the denoument of his life. I know not from what course of reading or study he had imbibed his system, but he believed neither in the mortality of the soul nor in the mortality of the body. Death, so far as he could define it to me, he seemed to consider a mere change of country, a forced journey from one place to another. The man murdered or presumed dead in Paris would be found in Berlin or London. He positively denied a total disappearance. Thus, he said he had met somewhere walking together Rousseau and Reynal, Buffon and Linnæus; and, according to him, grave-diggers were sinecurists and cemeteries a farce. With such a system of belief, aided by the officious resources of logic, murder was in his eyes only a forcible expulsion from one country, and a sentence of death only a passport to other climes. I believe that this fatal extravagance of belief may have proceeded from an accident, which readily admits of an explanation, but which made a very lasting impression upon his mind. During his childhood, and on the occasion perhaps of some insurrection in favor of his claim to the throne of the Pharaohs, he had stabbed a camel-driver at Cairo. Some years after this murder, or rather this duel, he met, or thought he met, this same man at Aleppo. Now, whether the camel-driver was the victim of the application of this system, or the first cause of his error, I am not prepared to say; for I never knew. Be that as it may, Tard*** positively denied the mortality of the body.

He had attained to that age when the contrast of a precarious condition with gigantic views and hopes in after years, cease to be in equilibrium. The poetry which had kept his mind within bounds was fast disappearing.

Tired of the delays caused by the refusal of his two uncles—respectable merchants, one of whom had been several times elected member of the national representation—to advance him money for his intended voyage to Egypt, Tard*** complained of their parsimony. He could not understand their refusing him the money necessary to take possession of the throne of the Caliphs. These worthy merchants, without denying the august descent of their nephew, would have preferred adding him to their establishment as a book-keeper, to seeing him a Pharaoh I., an Aroun, or an Abasside. They therefore declined to supply him with funds for such a purpose.

One day as I was walking with him on the port of Marseilles, he began to play with a small knife, about two inches long, which he held between his fingers; he then begged of me to wait for him a moment. Returning in a short time, he said, shutting his knife, "I have just dispatched my two uncles for America—which means, in your language, that I have just killed them."

At the same instant two gendarmes increased my astonishment and stupefaction by arresting, with these words, the expeditive nephew: "In the name of the law, Napoleon Tard***, you are our prisoner; you have murdered your two uncles!"

On his trial at the Assize Court at Aix, Napoleon Tard*** swerved not from his character. But his metaphysical monomania upon the subject of death did not save him.

He proceeded to the scaffold without fear, and without a murmur, deeply impressed with the idea that he could not die, because his body was immortal as well as his soul. He displayed only that smile, half sinister and half lovely, which I have before mentioned.

He must, however, have been well pleased at seeing such an abundance of fruit and flowers as were collected at the place to which he was taken. For the place of execution at Aix is embalmed twice a week with all the vegetable wonders of Provence—the Delta of Southern France. The Nile is not more lavish of its gifts than the Rhone and the Durance. He thought, no doubt, that these perfumes were for him. Without a cravat, his neck free, and his eyes brilliant and sparkling, he walked through the crowd as if he were taking a stroll in the country. He would have been content had he been allowed a carnation in his buttonhole and a switch in his hand.

He was in the market-place of Aix, and on a market day.

In the glowing beams of a sunshine in Provence, the imperial head of the victim fell by the knife of the guillotine, and the blood of Napoleon stained the pavement.

One day, when the executioner came to Marseilles to purchase a better blade and two stronger planks, a certain young man whom I may be allowed not to name, received a casquette, as the dying bequest of Tard***.

It was the one which was to have crowned the minaret at Mecca, and rallied the civilization of the East.

TOM BRIGHTON'S MISTAKE.

BY LEO LEROY.

"A NEW dress for you, dear," said Tom Brighton, handing a parcel to his charming little wife, as he stepped into the dining-room, where she was putting the finishing touches to the tempting repast. "It's a real beauty, too; I selected it myself."

"A new dress for me? Oh, let's see it, quick!" and the busy fingers tugged at the cord, as she tried in vain to get a peep at the treasure within. At last the cord broke, but not until it had cut one of the little white fingers that had been working at it; and, as she started, and held up the injured member, her liege lord could not forbear delivering a short discourse on the subject of curiosity; for "lecturing" in a small way was a great weakness with Tom.

"That's just like a woman, any way," said he; "instead of cutting the cord with a knife, your impatience causes you to tear your fingers; and your impatience is caused by your womanish curiosity, which you certainly should make an effort to subdue."

"Womanish curiosity, indeed!" said Carrie, eying her swollen finger ruefully, but very indignant, withal. "I'm sure I can't see any reason why you should say *womanish* curiosity; for I'm sure the gentlemen have quite as much curiosity as the ladies."

"Oh, nonsense, dear! It is useless to talk in that way, for woman's curiosity is proverbial; why, I wouldn't possess as much of that ridiculous quality as most of the ladies do for untold gold! Not that I blame you, dear," he added, in a patronizing tone. "It's natural, I suppose."

"I don't agree with you at all, Tom," said Carrie. "But the dinner's getting cold, so we'll drop the subject and talk of something more agreeable; how I'll have my new dress made, for instance; for it is really very pretty, and I want it to look stylish."

So the dress was laid aside, and the subject of curiosity forgotten by one of the disputants. But not so with the other.

nothing you would care about," said Carrie, and so the subject dropped.

Tom went to his office and seated himself to attend to his books, but, somehow, the thought that Carrie had locked something away that he was not to see troubled him, although he would not have acknowledged the fact even to himself. At noon, on entering the dining-room, he did not find Carrie in her usual place; the parlor, also, was vacant; so he passed quietly up the stairs, and along the hall, until he came to their sleeping-room. Just as he opened the door he heard a key turn in a lock, and noticed that his wife started quickly from the bureau, and, making an excuse about dinner, hastily quitted the room.

Tom walked directly to the bureau, and gazed long and earnestly at the forbidden drawer.

"What in the world can Carrie have in there?" he soliloquized. "There can surely be no harm in looking, for she should have no secrets from me. I'll try if any of my keys will fit."

Suiting the action to the word, a large bunch of keys was taken from his pocket, and each in turn tried; but none of them would fit, and, as Carrie announced dinner, he was obliged to leave the mystery unsolved, although he had determined, sooner or later, to know what that drawer contained.

Several days passed, and with each succeeding one his anxiety to fathom the mystery increased, until he heard, with joy, Carrie's announcement that she was going to spend the afternoon and evening at her mother's.

"Fortune favors me," thought Tom, "for surely I

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shall have an opportunity of finding out what Carrie keeps locked away so closely in that bureau."

His thoughts often wandered from his business, during the afternoon, and he hailed with joy the hour for returning home. After eating a hasty supper, he betook himself to his room, vowing that he would not leave it again until he had learned what was concealed in the drawer. Having tried all his keys, and finding them all too large, or too small, he had hit upon a plan by which he hoped to accomplish his purpose without unlocking the drawer. The bureau being an old-fashioned article of furniture, the top, instead of being fastened, raised on hinges. So Tom, who had thought of this, took the vase of flowers, that Carrie had placed on the bureau that morning, in his right hand, and, with his left, cautiously raised the top of the bureau; but no sooner had he raised the cover, enough to disclose the contents of the drawer, and leaned his head over to take a peep, than the most piteous cries issued from the drawer, and in the instant the cover remained raised he discovered an infant, lying within the drawer, and crying as if its heart would break. But that one glance was enough. In his astonishment he let fall the cover of the bureau, which came crashing down on the vase in his hand, which he had placed upon the corner to steady himself as he looked into the drawer. The vase was broken into a dozen pieces, one of which inflicted a serious wound upon his hand.

He was so lost in amazement at the sight he had seen, that he did not notice his hand, from which the blood was flowing, until Carrie ran into the room, her eyes brimfull of fun, and asked, in the most innocent manner possible,—

"How do you like the baby, Tom?"

"Why, Carrie, I thought you were at your mother's," said Tom, looking rather sheepish now that Carrie had caught him.

"Oh, no, Tom, I didn't dare go for fear you would get into mischief."

"But that baby will smother, Carrie, in that drawer; whose is it, and why did you put it there?"

"I guess it isn't smothered yet, Tom," said Carrie, at the same time raising the cover of the bureau, and taking out a big wax doll, all dressed in long clothes, and looking the baby to perfection. "You see, Tom, I bought it as a present for little Mattie Ward, who is visiting my little sister; I put it there because I was determined to prove to you that you possess quite as much curiosity as I do. I didn't go to mother's to-day, but stayed at home on purpose to watch you; for I felt sure that this evening you would make a final attempt to find out what was in the drawer. I selected the top drawer, because I was sure you would think of the cover. This cord is attached to a band around dollie's waist, and also to the bureau cover, so that when you raise the cover it draws the band tight, and makes it cry."

"A nice idea, indeed!" said Tom, sulkily. "But I wouldn't mind, if it wasn't for my hand."

"I'm sorry for you, dear," said Carrie, demurely. "But it wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for your mannish curiosity."

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "you have won the day this time, and I might as well admit that men are troubled with as much curiosity as women; although I never would have dreamed to what an extent I possessed the quality if you hadn't played this joke upon me."

"Well, now that you've acknowledged your error I'll forgive you," said Carrie, as she led the way down-stairs, to attend to the wounded hand.

Many years have passed since Carrie showed Tom his mistake in supposing that curiosity was a quality possessed only by women; and whenever he commences to "lecture" his little wife, she can silence him in a moment by saying, "Has that scar left your hand, Tom?" That is enough for Tom, as he still carries the scar on his hand, caused by the broken vase at the time *he learned* his mistake.

"I WILL COME."

MADAME JOUVIN did not live in Paris, but in a little chateau not far from that gay city, where her husband, Monsieur Jouvin, thought her safer than in the gay metropolis. Of course monsieur was master in his own house, but madame loved Paris—its shops, its plays, its operas, its gay promenades, its Bois de Boulogne, its delightful atmosphere of bustle and hilarity.

Madame would willingly have left her peaceful chateau for ever, had monsieur been of her own mind. But he was enchanted with the country, and thought it charming to find his wife at her embroidery on the little balcony, whenever he returned from what he called that *triste* city where he transacted business. Always when the hour of his home-coming arrived, madame sat there, in a becoming toilet, a red rose in her black hair, or a bunch of blue forget-me-nots in her bosom.

She was wise in her generation, and never told him that she found the chateau dull; neither did she hint that at times she found him very, very dull also. She was a young woman, this Madame Jouvin—a tropical sort of creature, with wonderful black eyes and crimson cheeks. He was an old man, frigid and gray-headed, heavy, slow and plain.

He had been married in his youth, and had been a childless widower many years, when one day he went into the shop in which Mademoiselle Justine sold gloves, to buy a pair. She tried them on for him. The saleswomen do that for any man in Paris.

She fitted on the fingers, and patted down the back, and buttoned it about the wrist of his knobby, old, blue veined hand with her own little dimpled, velvety, brown fingers, and then declared, with her eyes fixed full upon his own, that it fitted charmingly.

Old Jouvin bought more than gloves that day, and paid in other coin than money. In a word, he fell in love with little Justine Le Roux, and went home with his old heart beating delightfully. He patronised the glover to a remarkable extent that month, and married Justine the next. He married her for pure love. She married him solely for his money.

When they had been married a year, monsieur felt that it would be better to live out of town. He was not jealous, but it would be better. So the chateau and the pretty picture of madame waiting for monsieur, her husband, in the twilight, with the roses in her hair.

But there were other pictures, too; madame could not always be expected to be alone. Visitors are not unusual things a few miles from town, and a married lady may do what a single one may not.

Sometimes madame received M. Octave Deveaux at lunch. Afterward they walked in the garden, or sat together in the little summer house, where madame was rather pleased to hear Octave declare that he was desolate when he remembered that she was not mademoiselle. He was handsome, this Octave; young, like herself; ardent and merry.

Sometimes madame used to figure to herself how different it would be to have a husband who, like herself, loved Paris and its amusement; who, instead of lazy dressing gown and slippers, and great armchair, would like nothing better than to dance all night, and end at daylight with a little supper.

She believed that, having met her, as good old M. Jouvin did, Octave would have offered his hand and heart to her. She was mistaken. It was very well to make love to pretty Madame Jouvin; nay, should she become a widow with a fine fortune, M. Octave might indeed offer her his hand; but the poor girl behind the glove counter would never have won his honored attentions. He had half a dozen little affairs of the heart on his hands at once, and, gallant and handsome as he was, had not as much good in his whole body as old Jouvin had in one of those knobby hands of his.

Jouvin had never been gallant, but about his life there was, after all, a sort of beauty. He had honored his mother and his first wife, and through them all women; and about his heart, as he sat in his easy chair, in his big dressing-gown and slippers, hovered a certain sweetness akin to the freshness of youth's love, as the odor of dried rose leaves is to that of new-blown roses.

There had never been any freshness in any of Octave's loves, and there was poison at their heart. If madame had only known and seen the very truth, perhaps that little tableau that the pleasant twilight so often looked upon had been something more than a picture.

It was partly because of M. Octave that M. Jouvin had moved to the chateau. Such a man as that should not flutter around his wife. She was too innocent to know, but he knew well what he was.

Of course madame never mentioned to her husband that M. Octave ever called. Celestine, the maid, kept the secret, and had half worn gowns galore. These calls were all that relieved the monotony of madame's life France is a country where embraces are common; still, perhaps monsieur would not have cared to see these two exchange kisses when they parted.

It had come to that at last; to that and a rubbish of romance that madame took for gospel truth. And so, one day, when they sauntered down the long, pleasant grove to where his horse was tied beside the gate, he said to her,—

"Ah, Justine! seven long, dreadful days before we meet again."

And she whispered,—

"And how they would fly if we spent them together! Are you sure you will come this day week?"

"On this hour, this day week, if I live," he said.

"Don't say such horrible things," said she.

"Well, alive or dead, then," he laughed.

She gave a little scream. He smothered it with a kiss.

"*Au revoir!*" he cried, and rode away.

She went to her balcony to wait for monsieur, her husband. Seven days. How eventful they often are! How much is crowded into them at other times!

Six of these days that followed were mere days of eating, and sleeping, and returning to his chateau, to M. Jouvin. On the seventh, a terrible thing came to him—it was the woeful day of his life, but he did not know it. He arose and dressed as usual. He sauntered in his garden, and rejoiced in the budding of the hawthorn. He told madame that she was fresher than the flowers, and drove away in his little gig in the highest spirits possible. He made a good bargain that day, and felt pleased by it as was but natural.

At noon he strolled into a *cafe*, to take some refreshments. It was a quiet little place, and in the room he entered were only two men, waiting at a little table to be served. One was M. Octave. They only bowed to each other. But, after the business of eating was over, the old merchant was not churlish enough to depart without further salutation.

"It is a fine day, sir," he said to M. Octave.

"Very fine, sir," said Octave; "and you who live in the country see it at its best."

"Yes," said old Jouvin, "there you are right. It was a pretty picture as I drove away this morning. My little chateau on the river bank, the hawthorn in the garden, and my wife smiling at me over the gate from among her flowers. There is peace and purity in the country, monsieur. It is a happy place to live."

He bowed and went out. The young man sauntered toward a window.

"Poor old fellow," laughed Octave, in a low, boasting voice; "I wonder what he would say if he knew how often I have kissed his wife amongst those flowers in his peaceful country garden—ha! ha!"

The laugh had not passed his lips when he fell to the ground, senseless and bleeding.

Monsieur Jouvin had returned for his cane, which he had left behind him. He had heard his words, and in his rage had seized a bottle of wine that stood upon the table and broke it over his head.

"He uttered lies about my wife," he said, as the throng from the outer room gathered about them; "lies, gentlemen—audacious lies!"

One among the crowd, who was a surgeon, knelt down beside the wounded man. He held his watch in one hand, and put a finger of the other upon Octave's pulse. The hands of the watch pointed to half-past twelve. Then he dropped the hand and the watch, and thrust his hand in under the embroidered shirt over the heart that, a few moments before, was beating like all the other hearts there.

"*Mon Dieu!* the man is dead!" he cried.

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It was half-past four. Madame, in the garden of her peaceful chateau, looked over the little fence from amongst the flowers, down the long, white, dusty road. She was disappointed. Octave had not come; nor did she hear the clatter of his horse's hoofs from afar.

"I doubt if he is coming," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Oh, these men, are they all alike?"

But as she turned she saw Octave standing near her.

"Ah, you have come!" she cried. "Did you arrive by the train?"

"I don't know," he said, in a dreamy sort of way. "I said I would come, and I am here."

He was very pale, and, now that she looked at him more closely, she saw that his hair and dress were dishevelled.

"Octave," she whispered, a strange terror creeping over her, "are you ill? Have you met with some accident?"

"I said I would come dead or alive," he answered, in the same low monotone. "I am here."

Madame would have screamed if she could; but she was voiceless. She supported herself by the garden gate. She tried to ask again if he had met with some accident, but she could only gasp. Then slowly, quietly, with a motion that thrilled her with an agony of horror, she saw him turn the back of his head toward her. A great cut lay across it, and the blood dropped, dropped, dropped. Madame knew no more. At last she was lying in the garden path, and Celestine and a strange man were trying to raise her to her feet.

"Why did you not seek for your mistress sooner?" she heard the man ask. "An attentive maid you must be certainly."

"I did not think madame wanted me," said the maid, flippantly. "I have never known madame to faint before. But come, this is no time to tell her ill news."

"What is the news?" gasped madame.

"Be tranquil, madame," said the man. "It is only that monsieur will not be home to-night; but monsieur is well."

"There is something more," she said.

"A little arrest; that is all. The law will not permit monsieur to return home to-night."

"He is arrested! and for what?" screamed madame.

"Be tranquil, madame," cried the man again. "Do not disturb yourself. Monsieur has had the misfortune to kill young Monsieur Octave Deveaux."

Then Celestine screamed,—

"Madame faints again! Wretched man, I told you so!"

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It was for a very brief time that they sentenced Monsieur Jouvin, I believe; but he was old, and died in prison.

As for madame, she lies in a darker grave than his—the madhouse. Her cheeks are crimson, as of yore, her eyes as black, but her cheeks are thin and hollow. She is generally very quiet, but now and then, at the most unexpected moment, she will start to her feet and stand staring at something unseen by other eyes than hers.

"He said he would come," she mutters, in the hoarse whisper that is all that remains of her once beautiful voice. "He said he would come, alive or dead, and he is here."

And after this, she is as wild a thing as a tiger for many dreadful hours.

Perils of the Frontier.

A Swim for Life—"And Hereby Hangs a Tale."

While I was walking along Market street one day last week, I heard some one call my name. On looking around I saw a face that I had not seen before for years. During the first year of Sam Starr's absence in Montana, he wrote to me occasionally; then, like most of those who go to far off places, he stopped writing. While he remained in San Francisco, I kept him busy relating his adventures in the buffalo and Indian country; what follows is one of them:

"I went to Montana to engage in mining. When I arrived there it was in the Fall, the ditches were frozen, and the miners going into Winter quarters. Finding business dull I concluded to go and visit an old army acquaintance, stationed at Fort Shaw. He offered me a position in the quarter-master's department. I knew that it would be the best thing that I could do during the Winter, and accepted it. The following Spring it became necessary to send some one down to Camp Cook to superintend the shipping of some military stores. I was the one selected to go. 24

"Camp Cook was a military post on the Missouri river, eighty miles by trail below Fort Benton.

"It was a perilous journey for a man to make. Colonel Baker had, a short time before, annihilated one branch of the Peigans, and while the punishment they received had a tendency to keep Indians from raiding into the settlements, it also made them more bitter against the whites; and when one who was not a Fort Benton whisky trader ventured into their country and came out alive, he had no reason to thank them for his good luck.

"The first day I rode from Fort Shaw to Fort Benton. I learned at the latter place that for sixty miles, owing to the many deep ravines putting into the river, the road was bad, and that the remaining twenty were across a prairie.

"That distance was a long journey for my horse to travel in one day on a good road, and in order to give him as many hours as possible to make it in, I was in the saddle the following morning before sume the mild and constant smile which I have already noticed, whilst the upper part of his face assumed the most perfect immobility. Insensibly the color which his enthusiasm and violent excitement had raised upon his cheeks would fade and merge into the hue of sadness, which like a cloud descended from his brow. Here again was to be seen the deep thought of Napoleon, so admirably represented in the picture of the battle of Eylau.

Let us use the privilege of poetry, and suppose for a moment that Napoleon's legitimate son, the Duke of Reichstadt, had realized some of those sublime hopes dreamt of by those who idolized his father—by men enthusiastic enough to adore Napoleon as a prodigy, and thoughtless enough to dishonor his renown, by supposing that the same greatness could exist a second time by mere force of descent; let us suppose that the political fetters so well and so adroitly fixed around the existence of the Duke of Reichstadt had burst of themselves, and that the son of Napoleon, as a soldier at St. Roch, an artillery officer at Toulon, and a General in Italy, had earned the right of leading our armies to the plains of Egypt, whither we had sent them a second time to obtain that which was there sought by his father—namely, a sun warm enough to dry the blood stains of another revolution—(for after civil murder, glory must be won; the alternative must lie between external war and the public executioner at home);—let us suppose this and who knows if Providence would not have placed face to face two principles sprung like Oromasis and Arimanes, from the same origin, and have revived for us incredulous people those mythic beings, who at first, under real human forms, lead men in herds to some act of regeneration, whether of blood or of fire, and who after they disappear, become moral truths like Typhon, Isis, and Osiris? Why should not this young prince, this legitimate son of Napoleon, have promoted that eternal tendency of Europe to obtain possession of Egypt, for the purpose of making an easy road to India, the cradle of civilization? And why should not the young Egyptian, the illegitimate son of Napoleon, have represented that want, already felt by Africa under its Mameloucs and its Pachas, of shaking off the besotted yoke of the Sultans? It would have been a wonderful spectacle for mankind to see two men sprung from the same father—one pale as Europe, the other bronzed like Africa—meeting under the curve of their sabres in their first march towards each other, asking each other's name, and each replying "Napoleon!"

Yes! I believe in the existence of an energetic and divine power, produced by the meeting of certain syllables and certain numbers. Without unfolding the mysteries of the Cabal, I believe that these two names, forming but one, would have aroused from their sleep of stone, Alexandria and its pharos, and its bazaars, and its arsenals, and its towers, and its nine hundred thousand inhabitants. I believe that the powerful breath of this double apparition would have dispersed the fine sand which now wears away so many noble monuments of granite; that in lieu of this dust would have sprung up columns and capitals hewed out of the petrified date tree, and all that population of statutes formed from the natural productions of Egypt.

Egypt only produces statues made from its sand, and sand which is made solely from its statues. Nothingness and form come and go alternately. To-day there is a pyramid, to-morrow a few heaps of sand. The Great Desert is but a collection of pounded cities.

But let us quit the field of hypothesis, and return to the reality of my narrative.

Tard*** added to his powerful energy of character, the most simple pursuits, and much innocence in his amusements. He was passionately fond of flowers. A sunset in the bosom of our Mediterranean threw him into extacy. His Oriental life always swam upon the surface of the habits he acquired in Europe. He used the bath and perfumes to excess, and when the heat of the weather was great, the veil of drowsiness threw over his eyes that languor peculiar to the women of the East, as well as to lions and tigers.

Before we proceed further I must state that Tard*** was mad, but his madness was nothing more than a philosophical monomania. It was so whimsical that it would hardly be worth recording did it not unravel the denoument of his life. I know not from what course of reading or study he had imbibed his system, but he believed neither in the mortality of the soul nor in the mortality of the body. Death, so far as he could define it to me, he seemed to consider a mere change of country, a forced journey from one place to another. The man murdered or presumed dead in Paris would be found in Berlin or London. He positively denied a total disappearance. Thus, he said he had met somewhere walking together Rousseau and Reynal, Buffon and Linnæus; and, according to him, grave-diggers were sinecurists and cemeteries a farce. With such a system of belief, aided by the officious resources of logic, murder was in his eyes only a forcible expulsion from one country, and a sentence of death only a passport to other climes. I believe that this fatal extravagance of belief may have proceeded from an accident, which readily admits of an explanation, but which made a very lasting impression upon his mind. During his childhood, and on the occasion perhaps of some insurrection in favor of his claim to the throne of the Pharaohs, he had stabbed a camel-driver at Cairo. Some years after this murder, or rather this duel, he met, or thought he met, this same man at Aleppo. Now, whether the camel-driver was the victim of the application of this system, or the first cause of his error, I am not prepared to say; for I never knew. Be that as it may, Tard*** positively denied the mortality of the body.

He had attained to that age when the contrast of a precarious condition with gigantic views and hopes in after years, cease to be in equilibrium. The poetry which had kept his mind within bounds was fast disappearing.

Tired of the delays caused by the refusal of his two uncles—respectable merchants, one of whom had been several times elected member of the national representation—to advance him money for his intended voyage to Egypt, Tard*** complained of their parsimony. He could not understand their refusing him the money necessary to take possession of the throne of the Caliphs. These worthy merchants, without denying the august descent of their nephew, would have preferred adding him to their establishment as a book-keeper, to seeing him a Pharaoh I., an Aroun, or an Abasside. They therefore declined to supply him with funds for such a purpose.

One day as I was walking with him on the port of Marseilles, he began to play with a small knife, about two inches long, which he held between his fingers; he then begged of me to wait for him a moment. Returning in a short time, he said, shutting his knife, "I have just dispatched my two uncles for America—which means, in your language, that I have just killed them."

At the same instant two gendarmes increased my astonishment and stupefaction by arresting, with these words, the expeditive nephew: "In the name of the law, Napoleon Tard***, you are our prisoner; you have murdered your two uncles!"

On his trial at the Assize Court at Aix, Napoleon Tard*** swerved not from his character. But his metaphysical monomania upon the subject of death did not save him.

He proceeded to the scaffold without fear, and without a murmur, deeply impressed with the idea that he could not die, because his body was immortal as well as his soul. He displayed only that smile, half sinister and half lovely, which I have before mentioned.

He must, however, have been well pleased at seeing such an abundance of fruit and flowers as were collected at the place to which he was taken. For the place of execution at Aix is embalmed twice a week with all the vegetable wonders of Provence—the Delta of Southern France. The Nile is not more lavish of its gifts than the Rhone and the Durance. He thought, no doubt, that these perfumes were for him. Without a cravat, his neck free, and his eyes brilliant and sparkling, he walked through the crowd as if he were taking a stroll in the country. He would have been content had he been allowed a carnation in his buttonhole and a switch in his hand.

He was in the market-place of Aix, and on a market day.

In the glowing beams of a sunshine in Provence, the imperial head of the victim fell by the knife of the guillotine, and the blood of Napoleon stained the pavement.

One day, when the executioner came to Marseilles to purchase a better blade and two stronger planks, a certain young man whom I may be allowed not to name, received a casquette, as the dying bequest of Tard***.

It was the one which was to have crowned the minaret at Mecca, and rallied the civilization of the East.

TOM BRIGHTON'S MISTAKE.

BY LEO LEROY.

"A NEW dress for you, dear," said Tom Brighton, handing a parcel to his charming little wife, as he stepped into the dining-room, where she was putting the finishing touches to the tempting repast. "It's a real beauty, too; I selected it myself."

"A new dress for me? Oh, let's see it, quick!" and the busy fingers tugged at the cord, as she tried in vain to get a peep at the treasure within. At last the cord broke, but not until it had cut one of the little white fingers that had been working at it; and, as she started, and held up the injured member, her liege lord could not forbear delivering a short discourse on the subject of curiosity; for "lecturing" in a small way was a great weakness with Tom.

"That's just like a woman, any way," said he; "instead of cutting the cord with a knife, your impatience causes you to tear your fingers; and your impatience is caused by your womanish curiosity, which you certainly should make an effort to subdue."

"Womanish curiosity, indeed!" said Carrie, eying her swollen finger ruefully, but very indignant, withal. "I'm sure I can't see any reason why you should say *womanish* curiosity; for I'm sure the gentlemen have quite as much curiosity as the ladies."

"Oh, nonsense, dear! It is useless to talk in that way, for woman's curiosity is proverbial; why, I wouldn't possess as much of that ridiculous quality as most of the ladies do for untold gold! Not that I blame you, dear," he added, in a patronizing tone. "It's natural, I suppose."

"I don't agree with you at all, Tom," said Carrie. "But the dinner's getting cold, so we'll drop the subject and talk of something more agreeable; how I'll have my new dress made, for instance; for it is really very pretty, and I want it to look stylish."

So the dress was laid aside, and the subject of curiosity forgotten by one of the disputants. But not so with the other. Carrie had determined that Tom should descend from his sublime heights of indifference to some display of curiosity, and set her wits to work to devise some means by which she might entrap her victim.

Some days had passed since the new dress was brought home, when, one morning, as Tom was looking for some business papers he had left at home some time previous, he suddenly remembered that he had placed them in a corner of the bureau drawer, and hastened at once to obtain them, but found, upon trying to open the drawer in question, that it was locked, and the key gone.

"Where's the key of the top drawer, dear?" he called to Carrie, who was dusting the parlor.

"In my pocket," was the quiet reply.

"Bring it to me, please."

"Oh, no!"

"Why not?"

"Because there's nothing there you want."

"Indeed there is; I want the papers I put there."

"They are in the next drawer, Tom; I changed everything in the top drawer to the one underneath it, as I wanted it for my own use."

Tom went back after the papers, only half satisfied with the explanation, and at breakfast asked, with as much indifference as he could assume, "what she prized so highly that she was obliged to keep it under lock and key."

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own lost life. I know that to me there was a strange interest in watching the play that had a fascination beyond the opera. Brilliant diamonds gleamed in her ears and on her neck; a costly silk enveloped her figure, and, thrown on carelessly, was a heavy white opera cloak, lined with scarlet, and waxen

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shall have an opportunity of finding out what Carrie keeps locked away so closely in that bureau."

His thoughts often wandered from his business, during the afternoon, and he hailed with joy the hour for returning home. After eating a hasty supper, he betook himself to his room, vowing that he would not leave it again until he had learned what was concealed in the drawer. Having tried all his keys, and finding them all too large, or too small, he had hit upon a plan by which he hoped to accomplish his purpose without unlocking the drawer. The bureau being an old-fashioned article of furniture, the top, instead of being fastened, raised on hinges. So Tom, who had thought of this, took the vase of flowers, that Carrie had placed on the bureau that morning, in his right hand, and, with his left, cautiously raised the top of the bureau; but no sooner had he raised the cover, enough to disclose the contents of the drawer, and leaned his head over to take a peep, than the most piteous cries issued from the drawer, and in the instant the cover remained raised he discovered an infant, lying within the drawer, and crying as if its heart would break. But that one glance was enough. In his astonishment he let fall the cover of the bureau, which came crashing down on the vase in his hand, which he had placed upon the corner to steady himself as he looked into the drawer. The vase was broken into a dozen pieces, one of which inflicted a serious wound upon his hand.

He was so lost in amazement at the sight he had seen, that he did not notice his hand, from which the blood was flowing, until Carrie ran into the room, her eyes brimfull of fun, and asked, in the most innocent manner possible,—

"How do you like the baby, Tom?"

"Why, Carrie, I thought you were at your mother's," said Tom, looking rather sheepish now that Carrie had caught him.

"Oh, no, Tom, I didn't dare go for fear you would get into mischief."

"But that baby will smother, Carrie, in that drawer; whose is it, and why did you put it there?"

"I guess it isn't smothered yet, Tom," said Carrie, at the same time raising the cover of the bureau, and taking out a big wax doll, all dressed in long clothes, and looking the baby to perfection. "You see, Tom, I bought it as a present for little Mattie Ward, who is visiting my little sister; I put it there because I was determined to prove to you that you possess quite as much curiosity as I do. I didn't go to mother's to-day, but stayed at home on purpose to watch you; for I felt sure that this evening you would make a final attempt to find out what was in the drawer. I selected the top drawer, because I was sure you would think of the cover. This cord is attached to a band around dollie's waist, and also to the bureau cover, so that when you raise the cover it draws the band tight, and makes it cry."

"A nice idea, indeed!" said Tom, sulkily. "But I wouldn't mind, if it wasn't for my hand."

"I'm sorry for you, dear," said Carrie, demurely. "But it wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for your mannish curiosity."

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "you have won the day this time, and I might as well admit that men are troubled with as much curiosity as women; although I never would have dreamed to what an extent I possessed the quality if you hadn't played this joke upon me."

"Well, now that you've acknowledged your error I'll forgive you," said Carrie, as she led the way down-stairs, to attend to the wounded hand.

Many years have passed since Carrie showed Tom his mistake in supposing that curiosity was a quality possessed only by women; and whenever he commences to "lecture" his little wife, she can silence him in a moment by saying, "Has that scar left your hand, Tom?" That is enough for Tom, as he still carries the scar on his hand, caused by the broken vase at the time *he learned* his mistake.

"I WILL COME."

MADAME JOUVIN did not live in Paris, but in a little chateau not far from that gay city, where her husband, Monsieur Jouvin, thought her safer than in the gay metropolis. Of course monsieur was master in his own house, but madame loved Paris—its shops, its plays, its operas, its gay promenades, its Bois de Boulogne, its delightful atmosphere of bustle and hilarity.

Madame would willingly have left her peaceful chateau for ever, had monsieur been of her own mind. But he was enchanted with the country, and thought it charming to find his wife at her embroidery on the little balcony, whenever he returned from what he called that *triste* city where he transacted business. Always when the hour of his home-coming arrived, madame sat there, in a becoming toilet, a red rose in her black hair, or a bunch of blue forget-me-nots in her bosom.

She was wise in her generation, and never told him that she found the chateau dull; neither did she hint that at times she found him very, very dull also. She was a young woman, this Madame Jouvin—a tropical sort of creature, with wonderful black eyes and crimson cheeks. He was an old man, frigid and gray-headed, heavy, slow and plain.

He had been married in his youth, and had been a childless widower many years, when one day he went into the shop in which Mademoiselle Justine sold gloves, to buy a pair. She tried them on for him. The saleswomen do that for any man in Paris.

She fitted on the fingers, and patted down the back, and buttoned it about the wrist of his knobby, old,

Sometimes madame used to figure to herself how different it would be to have a husband who, like herself, loved Paris and its amusement; who, instead of lazy dressing gown and slippers, and great armchair, would like nothing better than to dance all night, and end at daylight with a little supper.

She believed that, having met her, as good old M. Jouvin did, Octave would have offered his hand and heart to her. She was mistaken. It was very well to make love to pretty Madame Jouvin; nay, should she become a widow with a fine fortune, M. Octave might indeed offer her his hand; but the poor girl behind the glove counter would never have won his honored attentions. He had half a dozen little affairs of the heart on his hands at once, and, gallant and handsome as he was, had not as much good in his whole body as old Jouvin had in one of those knobby hands of his.

Jouvin had never been gallant, but about his life there was, after all, a sort of beauty. He had honored his mother and his first wife, and through them all women; and about his heart, as he sat in his easy chair, in his big dressing-gown and slippers, hovered a certain sweetness akin to the freshness of youth's love, as the odor of dried rose leaves is to that of new-blown roses.

There had never been any freshness in any of Octave's loves, and there was poison at their heart. If madame had only known and seen the very truth, perhaps that little tableau that the pleasant twilight so often looked upon had been something more than a picture.

It was partly because of M. Octave that M. Jouvin had moved to the chateau. Such a man as that should not flutter around his wife. She was too innocent to know, but he knew well what he was.

Of course madame never mentioned to her husband that M. Octave ever called. Celestine, the maid, kept the secret, and had half worn gowns galore. These calls were all that relieved the monotony of madame's life. France is a country where embraces are common; still, perhaps monsieur would not have cared to see these two exchange kisses when they parted.

It had come to that at last; to that and a rubbish of romance that madame took for gospel truth. And so, one day, when they sauntered down the long, pleasant grove to where his horse was tied beside the gate, he said to her,—

"Ah, Justine! seven long, dreadful days before we meet again."

And she whispered,—

"And how they would fly if we spent them together! Are you sure you will come this day week?"

"On this hour, this day week, if I live," he said.

"Don't say such horrible things," said she.

"Well, alive or dead, then," he laughed.

She gave a little scream. He smothered it with a kiss.

"*Au revoir!*" he cried, and rode away.

She went to her balcony to wait for monsieur, her husband. Seven days. How eventful they often are! How much is crowded into them at other times!

Six of these days that followed were mere days of eating, and sleeping, and returning to his chateau, to M. Jouvin. On the seventh, a terrible thing came to him—it was the woeful day of his life, but he did not know it. He arose and dressed as usual. He sauntered in his garden, and rejoiced in the budding of the hawthorn. He told madame that she was fresher than the flowers, and drove away in his little gig in the highest spirits possible. He made a good bargain that day, and felt pleased by it as was but natural.

At noon he strolled into a *cafe*, to take some refreshments. It was a quiet little place, and in the room he entered were only two men, waiting at a little table to be served. One was M. Octave. They only bowed to each other. But, after the business of eating was over, the old merchant was not churlish enough to depart without further salutation.

"It is a fine day, sir," he said to M. Octave.

"Very fine, sir," said Octave; "and you who live in the country see it at its best."

"Yes," said old Jouvin, "there you are right. It was a pretty picture as I drove away this morning. My little chateau on the river bank, the hawthorn in the garden, and my wife smiling at me over the gate from among her flowers. There is peace and purity in the country, monsieur. It is a happy place to live."

He bowed and went out. The young man sauntered toward a window.

"Poor old fellow," laughed Octave, in a low, boasting voice; "I wonder what he would say if he knew how often I have kissed his wife amongst those flowers in his peaceful country garden—ha! ha!"

The laugh had not passed his lips when he fell to the ground, senseless and bleeding.

Monsieur Jouvin had returned for his cane, which he had left behind him. He had heard his words, and in his rage had seized a bottle of wine that stood upon the table and broke it over his head.

"He uttered lies about my wife," he said, as the throng from the outer room gathered about them; "lies, gentlemen—audacious lies!"

One among the crowd, who was a surgeon, knelt down beside the wounded man. He held his watch in one hand, and put a finger of the other upon Octave's pulse. The hands of the watch pointed to half-past twelve. Then he dropped the hand and the watch, and thrust his hand in under the embroidered shirt over the heart that, a few moments before, was beating like all the other hearts there.

"*Mon Dieu!* the man is dead!" he cried.

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It was half-past four. Madame, in the garden of her peaceful chateau, looked over the little fence from amongst the flowers, down the long, white, dusty road. She was disappointed. Octave had not come; nor did she hear the clatter of his horse's hoofs from afar.

"I doubt if he is coming," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Oh, these men, are they all alike?"

But as she turned she saw Octave standing near her.

"Ah, you have come!" she cried. "Did you arrive by the train?"

"I don't know," he said, in a dreamy sort of way. "I said I would come, and I am here."

He was very pale, and, now that she looked at him more closely, she saw that his hair and dress were dishevelled.

"Octave," she whispered, a strange terror creeping over her, "are you ill? Have you met with some accident?"

"I said I would come dead or alive," he answered, in the same low monotone. "I am here."

Madame would have screamed if she could; but she was voiceless. She supported herself by the garden gate. She tried to ask again if he had met with some accident, but she could only gasp. Then slowly, quietly, with a motion that thrilled her with an agony of horror, she saw him turn the back of his head toward her. A great cut lay across it, and the blood dropped, dropped, dropped. Madame knew no more. At last she was lying in the garden path, and Celestine and a strange man were trying to raise her to her feet.

"Why did you not seek for your mistress sooner?" she heard the man ask. "An attentive maid you must be certainly."

"I did not think madame wanted me," said the maid, flippantly. "I have never known madame to faint before. But come, this is no time to tell her ill news."

"What is the news?" gasped madame.

"Be tranquil, madame," said the man. "It is only that monsieur will not be home to-night; but monsieur is well."

"There is something more," she said.

"A little arrest; that is all. The law will not permit monsieur to return home to-night."

"He is arrested! and for what?" screamed madame.

"Be tranquil, madame," cried the man again. "Do not disturb yourself. Monsieur has had the misfortune to kill young Monsieur Octave Deveaux."

Then Celestine screamed,—

"Madame faints again! Wretched man, I told you so!"

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It was for a very brief time that they sentenced Monsieur Jouvin, I believe; but he was old, and died in prison.

As for madame, she lies in a darker grave than his—the madhouse. Her cheeks are crimson, as of yore, her eyes as black, but her cheeks are thin and hollow. She is generally very quiet, but now and then, at the most unexpected moment, she will start to her feet and stand staring at something unseen by other eyes than hers.

"He said he would come," she mutters, in the hoarse whisper that is all that remains of her once beautiful voice. "He said he would come, alive or dead, and he is here."

And after this, she is as wild a thing as a tiger for many dreadful hours.

Perils of the Frontier.

A Swim for Life—"And Hereby Hangs a Tale."

While I was walking along Market street one day last week, I heard some one call my name. On looking around I saw a face that I had not seen before for years. During the first year of Sam Starr's absence in Montana, he wrote to me occasionally; then, like most of those who go to far off places, he stopped writing. While he remained in San Francisco, I kept him busy relating his adventures in the buffalo and Indian country; what follows is one of them:

"I went to Montana to engage in mining. When I arrived there it was in the Fall, the ditches were frozen, and the miners going into Winter quarters. Finding business dull I concluded to go and visit an old army acquaintance, stationed at Fort Shaw. He offered me a position in the quarter-master's department. I knew that it would be the best thing that I could do during the Winter, and accepted it. The following Spring it became necessary to send some one down to Camp Cook to superintend the shipping of some military stores. I was the one selected to go.

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"Camp Cook was a military post on the Missouri river, eighty miles by trail below Fort Benton.

"It was a perilous journey for a man to make. Colonel Baker had, a short time before, annihilated one branch of the Peigans, and while the punishment they received had a tendency to keep Indians from raiding into the settlements, it also made them more bitter against the whites; and when one who was not a Fort Benton whisky trader ventured into their country and came out alive, he had no reason to thank them for his good luck.

"The first day I rode from Fort Shaw to Fort Benton. I learned at the latter place that for sixty miles, owing to the many deep ravines putting into the river, the road was bad, and that the remaining twenty were across a prairie.

"That distance was a long journey for my horse to travel in one day on a good road, and in order to give him as many hours as possible to make it in, I was in the saddle the following morning before

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own lost life. I know that to me there was a strange interest in watching the play that had a fascination beyond the opera. Brilliant diamonds gleamed in her ears and on her neck; a costly silk enveloped her figure, and, thrown on carelessly, was a heavy white opera cloak, lined with scarlet, and waxen blossoms were in her hair.

How peerlessly fair to look upon, if only the odor of the meadow violets had lingered still about her, and the freshness and early bloom of her girlhood had not faded from the clear, cold face, and given place to such a look of weariness! Marguerite they used to call her—sometimes Pearl—such a pure, sweet name, with a lingering caress in the sound. The dear lips that used to linger over it have long been silent in the dust, but she cannot have entirely forgotten them. The look in the old, well-remembered, pleading brown eyes as she passed me by, on her way to her carriage, told only too plainly that she was weary of the play—of her life and its magicence, her gilded chains of misery; and, if one and hand were stretched out to lead her back into e old, sweet, remembered paths again, would she ot gladly throw off her golden manacles, and go eely back to the innocence of the old life, and the erfume of the meadow violets?

LILIAN FITZROY.

AN Ohio woman asks for a divorce because her usband occasionally puts her to soak in a barrel of in-water. There's hardly grouud enough for dirce in that case.

the stars left the sky. I reached the prairie as early as I expected to and had plenty of time to get to my destination before dark.

"I was about five miles out on the prairie when I observed a cloud of dust several miles ahead and knew that Indians were chasing buffalo. My horse was tired, the country was open, and I saw no way to escape should they see me. It caused me to feel uneasy, and I was riding in a walk trying to decide what was best for me to do. I had just crossed a dry creek, when I was startled by a ball that whistled past my head. I looked around and saw about twenty Indians who evidently were concealed there to head off the buffalo. It would have been madness to fight against such odds, and to escape from them on my exhausted horse seemed about as hopeless; but that was all that was left for me to do. I put spurs to him and was running from one party of savages in the direction of another and a herd of buffaloes.

"The yells of my pursuers seemed to give vigor to my horse, and for more than a mlie they were unable to lessen the distance between us; but he was unable to hold out; the red skins began to draw nearer. I knew that I would be murdered if I remained on the prairie, and in hopes of finding shelter, turned in the direction of the river. I soon struck a trail and followed it down a ravine. The further I went the deeper the ravine grew, and long before I reached the Missouri its walls vere perpendicular. The river was at high-water mark and its swollen current washed the bases of upright bluffs. I could neither go up nor down. There was not a bush or a rock behind which I could conceal myself. My horse was white with foam and panting for breath. I could not swim, and to ride him into the half mile of water that separated me from the opposite bank would have been to commit suicide. I dismounted and prepared to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"I was in a trap, and for the first time in my life without hope. I looked up at the sky; it never seemed so bright and blue to me before. Towering above me was a lofty mountain, its high head was bright in sunshine, while all below was sombre in shadow; the gold hidden in its bosom at this moment seemed to be revealed on its crest. Behind me was the cold river, looking like a pathway taken from the sky and rushing on its journey to the far-away gulf.

"I had not been there two minutes when the Indians appeared on the bluff above and opened on me. Their first volley killed my horse. I got down behind the body for shelter, but they were able to see me over it and their bullets entered the ground all around me. I lay there, expecting to be killed every moment, when a new danger threatened me. The herd of buffaloes I had seen on the prairie came thundering down the ravine. I got up and stood against the wall, and would have been an excellent target for my foes had not the dust raised by the herd concealed me. As fast as they reached the river they plunged in. One large one came so close that he almost brushed against me. I acted on a thought that occurred to me, grabbed his tail, and plunged in after him. If we had been in still water he could have towed me across without much extra exertion. The current being strong, my length behind him acted like a rudder, and we drifted down stream rapidly. I knew that if we went too far down we would come out against a cut bank and be lost, and to aid him, if possible, I put the long hair on the end of his tail in my mouth, clenched it with my teeth, paddled with my hands, kicked with my feet, and was soon surprised by finding myself swimming.

"My rescuer landed me safely on the Camp Cook side of the river. I reached there soon after dark, and surprised the garrison by relating how a buffalo's tail had saved me from 'The wards of the Nation.'"

BRIDGE TOWER.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY COUSIN VIOLET.

"HENRY," said Mr. Raymond, at breakfast one morning, "I wish to see you in the library for a few moments this morning."

The person addressed was a young man of perhaps twenty-three years of age. A nobler form or a finer face you will seldom see, but the "wine demon" lingering within was visible to a careful observer. Sad it seemed that so much beauty and manliness should be thus wasted; and that the rich mental gifts with which nature had endowed him should be lost in profligacy. The speaker was a man in middle life, whose broad forehead bore traces of business, cares and anxiety; a man of the world, proud and dignified, yet devotedly attached to his children, no pains of labor or expense having been spared, that they might be educated and surrounded with all the comfort and luxury that wealth could supply. He had lost three sons in their infancy and youth, and Henry, the pride of them all, as well as the eldest, bade fair to become the comfort of his old age.

But as evil insinuates its loathsome form into the happiest of homes, so it crept into this family circle, blighting its fairest hope. The father had expostulated with his wayward son in vain, and year after year found him sinking still deeper into his evil habits. His profession, for which he was educated and eminently qualified, was abandoned almost before its successful beginning, and his reckless extravagance was making deep inroads into his poor father's property.

The young man sullenly arose to obey his father's request. Visits to the library were always indicative of a lecture from *pater familias*, and he surmised, as he said to himself, that there was a "storm brewing." His father addressed him earnestly, and even affectionately; warned him again of his danger, told him of the high hopes he had always entertained for his future, when he should be a credit and an honor to his family, and a comfort to his declining years.

Henry's manner lost its air of stolid indifference; a softened expression came to his face, and there came to his eyes a moisture which he would not for the world have exhibited. Often had he formed resolutions, but they had as often been broken, and at each renewal the demon held him in a firmer grasp. He really loved his father, who, though often stern, was very kind; and remorse, keener than he had ever felt, was in his heart.

"And now," said Mr. Raymond, in conclusion, "I have said all that could be said; I have warned; I have entreated, and have tried by all the means at my command to influence you to forsake your evil habits and turn to the right, but to no purpose. Now I have done. I am forced to believe that you are determined to pursue your reckless career, regardless of everything, to be only a disgrace to those who have glways aimed at your good. I consider it no longer my duty to support you, and will leave you to pursue whatever occupation you choose, for I will no longer countenance your folly. I have deposited at the bank a sum of money with which you can establish yourself in business, but after that you must provide for yourself."

Henry quietly arose as his father had concluded, and simply saying, "You shall no longer be disgraced by me," hastily left the room.

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At a window where heliotropes and geraniums vied with each other in their diffusion of delicate perfume, and stately lilies and warm-hued roses, basked in the rays of the southern sun, sat a young lady, in the midst of all this beauty, herself the rarest exotic. Her golden hair fell over her shoulders in soft profusion; her eyes were blue as fringed gentians; her beautiful face bore the stamp of culture and refinement; a face whose charm lay not only in its beauty but its purity and sweetness of expression. Helen Raymond was a universal favorite, and nowhere was she beloved more than in the home circle.

She was her father's idolized daughter, whose happiness was her greatest care; seeking by every little attention to minister to his wants, by cheerfulness and affection striving to dispel the gloom which her mother's loss had cast over him. It is no wonder that she was his idol, and her brother's ideal of perfection; and although Henry was dissipated and erring, yet he was to her the same kind, loving brother as when they shared their childhood sports together; his strong arm always helping her over rough places, and his superior advancement in knowledge aiding her in solving many a difficult problem, and mastering many a hard lesson, in her school days.

Presently Henry, valise in hand, entered the room, and, bending over his beloved sister, imprinted a kiss upon her brow and said,—

"Adieu, dear Helen! When I can be worthy of such a sister as you are, you shall see me again; but if not, my dear sister, pray for me that I may succeed."

"I have long been accustomed to do that, Henry," she replied; "and you must also pray for yourself; for not in your own strength can you conquer. But why do you leave us, perhaps never to return?" said she, tears glistening in her beautiful eyes. "Do not go!"

But Henry's resolution was too strong to be broken. He felt that he must leave his old associations and companions, who would probably soon lure him back to the fascinations of the wine cup; and so, brushing away the moisture from his own eyes, and inwardly chiding himself for having lingered so long, he again kissed Helen, and was gone before she could say good-by.

The weary days moved slowly on, and the weeks lengthened into months; and still there was no tidings of the wayward son and brother. The father more than once relented the sternness which had driven his son from his home, but was too proud to acknowledge it, or to endeavor to ascertain his whereabouts. The deposit at the bank remained untouched. To his family, Henry was as one dead; and the father sometimes thought that if he were sleeping in the church yard, side by side to the loved and departed ones of the days gone by, he should feel that he was safer; but now he feared that his once noble boy was fast becoming a confirmed inebriate—that sad wreck of manhood—and was doubtless engaged in scenes of reckless dissipation.

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It was a clear, beautiful evening in October. The stars twinkled like very diamonds in the sky. Nature was in her loveliest tints of gaudy red and gold, with sombre shades of brown and still lingering green. These beautiful phases of fading nature are symbolical of a pure life; most beautiful in its last moments; gradually unfolding from the earthly into the beauty of the heavenly.

On this fair evening a young man of rough appearance, in sailor's dress, staggered along the deserted streets at a late hour; the beauty of the evening was lost to him, for he was thoroughly intoxicated. If we gaze steadily into his face we shall recognize him, even in his altered appearance, as Henry Raymond, although he has given himself the name of Harry Richards, for reasons which we can perhaps imagine. His unsteady limbs almost failed him at times, and finally, by some misstep, he sank down on the wharf, unable to rise. The old town clock struck one, two, three, and still he lay there, and in his deep sleep there came a strange dream, embracing the panorama of his wasted life. Then the scene changed, and in fancy he saw himself back in his early home, loved and honored by all. He awoke, humbled and penitent, and knelt there on the ground, and his lips, for years unused to prayer, uttered the simple, earnest petition: "Lord, help me!"

He arose from his knees with a new strength, and felt that though far from home and friends, he had a friend in his sister's God.

The next day, the ship of whose crew he was one was to sail on a long voyage. He felt that he should be less liable to temptation there than on land, though he knew that many of the crew, were rough, wicked, profane men. His altered appearance was noticed, and commented on by many of his shipmates, and low jokes and rough sallies were often hurled upon him as he refused to join in their dissipation. Once only had he almost yielded to temptation, and then, as the intoxicating draught was raised to his lips, his dream came before him, and he dashed it from him; but with such a struggle as they only know who, once enslaved in Satan's chains, have endeavored to break from them. But he was now trusting not in his own strength he was learning to cast his care on "One who was mighty to save."

An occurrence took place in the early part of the voyage which proved of great service to Henry. The captain of the ship was taken with a serious illness, and there being no surgeon on board, the crew were greatly distressed, as, for want of proper medical attention, their captain gradually grew worse Henry endeavored to recall his forgotten knowledge of medicine, and so far succeeded that, by his constant care, he rapidly improved, and finally arrived at perfect soundness of health. From that time he was know among his shipmates as Dr. Dick; and, if illness were prevalent, his skill was called into requisition. Another advantage secured by being in favor with the captain was being allowed access to the captain's library, which, though small, contained some valuable works; in this way Henry's zeal for study was renewed, and his leisure time was employed in reading. There was one book, however, of more value than all others: a little, elegantly bound Bible, a gift from his mother in his boyhood days.

We will pass over the greater part of the voyage; suffice it to say that Captain Warren took a great interest in Henry, and promised to lend him all the assistance in his power if he would practice medicine, for which, by education and skill, he was well qualified. His education in medicine had been thorough, and he needed but a little review to begin the practise of his profession.

At the end of the voyage, Henry decided to take up his abode in a small seaport town, as a physician. His success was limited, at first, and he began to be sadly in need of funds. He bethought himself of the bank deposit, but his pride revolted from using that, and he determined to still struggle on.

But the struggle was difficult at times, and the young man's courage almost failed him. He was not free from temptation, but each resistance made it easier to resist again; and if ever he wandered into darkness, the little velvet bound Bible, like a star, guided him to the light again.

Finally, success began to crown his labors; people hearing of his skill began to patronize him, and his practice grew quite extensive. He was now honored and respected; he would return to his home —but no—he concluded to wait a while longer. His altered name and appearance would allow him to pursue his profession in his native city without fear of recognition; and so, ere the frosts of three successive autumns had tinged the fading leaves, he was on his way home.

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It was the day before Christmas. A tiny billet was brought to Helen, in a handwriting which she did not recognize; though it was more like Henry's than any one's else. Tremblingly she broke the seal, but there was no signature, nothing to designate the writer. It simply said:—

"DEAR HELEN:—Expect an old friend to-morrow, to present personally Christmas congratulations."

Accompanying the note was a large package containing two superb oil paintings, both very richly framed.

An exclamation of delight burst from Helen's lips: who could have so anticipated her taste? For she had an especial love of art. One was a fruit piece, so truthfully portrayed that one could feel the temptingly arranged summer fruits almost within the grasp. The other was a view of a storm at sea, with a dismantled wreck struggling to live above the waves, which, foam capped, seemed ready to devour it; approaching it was a life boat, skimming across the waves to rescue the doomed ship

This last picture touched Helen strangely. She thought of one very dear to her, whom she feared was such a wreck as this, and wondered if there were no life boat that would rescue him. She wondered, too, how Christmas tide would dawn on him; she doubted if it would be a "merry Christmas," even if he were living; and, with a heavy heart, she thought that however fallen he might be she would go to the end of the earth, if need be, to carry him comfort and cheer.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful; Christmas bells rang merrily, and happy children, in their homes, were rejoicing over the wonderful things old Santa Claus had dispensed in their stockings.

Helen was summoned to the parlor, to meet the "friend" who had written to her. Words cannot do justice to the scene that followed. Helen, after wildly embracing her brother, hastily summoned Mr. Raymond to the parlor, and the prodigal son was soon folded to his father's heart.

Our story is done. You who are tempted remember Henry Raymond's struggles and imitate them if you would conquer.

Original.

A MARRIAGE BY STARLIGHT.

BY MRS. FLORA A. HALEY.

1839

IT was not long after the country had thoroughly settled itself down in peace with all the world, after the troubled times of 1812, that Colonel Hugh Wiloughby came home to rest, full of his own importance, and greatly impressed with the glory and renown he had won by his bravery and courage during the campaign. It may have been that he had commanded so long in the army, where so many felt his will to be absolute, that the habit clung to him after he had entered the sacred precincts of home. Be that as it may, he loved to conjugate in the potential mood the best; and his faithful, long tried wife began to wonder if indeed he could be the handsome young lover of twenty-two years before, who won her by his manly tenderness; but, after a few years over the ashes of a past that had been so blissful, the good lady smothered her sighs, and congratulated herself that he was quite as *good* as the average of men never failing to add, "Alackaday! We all change dreadfully, somehow!" immediately going to wrap up her husband's gouty foot in all meekness and humbleness of spirit, bearing his cross looks and angry words like a martyr.

It might do very well for her; but Rose, the colonel's only daughter, flashed out in open defiance. She had a good deal of her father's will about her, and, while she was glad to do her duty, and be to her father all that a loving child should be, she vowed in the privacy of her own room that she could not, and would not, be treated like a dog, and be cuffed or fondled as it happened to please him.

Now, inasmuch as Rose had nearly attained her majority, and for six months had been engaged to Charlie Calvin, a handsome young farmer in their vicinity, we cannot so much wonder at her unfilial sentiments when we understand that the gouty colonel, in a fit of spite, had forbidden Charlie the house, and told him, in sharp, plain words, that his daughter was made to occupy higher places than he, a farmer, could give her.

But Col. Wiloughby's will was not his daughter's, by any means, and the young people had their stolen meetings, and whispered interviews, where their vows were pledged anew, and there were few ripples in the placid waters of their mutual love, until suddenly the gouty foot got well, and the stormy old colonel stalked into their presence, one evening, and surprised Charlie, who was sitting very comfortably in the parlor, with his arm around Rose, while they planned together a house that was to be built for themselves.

"You young rascal! How dare you come into my house again, after I have told you never to darken its doors? Do you think I'm a fool?" And the irate father grasped the young man by the coat collar, and started for the door.

But while the colonel was gouty and big, the lover was wiry and strong, and with a quick movement he wrenched himself from his grasp, and, with folded arms, braced himself for another attack.

"See here, Colonel Wiloughby, I was betrothed to your daughter when you were in the army, with your written consent, and I have no intention of giving her up, just—"

"Haven't, hey? I'll teach you who you are talking to! I'll give you just three minutes to get out of this house, and, if you are not out in that time, I'll have my men throw you out! D'ye hear!"

"Go, Charlie," pleaded Rose, who knew what a stormy old man her father was when his temper was up; and, hesitating but a moment, Charlie went; pausing at the door only long enough to say, proudly,—

"I go now, Colonel Wiloughby, but I shall come back again."

"You will, eh? You brazen faced young scoundrel!" he shouted, grasping a chair and starting after him; but the young man's nimble feet had carried him to the road, where he was walking along as leisurely as though he had just bidden Rose an affectionate adieu.

The very action inflamed the colonel almost beyond reason. He brought down the chair with a crash that shivered it to atoms.

"Go to your room, you disobedient hussy! I'll feed you on bread and water until you come to your senses!" he exclaimed, angrily, as he caught her eyes fixed curiously upon him; and, when she attempted to speak, he took her by the arm and marched her up to her room in anything but a gentle manner, and, once there, he locked the door upon her, much as if she had been a mad hound.

It was not a pleasant household for the next few days; and the knowledge that he was a good deal more than half wrong did not serve to better matters any. The servants stood in fear of their master; his wife felt that her husband was a petty tyrant, and Rose, a prisoner in her chamber, loved her father less, and her lover more, with every mouthful of bread and water she put into her mouth.

In spite of bolts and bars, the colonel stood a chance of being outgeneralled after all; for Charlie was as determined as he, and love laughs at locks and keys.

Every day the colonel carried, with his own hands, a tray containing simply bread and water to his daughter's room, fully resolved that the saucy minx should not outwit him; and it certainly was very laughable that he himself, after all his precautions, should carry her a note from her lover, hidden securely in the generous supply of bread on her plate.

I am afraid the kitchen maid laughed in her sleeve not a little when she witnessed the success of her plan; and Rose set about the fulfilment of it immediately. A strong vine clambered up to her window, and Charlie had written that that night he should claim his wife in spite of all the warriors in Christendom.

Rose was anxious about his success, for her father had caused iron bars to be put in front of her windows, and his sleeping rooms were on the same side of the house as her own; but, after all, she had a great deal of faith in Charlie's powers, and could hardly wait for the night to come.

The slowest days wear away, minute by minute, and the sun sank below the horizon, and darkness gathered and by-and-by the hours wore on, and the house grew quiet. Even the gouty, irate colonel was snoring loudly when Rose heard a noise at her window, and a strong young man wrenched, one by one, the bars away that had been put there quite as much to frighten and subdue the prisoner as to protect the prison.

"Rose, are you ready? The vine is strong; trust to me, and don't feel afraid," whispered her lover, as she stepped over the window sill.

Ah, yes, the vine was strong and his arm was firm, but the nails that held the vine were not so trustworthy; and, just before they reached *terra firma*, down it crashed, with noise enough to wake the seven sleepers. The lovers were wise enough not to utter a word, however, and, with but an instant's delay, they hastened away to a carriage that stood waiting.

Every moment was precious, for the colonel kept fast horses, and it would not take him long to understand things and be after them. It was in the old, blue days of Connecticut, when the bans of marriage had to be three times published in church before the marriage was consummated; it was impossible in this case, however, and therefore Charlie took a straight road for York State, which was ten miles distant, and where laws were not so stringent.

Six, seven, and almost eight, miles they rode in safety, and then on the still night air came the distant sound of other horses' feet, and they knew there would be no mercy for them if they were caught. Charlie's horses seemed to understand that something important devolved upon them, and they went like the wind. Just over the boundary line stood a minister's house, and, driving close to the door, Charlie rapped loudly with his riding whip.

A night-capped head was put out of an upper window.

"Is Elder Thomas at home?"

"Yes; I am he."

"Very well; I am Charlie Calvin, and this lady is Colonel Wiloughby's daughter. We have run away to be married, and her father is just behind us," explained Charlie, hastily.

The minister seemed to understand the matter at once.

"Join your right hands," he commanded.

"We have done so," answered Charlie.

"Then, in the name of God, with angels for witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

It was not a minute too soon, for just then up rode the colonel, furiously enraged, and demanding his daughter in hot wrath.

"I have the best right to her, Col. Wiloughby, for she is my wife," answered Charlie, smiling, for he could afford to be calm now, certainly.

"D'ye think I'm a fool?" shouted the angry man, reeling off many a bad word that no decent man ought to utter. "Give me my daughter this instant!"

"Nay, nay friend," said the minister, ready dressed now, and coming to the scene of conflict, "the young people are really married, for I married them. You forget that you are in York State, and such things can be done quicker here than over the line."

For one instant the crochety colonel looked as if he would like to annihilate them all; and then the absurdity of the affair occurred to him, and he laughed heartily.

"You have euchred me, young man, and you deserve my daughter. Drive home!"

And so the affair ended amicably, and the colonel delighted in telling the story as long as he lived, and to this day Charlie and Rose insist that their marriage is the shortest one on record.

GRACIOUS hearts reflect most upon themselves; they do not seek so much what to reprove in others, as what to amend in themselves; they love to look inward, and, being sensible of their own failings, are tender in reflecting on the weaknesses of others; whereas those who are most inquisitive into the lives of others are usually most careless in reforming their own.

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PLAIN AS DAY.

Some time since (says a clerk), while in the employ of a well-established mercantile house, I witnessed a laughable incident. Mr. Jones, the senior partner of the firm, was a great boaster. He boasted of his great business qualifications, his keen perceptions, &c. But, above all, the old gentleman boasted of being a good and plain penman. This none could deny, for the reason that none had ever seen a sample of his penmanship; for he never wrote or answered letters himself. But it one day happened that Mr. Jones received a message from a neighboring house that required an immediate answer, and being so busy that he could not answer it in person, he hastily wrote a few lines, and despatched them. Soon the messenger returned, and handed Mr. Jones a note. Supposing it to be an answer to his own, Mr. Jones opened it, but with all his business tact, he could not decipher three words, and handing it to one of his partners, he remarked, with a contemptuous smile:

"Pretty writing, that! Who the deuce does he suppose can read it? If I could not write decently, I would not write at all."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the messenger; "but that is the reason Mr. Smith sent it back. He could not read it himself."

"Read it! How the deuce does he expect I can read it, then?"

"But, sir, that is your own writing."

"Eh? What? My writing?"

And Mr. Jones' face changed color, as he grasped the missive from his partner's hand, and again bringing it to the light, exclaimed:

"Why, bless me, so it is, and just as plain as day!"

This caused a roar of laughter among the party present. And from that day, the merchant prince was no more heard to boast of his exquisite penmanship.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER DAY.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

LAST night the frost laid silver webs
Above the woof of green
That mantles yet the sweet brown earth;
Glistened the starry sheen
In morning's flood of golden light,
As down the path we walked,
I just as glad as seemed the day,
To listen while he talked.

He talked as only poets talk
When Nature stirs the heart
To speak the simple thought that takes
The shape of perfect art;
Talked only as a poet talks,
Whose soul embraces all
The true, and finds it beautiful—
Always its willing thrall!

Yes—only as the poet talks
To one whose answering thought,
Through deep sea-wells of sympathy,
The truth has upward brought;
And so, though we had never met
As trusted friends till then,
I think we cannot ever meet
As careless friends again.

Too soon we came to where the path
Divided—*this* way one
And *that* the other called to go:
A cloud passed o'er the sun—
A gentle cloud—which only said,
"Ah, me! who knows if ever
Two parting friends shall meet the same
When thus their ways dissever?"

But, all the day, a tropic haze
Has brought me memories fair,
As though a Southern-plumaged bird
With color warmed the air;
So radiant is sympathy,
So strong its wing to fold
From chilling winds the nested hopes
That glimmer in its gold.

And now as on the bridge I stand
And wait the coming stars,
While all the purple of the West
Is flushed with sunset-bars,
And overhead a rounding moon
Looks down with smiling face,
I think how much of life is touched
With Indian-summer's grace.

TASTE.—Delicacy of taste in all things is one of the most charming and desirable of qualities. It supposes, in the first place, great perfection and sensitiveness of bodily organization; in the second, high cultivation; and in the third, a moral tenderness which is tremblingly alive to the most delicate test. Without the least of these requisites the others are null, or worse; with it, they are indeed things to be thankful for. It is a gift we are not all possessed of.

A WISE CHILD.

While we are in the dining-room we must not forget the little miss of five or six summers, who unconsciously perpetrated one of the best jokes of the season. Wine was being passed around, and she was invited to take some, but declined.

"Why do you not take wine with your dinner, Minnie?" asked a gentleman who sat near her.

"Tause I doesn't like it."

"But take a little, my child, for your stomach's sake," he urged.

"I ain't dot no tommik's ache!" indignantly responded the little miss, in the most emphatic manner. As both question and answer were distinctly heard by those around, every one burst into laughter, which so frightened the little maid that she cried.

The same little miss, upon being one day bantered because she was a girl, and having represented to her that boys were much more useful creatures in the world, although they were usually more trouble, was asked if she did not wish she were a boy. "No, indeed," she quietly remarked; "Is'e worse now than most boys."

Wild Roses.

ON long, serene midsummer days
Of ripening fruit and yellowed grain,
How sweetly, by dim woodland ways,
In tangled hedge or leafy lane,
Fair wild rose thickets, you unfold
Those pale pink stars with hearts of gold!

Your sleek patrician sisters dwell
On lawns where gleams the shrub's trim bosk,
In terraced gardens tended well,
Near pebbled walk and quaint kiosk,
In costliest urns their colors rest;
They beam on beauty's fragrant breast!

But you in lowly calm abide,
Scarce heeded save by breeze or bee;
You know what splendor, pomp and pride
Full oft your brilliant sisters see;
What sorrow, too, and bitter fears;
What mad farewells and hopeless tears!

How some are kept in old, dear books,
That once in bridal wreaths were worn;
How some are kissed, with tender looks,
And later tossed aside with scorn;
How some their taintless petal lay
On icy foreheads pale as they!

So, while these truths you vaguely guess,
A-bloom in many a lonesome spot,
Shy roadside roses, may you bless
The fate that rules your modest lot,
Like rustic maids that meekly stand
Below the ladies of their land!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Do not be startled upon receiving these lines, and learning that you will not see me for several days. I have met with a slight accident, nothing serious at all; only just enough to serve as an excuse for staying away from the manor, while a certain disagreeable guest is there. Rather a selfish proceeding, I'll admit, leaving you to bear it alone, but I'll endeavor to atone for it by extra attentions when I return. I would give my location, but for a nervous dread of being hunted up by the before mentioned torment; therefore, please don't ask me where I have found a resting-place, especially when I assure you I have all possible attention and kindness. If you wish to communicate with me before I am ready to return home, give your letter to Rufus White. He will see that it is forwarded. Ever your affectionate

MARK.

...."Dear old Aunt Mary," said a school girl, "don't see very well, and last Sunday she was buzzing around getting ready for church, looking for umbrella, specs, overshoes, and last, but not least, her Prayer Book. The latter she thought she had secured by grabbing something off her bureau at the last moment; but when she got to church it proved to be my musical box, and the old lady, in trying to find her place in this uncommon book of prayer, touched the spring, and it went off in fine style to the tune of "O Jim Along, Jim Along Josey."

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

Don't she talk queer?—A lady lecturer spoke in this city not long since, and in the course of her remarks, advised young men, in beginning life, to "take some good woman, and that they struggle up together." An elderly gentleman, whose ears are not as keen as those of an Indian scout, misunderstanding the remark, after the lecture was over, suggested that "the woman talked kinder queer, advising a young man to take a nice girl, and then *snuggle up together*."

IRONIC PRESENTATIONS.

Busby, of Trenton, celebrated his "iron wedding" one day last week, and he invited about one hundred and twenty guests to the wedding. Of course each person felt compelled to bring a present of some kind, and each one did. When Mr. and Mrs. Smith came, they handed Busby a pair of flatirons. When Mr. and Mrs. Jones arrived, they also had a pair of flatirons. All hands laughed at the coincidence. And there was even greater merriment when the Browns arrived with two pairs of flatirons. But when Mr. and Mrs. Robinson came in with another pair of flatirons, the laughter became perfectly convulsive. There was, however, something less amusing about it when the Thompsons arrived with four flatirons wrapped in brown paper. And Busby's face actually looked grave when the three Johnson girls were ushered into the parlor carrying a flatiron apiece. Each one of the succeeding sixty guests brought flatirons, and there was no break in the continuity until old Mr. Curry arrived from Philadelphia, with a cast-iron cow-bell. Now Busby has no earthly use for a cow-bell, and, at any other time, he would have treated such a present with scorn. But now he was actually grateful to Mr. Curry, and he was about to embrace him, when the Walsinghams came in with the new kind of double-pointed flatirons with wooden handles. And all the rest of the guests brought the same articles, excepting Mr. Rugby, and he had with him a patent stand for holding flatirons. Busby got madder and madder every minute, and, by the time the company had all arrived, he was nearly insane with rage; and he went up to bed, leaving his wife to entertain the guests. In the morning they counted up the spoils, and found that they had two hundred and thirteen flatirons, one stand, and a cow-bell. And now the Busbys have cut the Smiths, and Browns, and Johnsons, and the rest entirely, for they are convinced that there was a preconcerted design to play a trick upon them. The fact however, is, that the hardware store in the place had an overstock of flatirons, and sold them at an absurdly low figure, and Busby's guests unanimously went for the cheapest thing they could find, as people always do on such occasions. Busby thinks he will not celebrate his "silver wedding."

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her:
All, all are gone, the old familar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly—
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me—all are departed:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

TOO MUCH FOR A DRUMMER.

It takes a woman to repulse a traveling agent sometimes. In a neighboring village, the other day, a man called on Mr. C. at his place of business, and wanted to sell him a parlor organ. Mr. C., not wishing to buy, referred him to his wife. On the man's making his business known to the lady, she asked him if Mr. C. sent him to her. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Well, sir," said Mrs. C., "you just go back and tell him that until he can furnish me with something beside mackerel to eat, I can make all the music that is necessary around this house." The agent concluded he couldn't sell an organ there.

There is a young merchant in one of our large country towns, who has adopted for a motto this parody on "Poor Richard:" "Early to bed, and early to rise; never get tight—and advertise." They say he is growing rich.

MISTAKES.—To set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly. To measure the enjoyment of others by our own. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world. To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike. Not to yield to immaterial trifles. To look for perfection in our own actions. To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied. Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others. To consider everything impossible which we cannot perform.

Contra Cr

By Cash to ballance $1.15c	$ 1	15

Contra Cr

1839 Sept 23d	2 Loads S Weed @ 25c Carting 25c	1	75
Oct 17th	2 Loads do @ 25c Nov 13th 2 Loads do @ 25 14th 4 do @ 25c	2	00
15th	5 Loads do @ 25c 19th 3 Loads do @ 25c 20th 2 do @ 25c	2	50
22d	1 Load 25c 28th 1 do 25c Carting 9d Corn		62½
29th	2 Loads @ 25c 30th 3 Loads @ 25c	1	25
Dec 3d	Carting T. Macys 9 Peck 17c		

Contra Cr

1843 Nov 20th By Cash to Ballance $2-70 -

33 Dr Reuben C. Paddack

	To the ammount of his account brot from Page 28 — $121"96ct — — — — — —	121	96
1840 June 1st	4# Pork @ 10ct 3 do @ 10ct 3 do @ 10ct 2 do @ 10ct —	1	20
	4 do @ 10ct Coffee $1-00 — Bitters 9d — Coffee 58ct Pork 20ct	2	30½
Nov 27th	50# Pork @ 10ct Gall & ½ Sherry Wine @ $1-50 —	7	25
	Gall Sperm Oil $1"05 — 20# Beef @ 4d — Cash for Saw 1/6	2	55
Jan 8th	Gall Oil $1"05 — 20½# Fish @ 4d — 5# Coffee 83ct —	3	16
19th	2 bush Turnips @ 50ct — Soleing boots 50ct — — —	138	42
		1	50
Feb 8th	Gall Oil $1"05ct — 7# Pork @ 8ct 2 fish 20ct —	1	81
	4 ducks 60ct — Gall Wine $1·00. bowls 25ct —	1	85
	Wheting Saw 25ct — Cartage 17ct — L. McWings G. bill $1"50	1	92
	1 doz eggs 20ct — bbl Flour $5·75ct — Cash Lent $1·00	6	95
March 24th	Cash Lent 96ct — 4# beef @ 12½ct —	1	46
April 5th	2# Pork @ 9d — 1 doz Eggs 18ct — — — —		43
May 9th	2# Cheese @ 11ct — 3½ Fresh Pork @ 9d —		66
June 10th	Patching Shoes 20ct — Patching Shoe 4d —		26
July 15th	Peck Peas 2/3 — Soleing & Patching boots 62½	1	00
	Soleing & Heeling boots 83ct — A. Morses milk bill 75ct	1	58
Jan 27th 1842	Soleing Boots 58ct — June 10th Soleing Boots 62ct —	1	20
	Heeling 33ct — Aug 6th Patching Boot 12½ —		46
	Patching Boots 25ct — Jan 6th — 1843 — Soleing & Heeling Boots 5/6	1	17
Feb 20th	Patching Boots 2/6 — Patching do 20ct —		62
April 1st	Soleing Heeling Boots $1-00 — May 25th Soleing & Heeling Boots 5/6	1	92
July 10th	Heeling & Stiffening Shoes 42ct — Dec 20th Soleing Boots 4/ —	1	09
1844 March 28th	Paid John Adlingtons Docts bill $6 00	6	00
April 9	Cash (Lent) 1$ Feby 9th Heeling Boots 25c	1	25
Feby 10	Soleing & Heeling 7/6 — — — — —	1	25
May 1	" " Patching Boots 4/6 —		75
June 13	Mending 17 — — — — —		17
1845 Feby 7	Soleing Boots 4/ — — — — —		67
Mch 24	Caping Shoes 1/		

Contra Cr

	By the amt of Credit from Page 28 —	10	41
	By his part of Sale of lot $1"49 — ———	1	49
	Josih Colemans bill of $7"00 — 77^c ———		77
March 24th 1844	By Cash Rec^d on Acc of Flour $5.75	5	75
May 4	" " 3$		

"LAUGHTER IN EARNEST."

Lecture by Rev. M. J. Savage.

Rev. M. J. Savage of the Church of the Unity delivered in that church last evening a lecture, the receipts from which will be devoted to the fair which the ladies of the Society will hold for the purpose of refurnishing the vestry. The lecture gave great satisfaction, the speaker handling his subject with skill. His illustrations were excellent, and the many good points were well received.

Miss Whinery favored the very large audience with a song before the commencement of the lecture.

Mr. Savage commenced his lecture with the assertion that he had seen a man who had read the Pickwick Papers through without laughing! He held that the man whose face never rippled in sunny wavelets of genial mirthfulness, but was always solemn as a midnight sea, was one of whom it was safe to be afraid. If a man can relax into a good, hearty, side-shaking mood, or explode in a jolly outburst of laughter, there may be faults about him thick as the motes in a sunbeam, but you may be sure that he is a sunbeam after all. Can you conceive a thorough villain as ever losing himself in cordial, cheerful talk, or shaking like a gay young earthquake with royal good feeling? If a man accused of murder could still naturally and heartily laugh it ought to be admitted in court as tending to prove his innocence, and he commended that thought to Judges and criminal lawyers. He who is deep in crime does not laugh, although he may contort his features into the sardonic semblance of laughter. Falstaff fumes and froths with wordy rage and terrific threat; but nobody ever thinks of being afraid of him. There is too much mirth in his composition to admit of his being molded into a shape of fight. It is Iago who is the incarnate devil; and who ever thought of a happy smile as a possible part of his character?

Laughter; beware of the man whose life is too busy for it, too bitter for it, or too dark for it! It ought to come childlike, rippling and gurgling from healthful natures, as streamlets burst out from overfull springs among the hills, and dance down the valleys, making them sing with music and smile in the radiancy of many-colored blossoms. But there are those who never laugh because they never see anything to laugh at. Sam Weller's "double-million magnifyin' gas microscope o' hextra power" would hardly enable them to discover the point of a joke. They belong to the class of which Sidney Smith once said, "the only way to get a joke into their heads is by a surgical operation." It was of such persons, I suspect, that a certain City Council was once composed. They were considering the question of putting down a *wooden* pavement on some of the streets, when a wit suggested that all that was needed was for them to "*lay their heads together* over the matter." You must not jest with such people for they are *no laughing matter*. But there's another class of people, whose faces, always on the broad grin, would serve admirably as head-pieces for *Punch*. They are a race of clowns, fit only for a traveling circus, or a minstrel troupe. Life to them is one grand farce. There are those who never laugh for whom I have only words of tenderest sympathy. For them the smile has faded from the face of the world, and the light has gone out of the sky. The joy of life is not even a hope to them any more. There are sides of life on which if one fixed his eyes we might well expect that he would never smile. There are those also who, not themselves afflicted, do yet have so vivid a conception of the darker problems of the universe that there seems to them no room for levity. As they look at nature they see deserts, wildernesses, morasses, volcanoes, earthquakes, the barren rocks, the pitiless sea. But, giving to the shadowy side of the universe all the sympathy and tears it may rightly claim, there is still room for sunshine and smiles. For, as in the body, when disease predominates and overbalances health, death must at once ensue; so if it were true that in the world the evil were more than the good, the increase could not go on, but would crumble in dissolution. So when the account is all made out there is a large credit balance still on the side of smiles and sunshine.

The lecturer then pictured "laughterless homes," and said one might as well talk of a diamond without lustre, trees without greenness, flowers without fragrance, water without ripples, days without sunshine, heaven without song, as of a home without laughter. Thus one earnest use of laughter is found in the fact that it makes up half the sunshine of life, and is that without which existence were intolerable. But while many will grant this, and will laugh when there is nothing sober in hand, they still think that a smile is inconsistent with earnestness and should never be used in the service of the higher things of life. They are like the old lady who, when her irrepressible boy of fourteen turned a somersault in the sitting-room, brought him to a realizing sense of things by exclaiming, "Why, William, don't you know that you're a member of the church?" They will let the devil shoot his shafts of ridicule, but you must not dart them back again unless you break the points off. But if there is anything in the wide world that is absurd and unreasonable, that thing is *wickedness*. Then why not tear off its mask that men may see its absurdity and be ashamed of it?

Mr. Savage then continued his lecture by giving some illustrations of the earnest use of wit and humor, showing that it may reach an end beyond mere mirth, and that oftentimes it is not only a proper amusement, but by far the most effective one with which to work for earnest ends. He argued that, as a fact, the eye for humor was often found in connection with the intensest and most solemn moral earnestness; that there was a popular power about humor that was possessed by almost no other method of writing or speaking or printing or molding; and that for dealing with shams and pretences there was no power so appropriate and mighty as that of laughter.

He glanced at specimens of the social and political work of laughter, and in conclusion spoke of the use of laughter in religion. The mightiest popular preachers of the world, he said, had been masters of sharp words, and quaint allusions, and the humorous side of human nature. What we are accustomed to think of as modern *slang* you may find in the sermons of old Bishop Latimer. Chrysostom's audiences frequently broke into applause, and Luther's roared with laughter over the aptness of his thrusts. Dr. South was so sharp with his tongue that he lost himself many a courtly friend, and probably barred his own way to the Episcopate. Rowland Hill often made his audiences laugh, and many of the most successful preachers of our own day have not hesitated to use their wit in the service of truth. He believed the day would come when our sacredest hours would be our gladdest, merriest hours. Our religion has been such that the "Lord's Day" has been the one dreadful day of the week. The children crept into its hateful shadow on Saturday night, and fled from it with a shout of relief on Monday morning. It is hardly a caricature that pictured the restless boy who would laugh on Sunday because he couldn't help it, as tied to the bed-post for punishment, and made to commit to memory, "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love." He well remembered what a fearful thought it was to him that there "The congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end." The day shall come when the cloud fear shall melt from the face of our Father in heaven, and we shall walk in the joyful radiance of his ever loving smile.

THE HARP.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I WAS a wild and wayward boy,
My childhood scorned each childish toy;
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone,
I wooed my solitary joy,
My harp alone.

My youth, with bold ambition's mood,
Despised the humble stream and wood
Where my poor father's cottage stood,
To fame unknown;
What should my soaring views make good?
My harp alone.

Love came with all its frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire;
The baron's daughter heard my lyre;
And praised the tone,
What could presumptuous hope inspire?
My harp alone.

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
And manhood's pride the vision cursed,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love's sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that lulled me first,
My harp alone.

Woe came with war, and went with woe;
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the rebel foe;
Can aught atone
My fields made waste, my cot laid low?
My harp alone.

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,
Have rued of penury the smart,
Have felt of love the venomed dart
When hope was flown,
Yet rests one solace to my heart,
My harp alone.

Then, over mountain, moor, and hill,
My faithful harp, I'll bear thee still;
And when this life of want and ill
Is well-nigh gone,
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,
My harp alone!

TURKISH JUSTICE.

A poor Turkish slater, of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing, and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury. A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cadi listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defence. "Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says; but God forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man, and know not how to make amends." The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted on the accused. The cadi meditated a few minutes, and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater he said, "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him." And to the accuser he added, "Thou shalt, if it please thee, go up on the roof, and fall upon the culprit, even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised."

LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

Beautiful maidens—aye, Nature's fair queens!
Some in your twenties, some in your teens,
Seeking accomplishments worthy your aim,
Striving for learning, thirsting for fame;
Taking such pains with the style of your hair,
Keeping your lily complexion so fair;
Miss not this *item* in all your gay lives;
Learn to keep house—you may one day be wives.

Now your Adonis loves sweet moonlight walks,
Hand-clasps, and kisses, and nice little talks;
Then, as plain John with his burden of care,
He must subsist on more nourishing fare;
He will come home at the set of the sun
Heart-sick and weary, his working day done;
Thence let his slippered feet ne'er wish to roam;
Learn to keep house, that you thus may keep home.

First in his eyes will be children and wife,
Joy of his joy, and the life of his life.
Next, his bright dwelling, his table, his meals,
Shrink not at what my pen trembling reveals;
Maidens romantic, the truth must be told—
Knowledge is better than silver and gold;
Then "be prepared" in the spring-time of health;
Learn to keep house, though surrounded by wealth.

....The "Danbury man's" last is: "The churches were well filled Sunday. The shape is an improvement, but the trimming is not wholly satisfactory. They set a little further back on the head than the summer styles, we think."

Whittier's Haverhill Ode.

The following is Mr. Whittier's ode, sung at the dedication of the public library in Haverhill to music composed by J. B. Lang, of Boston:

"Let there be light!" God spake of old,
And over chaos dark and cold,
And, through the dead and formless frame
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone
On giant fern and mastodon,
On half-formed plant and beast of prey
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'erran
The earth, uplifting brute and man;
And mind, at length, in symbols dark
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll,
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
Man wrote his thought; the ages passed,
And lo! the Press was found at last!

Then dead souls woke; the thoughts of men
Whose bones were dust revived again;
The cloister's silence found a tongue,
Old prophets spake, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look down,
The kings of mind again we crown;
We hear the sage's word; we trace
The footprints of our human race.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves;
And Shakspeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
There stony trance, and lived and spoke,
Life thrills around the alcoved hall,
The lords of thought await our call!

92
37½
42
84
—
50
50
50
37½
37½
42
42
6 64

75
3 00
nd 1/— 83
— Cash 25" 1 12
1 00
30

83
g 37½ — 1 12½
42
75
$ 3 22

hoe 12½ 46
& Heeling Shoes $1.00 1 17
10 — do 12½ 42
soleing Boots 4/— 1 50

Contra Cr

1841 Oct 9	By 2 Loads Peat @ 7/6 —	2	50
23	" 1 " " " 7/6	1	25
June 1842 7th	1/2 Load @ 7/6 " " " — — —		62 1/2

Contra Cr

1841 Oct 21	By Cash recieved 75		75
	By Cash borrowed $3.67	3	67
	By Cash recieved for fish $3.00 —	3	00

742

Contra Cr

1842 Oct 28th	By Cash recieved 83.4 By Carting 12 1/2		95
1843 June 12th	By Carting Load boards 1/— —		17
	1 Load Wood 1/ —		17
	Carting do 1/—		17
	Cash recd of M Folger $1.78 —	1	78
		$ 3	24

Contra Cr

1845 Feb 26th	By 16 Bundles Chips @ 4d —	1	00
March 14th	By Load Chips 9/— — — —	1	50

35

Dr.

1841
Oct 23
Nov 25
Dec 4
1842
Feby 26
Mch 3
" 19
April 10
1843
June 7th
July 10
Nov 6th

Dr
1841
Oct 20th
April 10th

Dr
Dec 26th
1842
Jan 14th
1843
Feb 12th

Dec 14th
Nov 6th

THE LOST ARAB GIRL.

THE sad abduction of little Charley Ross, of Philadelphia, with which the public mind has been painfully engaged for nearly two months, finds a counterpart in the following story of an Arab girl, which is given by Dr. Jessup in his *Women of the Arabs*:

"After the terrible massacre in Damascus in 1860, thousands of the Greek and Greek Catholic families migrated to Beirût, and among them was a man named Khalil Ferah, who escaped the fire and sword with his wife and his little daughter Zahidy. I remember well how we were startled one evening in 1862, by hearing a crier going through the streets, 'child lost! girl lost!' The next day he came around again, 'child lost!' There was great excitement about it. The poor father and mother went almost frantic. Little Zahidy, who was then about six years old, was coming home from school with other girls in the afternoon, and they said a man came along with a sack on his back, and told Zahidy that her mother had sent him to buy her some sugar plums and then take her home, and she went away with him. It is supposed that he decoyed her away to some by-road and then put her into the great sack, and carried her off to the Arabs or the gypsies.

"The poor father left no means untried to find her. He wrote to Damascus, Alexandria, and Aleppo, describing the child, and begged his friends everywhere to watch for her, and send him word if they found her. There was one mark on the child, which, he said, would be certain to distinguish her. When she was a baby, and nursing at her mother's breast, her mother upset a little cup of scalding hot coffee upon the child's breast, which burned it to a blister, leaving a scar which could not be removed. This sign the father described, and his friends aided him in trying to find the little girl. They went to the encampments of the gypsies and looked at all the children, but all in vain. Months and years passed on, but the father never ceased to speak and think of that little lost girl. The mother too was almost distracted.

"At length light came. Nine years had passed away, and the Beirût people had almost forgotten the story of the lost Damascene girl. Your Uncle S. and your Aunt A. were sitting in their house one day in Tripoli, when Tannoos, the boy, brought word that a man and woman from Beirût wished to see them. They came in and introduced themselves. They were Khalil, the father of the little lost girl, and his sister, who had heard that Zahidy was in Tripoli, and had come to search for her. The mother was not able to leave home.

"It seems that a native physician in Tripoli, named Sheikh Aiub el Hashim, was an old friend of the father and had known the family and all the circumstances of the little girl's disappearance, and for years he had been looking for her. At length he was called one day to attend a sick servant girl in the family of a Moslem named Syed Abdullah. The poor girl was ill from having been beaten in a cruel manner by the Moslem. Her face and arms were tattooed in the Bedawin style, and she told him that she was a Bedawin girl, and had been living here for some years, and her name was Khodra. While examining the bruises on her body, he observed a peculiar scar on her breast. He was startled. He looked again. It was precisely the scar that his friend had so often described to him. From her age, her features, her complexion and all, he felt sure that she was the lost child. He said nothing, but went home and wrote all about it to the father in Beirût. He hastened to Tripoli, bringing his sister, as he, being a man, could not be admitted to a Moslem hareem. Then the question arose, how should the sister see the girl? They came and talked with your uncle, and went to Yanni and the other Vice Consuls, and at length they found that the women of that Moslem family were skillful in making silk and gold embroidery, which they sold. So his sister determined to go and order some embroidered work, and to see the girl. She talked with the Moslem women and with their Bedawy servant girl, and made errands for the women to bring her specimens of their work, improving the opportunity to talk with the servant. She saw the scar, and satisfied herself from the striking resemblance of the girl to her mother, that she was the long-lost Zahidy.

"The father now took measures to secure his daughter. The American, Prussian, English and French Vice Consuls sent a united demand to the Turkish Pasha, that the girl be brought to court to meet her father, and that the case be tried in the Mejlis, or City Council. The Moslems were now greatly excited. They knew that there were not less than twenty girls in their families who had been stolen in this way, and if one could be reclaimed, perhaps the rest might, so they resolved to resist. They brought Bedawin Arabs to be present at the trial, and hired them to swear falsely. When the girl was brought in, the father was quite overcome. He could see the features of his dear child, but they were so disfigured with the Bedawin tattooing and the brutal treatment of the Moslems, that his heart sank within him. Yet he examined her, and took his oath that this was his daughter, and demanded that she be given up to him. The Bedawin men and women were now brought in. One swore that he was the father of the girl, and a woman swore that she was her mother. Then several swore that they were her uncles, but it was proved that they were in no way related to the one who said he was her father. Other witnesses were called, but they contradicted one another. Then they asked the girl. Poor thing, she had been so long neglected and abused, that she *had forgotten her father*, and the Moslem women had threatened to kill her if she said she was his daughter, so she declared she was born among the Bedawin, and was a Moslem in religion. Money had been given to certain of the Mejlis, and they finally decided that the girl should go to the Moslem house of Derwish Effendi to await the final decision.

"The poor father now went to the Consuls. They made out a statement of the case, and sent it to the Consuls General in Beirût, who sent a joint dispatch to the Waly of all Syria, who lives in Damascus, demanding that as the case could not be fairly tried in Tripoli, the girl be brought to Beirût to be examined by a Special Commission. The Waly telegraphed at once to Tripoli, to have the girl sent on by the first steamer to Beirût. The Moslem women now told the girl that orders had come to have her killed, and that she was to be taken on a steamer as if to go to Beirût, but that really they were going to throw her into the sea, and that if she reached Beirût alive they would cut her up and burn her! So the poor child went on the steamer in perfect terror, and she reached Beirût in a state of exhaustion. When she was rested, a Commission was formed consisting of the Moslem Kadi of Beirût, who was acting Governor, the political Agent, Delenda Effendi, the Greek Catholic Bishop Agabius, the Maronite Priest Yusef, and the agent of the Greek Bishop, together with all the members of the Executive Council.

"Her father, mother and aunt were now brought in and sat near her. She refused to recognize them, and was in constant fear of being injured. The Kadi then turned to her and said, 'Do not fear, my child. You are among friends. Do not be afraid of people who have threatened you. No one shall harm you.' The Moslem Kadi, the Greek Catholic priests, and others having thus spoken kindly to her, the father and mother stated the history of how the little girl was lost nine years ago, and that she had a scar on her breast. The scar was examined, and all began to feel that she was really their own daughter. The girl began to feel more calm, and the Kadi told her that her own mother wanted to ask her a few questions.

"Her mother now went up to her and said, 'My child, don't you remember me?' She said, 'no, I do not. 'Don't you remember that *your name was once Zahidy*, and I used to call you, and you lived in a house with a little yard, and flowers before the door, and that you went with the little girls to school, and came home at night, and that one day a man came and offered you sugar plums and led you away and carried you off to the Arabs? Don't you know *me*, my *own daughter*?' The poor girl trembled; her lips quivered, and she said, 'Yes, I *did* have another name. I *was* Zahidy. I did go with little girls. Oh, ya imme! My mother! You *are* my mother,' and she sprang into her arms and wept, and the mother wept and laughed, and the Moslem Kadi and the Mufti, and the priests and the Bishops and the Effendis and the great crowd of spectators wiped their eyes and bowed their heads, and there was a great silence.

"After a little the Kadi said, 'It is enough. This girl *is* the daughter of Kahlil Ferah. Sir, take your child, and Allah be with you!'

"The father wiped away the tears and said, 'Your Excellency, you see this poor girl all tattooed and disfigured. You see how ignorant and feeble she is. If she were not my child, there is nothing about her to make me wish to take her. But she is my own darling child, and with all her faults and infirmities, I love her. The whole Council then arose and congratulated the father and mother, and a great crowd accompanied them home. Throngs of people came to see her and congratulate the family, and after a little the girl was sent to a boarding school."

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62
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Contra Cr

Contra Cr

By Cash to ballance ———	59

1843 April 10th	By Cash rec $2 60	2	60

Contra Cr

Dr Nantucket July 4th 1842

Joseph W. Hussey

1841 Dec 4th	Mend 25c - Soleing Boots 42c -		67
Jan 8th	Soleing Boots 37½c Soleing Boots 50c -		87½
23d	Soleing & Heeling 62½c Mend 20c		82½
1842	Soleing boots for Son 37½ april 10th Soleing Heeling & patching 87½	1	25
May 1st	Soleing Heeling & patching 92c - Do 50c	1	42
12th	Soleing & Heeling Shoes 75c -		75
Sept 2d	Mend 4d - Mend 4d - Oct 16th Mend 25c -		37½
Nov 20th	Soleing & Heeling Boots 5/ - Totaping Boots 2/ -	1	17
1843 Jan 21st	Caping Shoes 2/3 - Soleing & Heeling 50c -		87½
Feb 25th	Soleing Boots 50c - Soleing &c for Son 5/ -	1	33
	Heeling Boots 2/ - March 15th Soleing & Heeling 75c	1	08
April 24th	Totaping Boot 12½ May 27th Soleing & Heeling 75c		87½
	Sowing Shoes 1/ - July 4th Patching 20c - Heeling 20c		57
29th	Totaping 37½ Mend 12½ do 1/ - Mend 4d -		73
Nov 25th	Soleing & Heeling 75c - Totaping Boots 25c - Totaping 12½	1	12½
1844 Jan 5th	Soleing & Patching Shoes 62½ Soleing & Heeling 62½	1	25
21st	Soleing & Heeling Boot 4/6 - Feb 9th Soleing & Heeling Boot 4/6 -	1	50
Feb 23d	Soleing Shoes 4/ - Soleing & Caping Shoes 4/ -	1	33
		18	10

Dr Charles Easton

1842 March 19th	Soleing & Heeling Shoes 75c -		75
June 10th	Soleing & Patching 67c - Sept 2d Totaping & Patching 42c	1	09
Sept 2d -	Patching Boots 25c Soleing & Heeling Boots 75c	1	
July 4th 1843	Soleing & Heeling Boots 75c - March 16th Soleing & Heeling Shoes 4/ -	1	42
May 10th	Soleing Boots 4/ - 20th Heeling & Patching Shoes 42c -	1	08
June 5th	Soleing Boots 4/ -		67
		$ 6	01

Dr Zimri Cleveland

Nov 29th 1846	Soleing & Heeling Boots $1.00	1	00
	Repairing Womens Shoes 50c - Repairing Boots for Henry 62½	1	12½
Feb 6th	Repairing 87½c - Feb 26th - Repairing Boots 87½ for Son -	1	75
April 17th	Mend 8c - May 15th - Repairing Shoes for Daughter 37½ -		45½

Contra Cr

Contra Cr

1842 Feb	By Cash borrowed $3-00	3	00

Contra Cr

AUTHORSHIP QUESTIONS.—An old gentleman retains in his memory a few verses of a patriotic song current in his boyhood early in the present century. He asks where the rest of the verses can be found. Here are a few lines which he sends us:

Old England forty years ago,
  When we were young and slender,
She aimed at us a mortal blow,
  But God was our defender.
Jehovah saw her horrid plan,
  Great Washington he gave us,
His holiness inspired the man
  With power and skill to save us.

What wonders did brave Jackson do,
  Who, aided by kind heaven,
Their leader and four thousand slew,
  And lost but only seven.
Some interposing angel's hand
  Repelled their vile intrusion,
The remnant of their broken band
  They fled in sad confusion.

Perry with flag and sails unfurled
  Met Barclay on Lake Erie,
At him his matchless thunders hurled
  Till Barclay grew quite weary.
He gained the victory and renown,
  He worked him up so neatly,
He brought Old England's banner down
  And swept the lake completely.

. . . . .

Let us be just, in Union live,
  Then who will dare invade us?
If any should, our God will give
  His angels charge to aid us.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss has been given—how many a cure—how many a caress—how many a look of hate—how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken—how many a soul lost—how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasures of the heart!

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man in business! Go home to your hearth, erring wanderer! Go home to the chair that awaits you, wronged waif on life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by!

Leave your book with complex figures—your dingy office—your busy shop. Rest with those you love, for Heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and the battles of life which have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless Heaven for giving his weary children so dear a stepping-stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday night.

A Girl Wanted.

Some person who has had trouble with his help advertises for a girl. He says:

Wanted—A girl to dwell in my family, assist my wife in doing the work, and give directions generally.

One of the Irish German-American descent will answer, if she was born in Ireland, and knows a flap-jack from a boot-jack.

We also expect that she will use something besides matches to get breakfast with.

Wages not much object, if she will only leave me enough of my income to pay for the crockery she breaks.

If she should not be satisfied with having five evenings in a week, an effort shall be made to give her eight; she may decide what we shall have to eat, and whether it shall be overdone, underdone, or done at all, and do, in fact, as she pleases, except wear my wife's gloves and shoes (unless her hands and feet are within four sizes of being too small.)

We always expect to give our help Christmas and New Year's gifts, worth from one dollar to one hundred, just as we prefer.

Feather beds or mattresses, as preferred.

A sick sister or old "mither" will be no objection, as we have a spare chamber, and will, if necessary, hire a "nuss" to take care of her.

P. S. A piano and music supplied free of charge. The use of the parlor for company. No account taken of the tea or sugar that enters or leaves the house.

A conceited young parson once said: "This morning I preached to a congregation of asses!" "I thought of that," retorted a lady, "when you called them your beloved brethren."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY EDWARD H. COX.

Sons of men, averse from learning,
  Turn unto the woods your eyes,
Hear the lessons they are teaching,
  They instruct you to be wise.
Where is now their boasted glory,
  Leaves with which they did abound?
See them scattered all before you,
  Lying withering on the ground.
Doctors skilled in mystic pages,
  Seeking truth though void of fame;
Wise and venerable sages,
  Here's a moralizing theme.
Blooming virgins, charming creatures,
  Blessed with a comely face,
Boast not of your fading features,
  Summer gives to winter place.
Youth, though full of manly graces,
  Know these flowers will swiftly waste,
Time shall blight them on your faces,
  Ye shall feel cold winter's blast.
Sons of sport, with joy abounding,
  To your mirth the woods reply,
Where so late with songs resounding.
  Now in mournful silence lie.
Griping misers, greedy wretches,
  We your every case express,
We are stripped of all our riches,
  They forsook us in distress.
Reverent sires with age grown hoary,
  Think not life shall still remain;
See in us your falling glory,
  Falling ne'er to spring again.
Learn, O man, grandeur's fading,
  Honors, like our leaves, decay;
We are happy both in Eden,
  Now we swiftly fade away;
Then seek but that land eternal,
  Where the tree of life doth grow;
There the leaf is ever vernal,
  There no winter tempests blow.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

What's the use of being sad, as you journey through life,
  Why not always be happy and gay?
To folks without sense leave all quarrelling and strife,
  And despondency banish away.
If ill fortune attends you, your courage keep up,
  Better days for you are in store;
Many others like you, of misfortune's dish sup,
  After you there will be many more.

If your fair-weather friends in adversity turn
  Their backs upon you, let them go:
It will teach you in future such fellows to spurn,
  For just then they their true colors show.
If for fortune and wealth you strive with the crowd,
  And Dame Fortune to you seems unkind,
Cheer up! and remember that every dark cloud
  Has a bright silver lining behind.

To-day the clouds lower, and the rain it falls fast;
  But to-morrow all sunshine may be;
So your day of misfortune may soon all be past,
  And the future all sunshine for thee.
And yet, though great wealth you may not acquire,
  Still enough for your wants you may save;
To be happy with that should be all your desire,
  And, with that, nothing else you will crave.

ROSES OF LIFE.

A maiden went forth with the rose on her cheek;
  The lover came forth with a rose in his hand;
In only the language of flowers did he speak,
  Yet a language her heart could not misunderstand.

Love never is blind to a beautiful face;
  Lo, Beauty! and none in her train is so fleet.
The one rose he bore, with a gesture of grace,
  He flung, with his heart evermore, at her feet.

Oh, fair is a life when youth trembles and glows
  With the ardor of love in an innocent heart!
And the bud, unrepressed, opens into the rose,
  In transitions of beauty surpassing all art.

The roses of life were abloom in her face,
  The freedom of health in her step and her words;
Her smile was a sunbeam no cloud could displace;
  And the voice he loved best was as clear as a bird's.

But Time—ah! it withered his rose in a day—
  The rose that he gave when his heart was beguiled;
But the rose of her cheek that was stolen away,
  She has found it again in the face of a child.

A commissary's colored servant was caught under fire at Trevylian Station when the Federal forces were badly surrounded. When asked how he liked it, he replied that he "felt as if every hair on his head was a bugle and dey was all playin' 'Home, Sweet Home.'" He was brevetted for frankness.

THE RAIN, WIND, AND SNOW.

Rain! rain! April rain!
Bring the flowers back again;
Yellow cowslip, and violet blue,
Buttercups and daisies too.
Rain! rain! April rain!
Bring the flowers back again.

Wind! wind! Autumn wind!
He the leafless trees has thinned;
Loudly doth he roar and shout;
Bar the door and keep him out.
Wind! wind! Autumn wind!
He the leafless trees hath thinned.

Snow! snow! pure white snow!
O'er the fields thy cov'ring strow;
Cover up the seed so warm,
Through the Winter safe from harm.
Snow! snow! pure white snow!
O'er the fields thy cov'ring strow.

Rain! wind! snow! all three
Each in turn shall welcome be:
Each and all in turn are sent
On the earth with good intent.
Rain, wind, snow, all three,
Each in turn shall welcome be.

DVICE TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

You now have left a parent's wing,
  No longer ask its care.
It is but seldom husbands bring
  A lighter yoke to bear.

They have their humors and their faults,
  So mutable is man,
Excuse his foibles in your thoughts,
  And hide them if you can.

No anger or resentment keep,
  Whatever is amiss,
Be reconciled before you sleep,
  And seal it with a kiss.

Or if there's cause to reprimand,
  Do it with kind address;
Remember he's your kindest friend,
  And love him ne'er the less.

It's not the way to scold at large,
  Whate'er proud reason boast:
For those their duty best discharge
  Who condescend the most.

Mutual attempts to serve and please,
  Each other will endear;
Thus may you bear the yoke with ease,
  Nor discord interfere.

Thus give your tender passions scope,
  Yet better things pursue;
Be Heaven the object of your hope,
  And lead him thither too.

Since you must both resign your breath,
  And God alone knows when;
So live that you may part in death,
  To meet in joy again.

And may the Lord your ways improve,
  And grant you both a share
Of his wise redeeming love,
  And providential care.

— Advocate and

THE CRICKET.—The cricket don't need so much discipertion as the ephalent, 'cause he is so much littler. He sings on the harth, but it is more like squeakin', and he can jump wen you cetch him. The tea-kittle and the cricket sings together, and their fokes in stories is happy, but give me a fiddle. Their is a game called cricket, but it isn't like the real cricket a bit, 'cause it ain't spry, and hurts your legs if you don't tie 'em up like sore fingers. Wen the cricket is a-sittin' stiil and mindin' bis bisnuiss he looks like he was balancin' hisself between two step-ladders. Crickets is cangraoos in a former state of existence.

FRANKLIN ON TAXES.

A "plain, clean old man, with white locks," whom the bystanders called "Father Abraham,"—so runs the little fiction in which Franklin wraps his philosophy,—was asked what he thought of the times. "Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them?" Father Abraham stood up and replied,—

"Friends, the taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us: 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says."

Ledyard, where a gentle maid tracked a man into his house, and then sat on the fence with a double-barreled gun in her lap till he came out and promised to marry her, and we fear that this kind of thing will have a tendency to undermine public confidence in leap year.

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HARRY RAYMOND'S WIFE.

MRS. RAYMOND was the darling of Mr. Raymond's heart. Not that Mrs. R. was a little, graceful creature, such as we image forth as a pet, but her stout, strong figure, round as a Turkish belle's, was the embodiment of perfection in little Mr. Raymond's eyes. Often he looked admiringly at the fall of her crimson India shawl, as it swept from her ample shoulders. Alas! his small size would not allow him to clasp her so closely as did the envied velvet bodice beneath it.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were a model pair. She was stately and dignified—he, polite, tender and self-forgetful. I say self-forgetful, but I mean in the august presence of the adored Mrs. R., for in fact when among mere equals or inferiors, Mr. R. did show a little self-conceit, and pride himself as being above the ordinary class. Mr. and Mrs. R. agreed that they were among the elite of society, and whatever *they* decided, was of course allowed by others.

Mrs. R. had the trials of her life done up in one word—servants. First she had one too particular, forever doing just what Mrs. R. didn't want done; then one so slack and careless they never knew just what they ate or drank; then one sly, who ate little, but always had a marvellously short supply of cake and pies after the day of cooking; then one who ate too much.

"Why," said Mrs. R., "it costs more to keep her in beefsteak than all the family together."

At last lucky chance, in the guise of an old friend, told Mrs. R. where she could get a really good girl, one to be relied upon in every way.

"She has taught school," said the friend, "but for some reason or other she has made up her mind to go out to do housework. She is a queer girl, different from everybody else. But she is good, and never lacks friends. Why, her uncle's folks treat her like an own child, and she need never work for her living if she wasn't so independent."

Mrs. Raymond secured the prize, and for awhile didn't know what to do with herself, everything went on so smoothly. But some people are born to trouble, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond had one son, an adopted son to be sure, but the pride and darling of their fond hearts. He was in truth a noble boy, and they might well be proud of him. If indulgence and praise could have spoiled Harry Raymond, he would not have been at his twenty-third year a young man of unblemished character and good principle, which he was, and which his proud foster-parents complacently attributed to their good training.

There were many marriageable young ladies among his acquaintance who sighed for more of his sociery, and who showed him only too plainly they were not averse to him. There was one Mrs. Raymond had selected as the favored one, and who was invited there on all occasions, petted to her heart's content by Mr. and Mrs. R., but receiving no tender word or anything approaching admiration from Harry. Indeed, Mrs. R. noticed with some annoyance that he was more deferential to her little kitchen girl than to the beautiful and accomplished Olivia Regarde.

"The manœuvring little minx," said Mrs. R., in confidence to Mrs. Regarde—"she shall go away. I'll not have a son of mine caught in her snare." And that very day Susie May received notice from the dignified Mrs. R. that her services were no longer needed, and some slight words of invective were added, which, however, we will not mention.

When Harry came home at night he found his respected mamma preparing the evening meal, and was informed by her that she had put up with too much impudence already from her kitchen girls, and she would stand it no longer. Now Harry, knowing his foster-mother's unfortunate temper, thought no less of Susie May, and though the beautiful Olivia exerted all her powers to fascinate the handsome son, she had to content herself with the smiles of the old people, for Harry remained thoughtful and abstracted during the evening. Indeed, he excused himself almost as soon as tea was over, on the plea of a headache, and retired to his room.

Strange as it may seem, his headache did not prevent his sitting by his own cosy chamber fire and reading for two or three hours. But he was a very slow reader, we judge, for he seldom turned the leaves of his book, though it must have been an interesting one, for he smiled often, and his face wore at times a look of rapture. Ah! the story he was really reading lay not on the pages of the volume before him, but was written by a little blind boy years and years ago—a story always interesting, always new.

The next morning Harry came down with an unusually pleasant face, and answered all inquiries in regard to his health with quiet grace. It is certain he awakened a new hope in Miss Olivia's bosom by his pleasant attentions to her at breakfast. Not but that he was always kind, but he was not always so attentive. He seemed in no hurry to go away, and Mrs. Raymond asked him, as he lingered, if he would not be late. He answered:

"I do not work to-day, mother; I am going down town to see what sort of a turnout I can get, for I am going to take a drive."

Olivia's face brightened.

"Oh, what a lovely day," she said, and Mrs. Raymond glanced at her meaningly as Harry went out humming a gay tune.

But noon was past while yet Olivia sat, beautifully attired, alone by the window, looking out upon the quiet street, and forgetting every other source of amusement and pleasure in this disappointment.

Susie May sat by her little table at a window, sewing, and at the sound of bells she glanced out. She caught the glance of a pair of bright, smiling eyes as Harry Raymond stopped and sprang out at their door. He was waiting admittance before Susie had recovered from her surprise.

"They have sent for me, but I'll not go—no, not even for *him*," she thought.

After an embarrassed greeting, Susie resumed her sewing, and Harry did not seem to notice how hard she was trying to remain composed and careless of his presence. He drew his chair close to hers, and talked in his own way till he had won her to be herself again.

"How fortunate for me," said young Raymond, "that you left at this time, for I am going to be married, and I want you for housekeeper myself. Indeed, I don't know where else I could get so good a one. Will you come?"

Susie's roses faded till her face was pale as marble, and her blue eyes never lifted from her work as she answered, not very steadily, while Harry's handsome eyes searched her face:

"I'm afraid I cannot. Indeed, I know I cannot, for—"

"O Susie, Susie, you *must*. I cannot get along without you. You must be my little housekeeper and my *wife*."

He caught her in his arms as she raised her timid, doubting eyes for a moment to his face.

"No one can say aught of this but you and I, my darling. I say come. Will you?"

Back into the round depths of her soft cheeks bloomed the morning's roses, but the blue eyes dropped again as she nestled yet closer in his arms and whispered, "Am I worthy?"

He assured her, as lovers ever have done, and pleaded with her earnestly to name an early day for their marriage. She was not one to resist so true and earnest a lover, and promised to be his "housekeeper" in one month.

At dinner Harry was all joyousness and life. His fond foster-mother looked very proud of him. Olivia, though dressed with especial care, showed her disappointment in her pouting face. Old Mr. Raymond was, as usual, in good humor.

"I have been thinking," said Harry, "that it is about time for me to marry."

"So Mr. Raymond and I have thought this long time," said Mrs. R., looking triumphantly at the blushing Olivia.

"Just the best thing in the world to do, Harry," said Mr. R., rubbing his hands.

"But it is so difficult to find a girl who will make a really good wife. Now I do not desire a homely nor an uneducated wife, nor do I want one whose beauty is her only attraction."

"No, no, Harry; you must get a good woman, and one who will help you up in the world as *my* wife did," said Mr. Raymond, glancing admiringly at that self-complacent lady who bore his praise with her usual stoicism.

"I think I have found one at last," replied Harry, "one who will be to me both a help and a comforter. She is pretty, amiable, and does not lack education. Indeed, her education extends further than that of most of our young ladies. She can cook and attend to housework generally," (here Olivia's color faded) and as she is not averse to such things, and will thus be a helper to me, we shall be married in one month. I could not afford to marry a servant with my wife, and so have chosen one who will not need one. Now, mother, I shall want your help and counsel in regard to the selecting and furnishing of a house, and hope you are not too much engaged to go out with me to-day."

Mrs. Raymond was so much elated at the idea of her responsibility, that she allowed Harry to keep secret the name of his chosen wife, and it was not until the house was selected and furnished, and three weeks of the month expired, that she found out to her momentary horror, that Harry, *her* Harry, was going to marry Susie May. But she soon recovered from her shock, and decided that Harry knew best, and she *was* a nice little girl, after all.

Olivia's disappointment was more bitter, and she never forgave Harry Raymond's marrying a servant. However, they did not get much time to worry about it, for they were happy and contented; and though Susie Raymond was not at all like the grand and proud foster-mother, Mr. R. was never tired of telling about Harry's wife, and praising everything she said and did. But by-and-by, without losing any of his affection, Susie felt that he gradually forgot to bring up her own name on all occasions, but talked continually of the little dot he fondled on his knee, and always called grandfather's darling.

STARTLING DEPRECIATION IN VALUE.—A very intelligent old darkey was met by an ante-bellum friend the other day for the first time since the war, and the old man's delight at seeing one of Massa's 'tickler friends of old was unbounded. After a hearty hand-shaking and a protracted laugh peculiar to the Southern darkey, the gentleman asked:

"Well, Uncle Joe, how are you getting along in the world?"

"Sorter slow, Massa ——. Been had rheumatiz right smart lately, and things ain't gone 'zactly right no how," replied the darkey.

"A great many changes have taken place since I last saw you, Uncle Joe. Death has taken your old master away, the family are scattered about the four quarters of the globe, the farm is divided up, and strangers occupy the old house. It makes me feel right sad, Uncle Joe, to think of the changes that have been wrought by old Father Time."

"Yaas," replied Uncle Joe. "You 'member when I was a slave I worked hard at odd times, and made money 'nuff to buy myself. I paid old massa $1,000 for my freedom."

"Yes," said Mr. ——; "I remember it."

"Wish I had that money now," mused the old darkey.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. ——; "it would be quite a fortune for you."

"Lot's o' fortune, Sar," said the old man mournfully; and every time I think about it I kinder rue de bargain. Niggur was wuff a thousand dollars then, but now he ain't wuff a cuss. Mighty queer changes in dis world, massa."

SAVE UP SOMETHING.

It fortunately happens that no man thinks he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall survive most of our neighbors. The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult. Let it always be remembered that in putting away something for a rainy day, a man purchases a certain amount of mental tranquility, and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the results of his death.

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Dr Nathan B. Gardner

1843 Feby 25th "	Mend 12½ Do 20 – April 20th Mnd 25 –		58
April 24th "	Soling & Heeling Shoes 75 – –		75
Sept 20th "	Soling & Heeling Shoes 5/- S & Heeling Shoes f wife 67	1	50
Nov 6th "	Mnd Shoes for Wife 30 –		30

Dr William C Swain

1843 May 27th "	Mnd Rubbers 20 – Mnd 17 –		97
June 17th "	Soling Heeling & Caping Shoes 58 –		58
July 29th "	Mnd 4d – Mnd do 4d – Dec 1st Soling Shoes 2/-		46
Dec 27th "	Soling Boots 50 – Jan 9th 1844 Soling Boot 2/-		1·41
1844 Feb 9th "	Soling & Heeling Boots 4/6 –		83
			75
March 4th	Soling & Caping Boots 62½		62½
Nov 11 "	Soling Shoes (for daughter)		17
23 "	" "		20
1845 Jany 18 "	Mending Rubber 6 – Feby 7th Mending do 6 –		12
Feby 28 "	" Shoes for daughter		20
Mch 15 "	" 6		
		2	95

Dr George Clasby

1842 Nov 20th	Heeling & Patching Boots $1-00 – Mnd 4d	1	6
Dac 15th	Soling & Heeling Boots $1. 12½ – – – –	1	12½
26th	Heeling & Pegging Shoe 20 – Jan 6th 1843 – – – –		20
1843	Soling Shoes 2/3 – 30th Soling & Patching Boots 42 –		79
July 29th	Mnd 4d – Mnd 4d – – –		12½
37 42 79 Feb 18th	Soling & Caping boots 42 –		42

Contra Cr

1843 Nov 6 By Load Chips $1..50 —— 1 50

Contra Cr

By Cash to ballance $1'41 -

By Cash rec to Ballance 2 75

Contra Cr

By amount Charged To F G Barker 3 70

Aunt Hepzibah and the Spirits.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

OCTOBER 7TH.

You know, Mag, when I first came up to this poky old place, I promised to advise you, from time to time, of my experiences. Well, I am going to be as good as my word.

Wildfire Hall *is* a queer place; but on the whole, I rather like it. It is an ancient, half-tumble-down old mansion, and they say has been in the family since before the Revolution; and there are a great many immense elms and butterwoods around it, which I suppose have stood just where they are now for these hundreds of years. You see, it is just the place for ghost-seeing—but I must not anticipate.

Uncle Deacon Wildfire is a thin, theological-looking individual, who always dresses in a black suit, and wears a white neckcloth, with a face as long as the moral law any time, but on Sundays and "preparation" days, as long as the law and testimony both. And yet he is a good man, and fond of a joke, too, in his quiet way.

How in the world he ever came to have such a daughter as Kate, and such a son as Allan, I can't imagine. I don't think Aunt Wildfire could have been just a fitting person for a deacon's wife.

But I forgot that I hadn't told you anything about Aunt Hapzibah, yet. You see, she is Uncle Job's half-sister, and since aunt's death she has taken charge of the household, because Kate *won't* be housekeeper, anyway. She is a real cross old maid—the straightest, thinest, severest-looking individual it was ever my lot to see. She drinks strong tea, and goes to sewing-societies, and talks solemnly through her nose; and yet, she is continually scolding and fretting, and gossipping and prying into other people's business, in the most provoking way in the world.

The funniest thing happened the other day, that ever you heard in all your life. You see, Allan and Kate and I, had been down to Squire Peter's, (everybody is a squire, or a deacon, or a captain here), to spend the evening; and they fell to talking about the spirit-rappings, so we got up a circle amongst ourselves. We sat, and sat, and sat, for almost fifteen minutes, and by-and-by Frank gave the table a shove, just in sport; but Ellie Peters told him to be still and wait just five minutes more, and if it didn't move of itself in that time we'd give it up. So we all sat there, quiet as could be, till I began to tremble, and the tears came in Kate's eyes, when all at once the table began to move, and it went faster and faster, and spun round and round; and we were all frightened almost to death, and ran out of the room as hard as we could go, and shut the door upon the table just as it was coming through the doorway after us.

Well, as you may think, we were all a good deal frightened; but Al laughed at us, and said it was electricity, and if he only had a battery he'd show us a great deal stranger things than that; and as it was getting late, he thought we'd better go home.

"Now, Lizzie," said Kate, as we were walking along, "don't you say a word about this in father's presence, for he'll be very angry about it; and as for Aunt Hap, she would set us down as hopeless cases at once, if she knew it."

"Yes," said Al; "but I'll bet a hat, Lizzie, that you can't keep the secret if you try; you'll be sure to let the cat out at some unguarded moment."

"No, indeed," said I, as earnestly as possible; and I felt it, too. "It is very saucy, in you, Al, to insinuate such a thing. I'm as close-mouthed as you are, at any time."

Well, when we got home, we found Aunt Hap sitting up in the dining-room, taking red-pepper tea for a cold.

"Why, aunty," exclaimed Al, "I hope you ain't sick?"

"Law, child," she said, with her usual groan when anything ails her, "you know I ain't never well, and I've been dreadful low-spirited for a week or two; it's enough to make a body down sick abed, to see the way you young folks carry on—a-settin' up nights, and a-frolickin; gals didn't used to act so when I was young. It affects my sperets amazingly to see my brother's children, and he a deacon, settin' such an example."

I went into the hall to lay away my things, and didn't hear Al's reply; but as I came back I heard Aunt Hap say:

"Sperets, Al! I am astonished at you; you know I hain't no faith in sperets; and besides, I think it is a sin to make use of 'em. What would your father say to such language, sir?"

Of course I thought Al had been telling about the spirits, and considered that I had a right to be angry.

"There, I told you so," said I; "I knew you'd tell Aunt Hap that we had been to see the spirits. Never talk to me about keeping a secret again!"

"*What!*" said Aunt Hap, "have you been to see the sperets? Marcy to us, I thought I smelt brimstone when you came in! I'm amazed that young people brought up as you have been, the children of a deacon, should countenance such things!"

By this time Al was laughing ready to kill himself. "Bravo, Lil!" said he, "you have done it now. I was only telling Aunt Hap she had better take a horn of brandy for her cold. I hadn't said a word about the spirits."

Of course I felt flat enough. Aunt Hap broke in again, "Pretty doin's, these, going to see sperets—children that's been brought up as you have knew the whole catechism before you was four years old, both on ye."

"Oh! but, Aunt Hap," said Al, wickedly, "you ought to have seen what we did to-night. The spirits say a great many edifying things. Why, they do say that everybody has got a spiritual partner somewhere, either in this world or the next, and that those who don't marry here will find their companion in 'another sphere,' as they say.

"Pretty stuff for sperets to be a-tellin'. That shows, to my mind, that they are from Satan; for, don't the Bible say that in heaven 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels?'"

Aunt Hap pretended to be very angry, but we could all see she was pleased with the idea of a "spiritual partner;" for she is dreadfully cut up to think she has never married. She talks about the girls nowadays terribly, and is just as hateful to the young men as she can be.

That night, about twelve o'clock, I happened to wake up, and I heard something in Aunt Hap's room like somebody talking; so I woke Kate, and we both listened. We couldn't either of us make out what it was; so we got up quietly and opened her door a little crack, and took a peep.

There sat Aunt Hapzibah, straight up in bed, with her great ruffled night-cap on, and an old shawl around her shoulders, staring, with her eyes as big as saucers, at the foot of the bed. Pretty soon we heard a noise like somebody rapping with a little stick upon the footboard.

"Is it the sperets?" asked Aunt Hap.

"Rap, rap, rap," came the answer.

"That means 'yes,' I suppose," soliloquized Aunt Hap. "I've heard 'em say they give three raps for yes."

The rapping continued.

"Is it my father?" she asked.

"Rap, rap."

"That is no," said Aunt Hap to herself. "Is it my mother?"

"Rap, rap."

"Is it any of my brothers or sisters?"

"Rap, rap."

There was a pause, during which Aunt Hap seemed gathering all her powers for some tremendous effort. At length she interrogated:

"Is it my *speretual pardner?*"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"O mercy!" ejaculated Aunt Hap; "who'd ever have thought that my husband, that is to be, was a dead man? Why, I'm e'en almost as good as a widder!"

"Rap, rap, rap, rap," continued the spirits.

"Can you tell me your name?" asked Aunt Hap.

"Rap, rap."

A pause.

"Rap, rap, rap, rap."

"Well," says Aunt Hap, "I'm very glad to see you, no, to hear you. I'm very glad you've come, but I think you'd better go away now; for you see, I ain't quite clear in my mind that it's proper for you to come here into my room at this time o'night. I ain't used to havin' men round in my room, and it kinder flustrates me."

With that, I thought Kate and I should have died. We stuffed our handkerchiefs into our mouths, and held our breath till we almost burst a blood-vessel; but if we had laughed, I don't believe Aunt Hap would have heard us, she was so intent upon listening for her '*speretual* partner.'

"Rap, rap, rap, rap," went the noise all the time, a succession of little fire explosions, like a pack of fairy fire-crackers going off.

"I know what it is," whispered Kate. "Do you see? She has left her window at the foot of the bed open by mistake, and the stiff paper curtain keeps rattling, that's all."

"Surely enough," said I. "Well, if this isn't a joke! It is a pity that Al can't enjoy it with us."

"Never mind, we'll tell him in the morning," replied Kate; "and how he will laugh!"

"Don't say a word that will lead her to mistrust anything," said Al, when we told him; "but be sure to have the window open and the curtain down again to-night, and I'll manage to see the sport myself."

You may believe Kate and I didn't sleep much that night, but wrapped in good warm shawls, we stood listening at Aunt Hap's door. By-and-by the old window-curtain began to rattle.

"Rap, rap. rap."

"Are you here?" said Aunt Hap.

"I'm afraid it aint proper for you to come nights so. I think you'd better come in the daytime."

No reply.

"Did I ever know you in the flesh?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Was your first name John?"

"Rap, rap."

"Was it George?"

"Rap, rap."

"Was it James?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Oh, deary me! I do believe it's Jim Larned! I thought when he married Sarah Casewell he'd better a' had me."

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Mrs. Larned always did sėt herself up above me. I wonder what she'd say now, if she knew her husband, that's dead, and that she's a-wearin' mournin' for, was my speretual pardner, and come to see me every night!"

Just at this instant the door which opens into the hall softly unclosed, and a tall, white figure, indistinctly seen in the dim starlight, came stealthily into the room.

"Oh, marcy on us?" said Aunt Hapzibah, "if he hain't come his own self!" She screamed and drew herself nervously up into the far corner of the bed, and cried—"Go out o' here, Jim Larned, marcy to us! I always knew it was all of Satan. Coming into a poor, lone woman's chamber this time o night; go away, I tell you; you ain't my speretual parder, and you needn't pretend you be—go *aw.a-y!*"

By this time the figure had reached the side of her bed, and stretching out its long, bony arm, laid it upon Aunt Hap's shoulder. This was more than spinster flesh and blood could bear; and, hitting the unfortunate ghost of "Jim" a knock which came near laying him his length upon the floor, she jumped from the bed and rushed past him into our room.

Kate and I were, as you may imagine, in convulsions of laughter; and Al, who couldn't stand it any longer, threw the ghostly robes off from his head and shoulders, and, to Aunt Hap's horror and amazement, rushed into the room in a perfect paroxysm of mirth.

While we were yet rolling and screaming, and Aunt Hap was venting her ire upon our unfortunate heads, the door opened, and Uncle Wildfire, who had been awakened by the tumult, entered.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, anxiously. "Is the house on fire?" But one look around the room convinced him that the immediate danger to his household was rather from the fire of Aunt Hap's wrath, than from any material element.

"I tell you what it is, Job Wildfire," said the irate spinster, "these children are possessed of Satan, and I won't stay in the house with them another night. Pretty goings on for a *deacon's* family!"

"Aunt Hap has been holding a 'circle,'" said Al, "with the window-curtain for a 'medium,' and she has met with some astounding revelations."

As for Kate and me, we couldn't say a word for laughing. It didn't take uncle long to understand the whole thing, and then he gave Al a scolding and sent him to his room, and told us to go to bed and let him hear no more such disturbance; but he couldn't keep his face straight while he said it. As for Aunt Hap, she hasn't spoken pleasantly since that night; and the least allusion to "Jim Larned" or the "spirits," makes her groan and take on "awful" about the degenerate habits of young people now-a-days.

1844 June 14th	By Cash to Balls $2..25" —	2	25

Contra Co —

1844 March 23 —	By Gall oil 90" — June 28th By Gall oil 90 —	1	80
Nov 11th	By Gall oil 95" —		

Contra Co —

A NATURAL INVENTOR GONE.

It is a fact that, as a rule, brains are of little value to the first owner. Of course there are exceptions, which only serve to strengthen public faith in the rule itself. As corn, which is next to valueless at the West, finds a ready market at an advanced price on the seaboard, so the inventive brain realizes little until its ideas are transmitted to a second skull. These human bees make, but do not eat their own honey. A life closed quite recently in Brooklyn which pointedly postscripts the above idea. Major Joptha Wilkinson, who died not long since, was born in 1791. He was of an ingenious turn of mind, and before he was twenty-one years old invented what is still known as Wilkinson's reed machine, for the manufacture of weavers' reeds, which, until the appearance of his invention, had been made by hand. The State of New York granted him $1,500 as a reward for the invention, but this he failed to receive. A year or two later, a bill was introduced granting him $3,000, but having been approached by a lobbyist, he left the Capital in disgust, and never allowed the bill to trouble his mind again. His old friend, Gov. Daniel D. Tompkins, offered to advance him the money needed to establish a manufactory of the reed machine, but the kind offer he declined, and went to Manchester, England, where, in 1821, after spending seven years of time and $20,000 in money, he set up his workshop. In 1824, he established a manufactory at Providence, and in the following year one at Ghent and another in Paris.

Major Wilkinson was, perhaps, the original inventor of the repeating process in small arms and cannon. By means of his repeating gun, the soldier was enabled to keep up a steady fire at the rate of three hundred shots a minute. His invention was examined and approved by King Louis Philippe and Gen. Lafayette, but the French revolution coming on soon afterward, during which his business at Ghent was destroyed, and many valuable proofs of his claims were lost, he took no further steps to secure a recognition for it. A few years later, John Webster Cochran, an American, laid claim to and patented the identical specifications that Major Wilkinson had lost in Flanders.

He next became interested in improving the printing press, and at heavy expense succeeded in perfecting a machine which printed from a continuous roll of paper on type cylinders—the first of its kind ever used. He labored during the last fifty years of his life to introduce the rotary press and to improve it, but received no remuneration for his genius or his toil. The principle that underlies the successful working of all the best presses in the world he was the first to apply; but others have reaped all the benefit.

In 1825, he made a planing machine, which he used only in connection with the reed machine in the manufactory at Providence. It was not long before a planing mill was establishment near the town, the machines all embodying his plan, and the fundamental principles on which planing machines are constructed to-day are essentially the same. When a mere child, he made a turning lathe, having never seen or heard of a machine of a like nature.

....A physician, who had been greatly annoyed by numerous questions concerning the condition of a certain patient, was stopped while on his busy rounds by a man with the old question: "How's Mr. —— ?" "Sick," replied the physician. "Does he keep his bed?" "Of course, he does. You don't suppose he's fool enough to sell his bed because he's sick, do you?"

....These are the gentle epithets which Mr. Gladstone finds have been applied by His Holiness the Pope to the Italian Government and its adherents:

"Wolves, perfidious Pharisees, thieves, Jacobins, liars, hypocrites, dropsical, impious children of Satan, children of sin, children of perdition, satellites of Satan in human flesh, monsters of Hell, demons incarnate, stinking corpses, men issued from the pits of Hell, teachers of iniquity, and the issue of damnation."

......"Where now are all the village belles
I sonneteered of yore?
Gone, with the fashion of the boots
And bonnets which they wore.
Their dimpled cheeks are wrinkled now
And Time, the Disenchanter!
Has dimmed the eyes that dazzled mine—
O tempora mutantur!"

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A Mighty Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mountain billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke,
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass, as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid
With hands outstretched in vain and streaming eyes
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.
Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent ocean of the past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavements. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamonds, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago are dust, and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows, by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope and broke their peace.
Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers,
Or wander among rainbows; fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Moulds from the idle air, where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broading like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting concord, hand in hand.

—*Midsummer Holiday Number of Scribner for August.*

PROCRASTINATION.

BY E. W. LANE.

Of all the thieves that steal from men,
Or e'er disgrace a nation,
There's none, I wis, so strange as this
We call Procrastination.

There's none so bad, there's none so sly,
There's none we're so unheeding
As he,—I will personify,—
And none so well succeeding.

He don't, directly, take our purse,
Nor any earthly lucre;
But where is rife the games of life,
Has stealthy ways to euchre.

He steals our time; and well we know
This is the greatest treasure
That any man, in his brief span,
Can find within his measure.

Though we would fain do noble work,
Wherever we'd be doing,
We're sure to find the thief inclined,
Our thoughts and deeds pursuing.

And then, perforce of cunning craft,
He so restrains our acting,
That ere we've done, our race is run;
Our years have no retracting.

Thus, it is known, we often lose
Much of earth's choicest blessing,
Which time's great thief, to our great grief,
Deprives us from possessing.

Then how, the query is, can we
Attain to life's conclusion,
And ever be from troubles free,
Which mark this thief's intrusion.

Be this our answer, terse and plain,
The future never borrow,
Nor put away work of to-day,
To do it on the morrow.

For, as I've said, of all the thieves
Besetting every station,
There's none, I ween, so very mean
As is Procrastination.

KINGSLEY.

JANUARY 24TH.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I.

ONE voice the less to plead with men
For God's down-trodden poor;
One hand the less to wield the pen
With aim so bold and sure;
One heart the less to pity when
The ill was past his cure!

II.

Through Britain's length of island-strand—
From bald Ben Lomond's head
To Devon's reach of silver sand—
The sudden tidings spread,
And there was shadow on the land
Because this man was dead.

III.

How had that active brain been stressed,
That tender heart been wrung!
What eloquence had poured its zest
Through that persuasive tongue,
That hoary wrongs might be redressed,
And Work's true idyl, sung!

IV.

With life scarce past its equinox,
Its shortening days still fair,
We stagger at the blow that mocks
The deeds he yet might dare.
Who now will bid the "Alton Lockes"
Rise from their grim despair?

V.

What arm will fling the banner high
On which the legend ran:
"*Room in the lists to fight or die!*
Let conquer him who can!"
What lips take up his tilting-cry:
"The Brotherhood of Man"?

VI.

Full fairly has he won his prize—
A prize the proud may scorn—
That thousand honest English eyes,
Once hopeless and forlorn,
To-day lift brighter to the skies
Because this man was born.

VII.

Too busied with his ends to weigh
The charm or cheat of fame,
While routed wrong maintained the fray—
Unsought the guerdon came:
The wires that coil the world to-day
All vibrate with his name!

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An Accomplished Burglar.

A New York paper gives the following account of a prisoner now in a Vermont jail.

During the last six weeks Broadway has lacked one of its handsomest, best dressed loungers, and the theaters one of their most regular attendants—Peter Curley. The reason is that he is in a Vermont prison, awaiting trial as the leader in the Barre bank robbery. Mr. Curley has for many years made a business of burglary, amassing thereby a fortune estimated to be several hundred thousand dollars; and his money and adroitness have, until now, got him out of every trouble with the law. His undertakings have invariably been of great magnitude, like the Waterford and other profitable bank robberies. Although many times arrested, he has never been brought to trial. In most instances a return of part of the spoil, through rogues among the detectives, has been his way to freedom. His exploit at Barre, however, is likely to bring him to justice, for the queer reason that he and his comrades in the burglary got no plunder. The bank lost nothing, and has no incentive to compound a felony; consequently, he can only use his money in corrupting public officers, and there are no indications that he is accomplishing anything in that manner.

Peter Curley came from Troy, N. Y., a city that has sent a noteworthy company of thieves and gamblers to New York. He is an uncommonly handsome fellow, about thirty-five years old, dresses elegantly, and is in appearance what the masses call "aristocratic." He has never mixed socially with thieves, is personally doubtless entirely unknown to most of them, and only during the last four or five years has he been known with certainty as a burglar. Before that he was only suspected, not because he had been definitely implicated in any crime, but on account of his lavish way of spending money. He still lived in Troy then, and had no ostensible business. He lived luxuriously, but without dissipation, was always gentlemanly in demeanor, dressed in careful good taste, and was excessively generous, often contributing to funds for laudible public uses. His accumulation of property was steady and rapid. He owned the St. Charles hotel in Troy, and resided in it, occupying sumptuous apartments. One night the hotel was set on fire while being reconstructed, but not badly damaged, and it was found phosphorus had been scattered about it to hasten the combustion. An investigation showed that the insurance was high and that valuable contents included in the schedule had been secretly removed. The general belief was that Curley had planned, if not executed, the incendiarism; but when a local newspaper said so he pretended to be unjustly accused, threatened a libel suit, and secured a retraction.

His first arrest was for burglary in West Troy, when he took $40,000 in cash and government bonds from a safe in the Roy shawl factory. He was not punished, however, and the facility with which he got out of that difficulty has since been repeated often. He is supposed to have been the leader in eleven bank robberies, planning the crimes, furnishing the money for heavy expenses and fine burglary machinery, directing the work, and taking lion shares of the booty. The detectives say that he has never been suspected of any robbery of anything except safes, and that his enterprises have invariably been planned and executed with great care and skill, often occupying months. Miles, also under arrest for the Barre burglary, has for many years been in Curley's employ, and he has provided lucrative work to several other subordinates. Curley left Troy soon after acquiring the undoubted reputation of being a burglar, and has since resided in this city, managing his large property and adding to it by profitable robberies. He is well educated, very intelligent, and has none of the ordinary social habits of thieves. His liking of theatres made him a liberal patron of them, the more so, he said, as he was cut off by his reputation from society that would have been congenial. He often occupied a box at the opera, too, and had considerable skill in music, being a fine pianist, tutored by the best teachers. The charge upon which he is now in jail is regarded as susceptible of clear proof, and he is nearly certain to serve his first term in a state prison. He is said to be putting his property into the hands of an able lawyer for management, fearing that, while he is imprisoned, the banks that he has robbed may sue to recover the funds.

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

[From Schiller.]

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Three words I will tell you, of meaning full;
The lips of the many shout them;
Yet were they born of no sect or school,
'Tis the heart that knows about them.
That man is of every worth bereft
In those three words who has no faith left.

Man is free-born and is free alway,
Even were he born in fetters.
Let not the mob's cry lead you astray,
Nor the misdeeds of frantic upsetters.
Fear not the slave when he breaks his bands;
Fear nothing from any free man's hands.

And *Virtue*—it is no empty sound,
That a man can obey her, no folly;
Even if he stumble all over the ground,
He yet can follow the holy.
And what never wisdom of wise men knew
A childlike spirit can simply do.

And a *God* there is—a steadfast Will,
However the human shrinketh;
High over space and time he still,
The live Thought, doth what he thinketh.
Though all things keep circling, to change confined,
He keeps in all changes a changeless mind.

These three words cherish—of meaning full;
From mouth to mouth send them faring;
Although they spring from no sect or school,
Your hearts them witness are bearing.
And man is never of worth bereft
While yet he has faith in these three words left.

A WARM SPELL.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

They were all at play, on a winter's day,
In the garret, so large and wide,
Where with blocks and chips they were building ships
To sail on a stormy tide.
The wind blew keen o'er the frozen green,
The hollows were heaped with snow,
And they'd coasted well for a good long spell
On the hill that was just below.

They were all at play where the shavings lay
In a heap on the garret floor,
For the workmen there had been to repair
The beams and insert a door;
When one of the boys, with a gruesome noise,
Exclaimed: "I'm as cold as ice!
My fingers and toes I believe are froze!
Oh! wouldn't a fire be nice!"

Then spoke Johnny King: "It is just the thing!"
A nod and a wink were enough.
The matches were brought—the shavings had caught,
With a lot of inflammable stuff.
The men were away to the foundry that day,
And the mother was all alone,
And fancied the boys were content with the toys
That over the garret were strown.

But children, you know, into danger will go,
However their course you would shape;
Forever inclined the whirlpool to find
Their elders would have them escape.
And soon, with a plunge, a scream, and a lunge,
The boys from the garret descend,
And never once stop till they enter the shop,
With every hair standing on end.

"Quick, father!" cried John, out of breath with his run,
And trembling with awe and affright.
"Our house is on fire! The flames leap up higher!
Oh! oh! 'tis a terrible sight!"
The engine comes down with a shriek through the town,
The church-bells extend the alarm,
And the fire is put out in the garret, without
Doing any particular harm.

But Johnny next day didn't feel much like play,
Though meekly his trials he bore,
For he didn't know when, if ever, he'd been
So near the equator before.
Though the weather was cold and snow-drifts were rolled
By the north wind, that cut like a knife,
He's free to confess—'twas a cowhide, I guess—
He was never so warm in his life!

SUMNER.

Down from the steps that guard the throne
Whereon the People sits in state
A king of men has fallen prone;
And there is silence, and we wait.

Stalwart he was, and brave and true,
The space grew larger where he stood;
Love's shining circles round him drew
The whole world into neighborhood.

"He praised himself," the critics find.
Ay, but the self he loved and knew
Was but the type of human kind;
Did he not love his neighbor too?

To every helpless prisoner, laid
Fettered by Freedom's temple gate,
"Such as I have I give," he said;
"Arise to manhood's full estate!"

His way he held, whate'er the cost,
Too proud to sell his soul for gain:
No serpent's trail his path has crossed;
His garments are without a stain.

O Voice of one that cried: "Make way
For Justice, Truth, and Love, and Light!"
We hear and follow, while we may—
Make straight the common roads of Right.

Thou hast not ceased; for, being dead
Thou speakest yet in accents clear:
And ever from the ranks o'erhead
Thy ringing watchwords we shall hear.

HOW TO EAT AN ORANGE.

A writer says: "Always on a Southern gentleman's table the dessert of oranges is furnished with small silver fruit-knives and spoons. The orange is held in the napkin—just as you hold an egg—and with the slender point of a knife a circular incision is made in the stem end of the orange, and the stem core is nicely taken out, leaving an orifice large enough to admit the egg-spoon. The orange is held and eaten then just like gourmands eat an egg in its own shell; and the skill and grace with which this is done—that is, without soiling the fingers or napkin—are, as in the same process with the egg, a test of good breeding. I have known the most inexpert person to master the few difficulties in the way after two or three efforts, and their satisfaction was an infinitely pleasant sight. To hostesses who like to have their table preserve in some degree at the close of an entertainment the beauty which dazzled the guests upon entering this method is most desirable. Servants—let me put in a plea for these silent ones, whose interests are too seldom regarded—are spared the tedious duty of gathering up the fragments; and guests, who look with dismay at this tempting apple of the Hesperides, can thus enjoy it as they never did before. Only the delicious nectar of the fruit is eaten, with the more delicate pulp; the tough fiber—of which, indeed, there is very little in an orange plucked from the tree under its own skies—being left in the shell."

In the East River, New York, on Tuesday, a sea gull went swooping down for a fish which its keen eye discerned swimming near the surface of the water, just in front of the ferry boat Mineola. The bird caught the fish in its talons and essayed to rise; but the prey was too heavy, and it could only flutter on the surface of the river. The gull, however, pertinaciously clung to its burden, and was dragged beneath the waves. Another struggle brought the bird above the water just in front of the bow of the boat; but it would not relinquish its hold, and the vessel swept over both, drowning the greedy gull and freeing the fish from its captivity.

TIRED.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LAY down my head, dear, it's no use to cry—
My trouble is passed, I am going to die;
The hill-path is over, I'm beat in the race,
For the wind of the world always blew in my face.

It'll daunt me no more, but I mind how it blew.
I slipped and I fell, and I tried it anew;
But, fight you or flee, it's a desperate case
To clamber up-hill with the wind in your face.

Sweet, sweet are the meadows, by river or rill,
Where the turf is all green and the weather is still;
But people can't all have the easiest place—
The wind must be blowing in somebody's face.

tired of it, Mary! I'm glad to be gone.
You're better without me, you won't be alone;
You have borne with my sorrows a wearifal space
And the wind that dismayed me has blown in your face.

Good [illegible] litt[illegible]die. I never shall stand
In your sunshine, my darling, my rose of the land!
My trouble your bright head shall never abase—
The wind of the world never'll blow in your face.

Good-bye, dears, good-bye. I won't kiss you again,
I'm far out too weary to lengthen my pain.
Just cover me over; I'll lie in my place
Till the wind is all quiet that blew in my face.

The heavenly sunshine will warm me up there,
No wild wind or tempest shall vex the soft air;
When the last sob is uttered, God grant me his grace
To rest where the wind cannot blow in my face.

A GREAT many boys mistake their calling, but all such are not fortunate enough to find out in as good season as did this one. It is said that Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was once in New Hampshire, making a plea, when a boy, the son of a farmer, resolved to leave the plow and become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He accordingly went to Boston, called on Mr. Choate, and said to him: "I heard you plead in our town, and I have a desire to become a lawyer like you. Will you teach me how?" "As well as I can," said the great lawyer. "Come and sit down." Taking down a copy of Blackstone, he said: "Read this until I come back, and I will see how you get on." The poor boy began. An hour passed. His back ached, his head ached, his legs ached. He knew not how to study. Every moment became a torture. He wanted air. Another hour passed, and Mr. Choate came, and asked. "How do you get on?" "Get on! Why, do you have [illegible] such stuff as this?" "Yes." "How much of it?" "All there is on these shelves and more," looking about the great library. "How long will it take?" "Well, it has taken me more than twenty-five years." "How much do you get?" "My board and clothes." "Is that all?" "Well, that is about all that I have gained as yet." "Then," said the boy, "I will go back to the plowing. The work is not near as hard and pays better."—*The Sun.*

A WASP AND A BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah! cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true;
If I were but half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,
They own you are handsome; but then there's one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a harmless and diligent bee."

From this little story, let people beware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair.

A VOICE FROM THE CHERRY TREE.

"You are a little thief!" I said
To robin redbreast blithe and fat:
"You stole my cherries ripe and red,
Now, what have you to say to that?
You need not say you must be fed—
Begone, or you'll get 'tit for tat.'"

In songful speech he softly said,
His bosom glowing like the morn:
"I take my pay in cherries red,
For working in your vines and corn;
That is the way I earn my bread;
Pray drive me not away with scorn.

"My sweetest strain I sing for you,
Morning and evening from my croft."
And then his brown wings shook the dew
In showers from his green organ loft.
"Before you sing your last adieu,"
I said, accents slow and soft.

"Sweet robin, eat my cherries red,
I will not call you thief again;
You fairly earn your daily bread!
Long as you please, blithe bird, remain:
Unless our chorister is fed,
He will not cheer us with his strain."

Now, every year, when spring returns,
He perches on the tallest tree,
And there his tinted bosom burns
While he sings songs of cheer for me.
He works and sings, and well he earns
The fruit he pecks in ecstasy.

Under the porch above the door,
Unharmed he built his cabin nest;
And there his callow nestlings four,
Are sheltered under his red breast.
Soon they will sing, for they encore
His solo when he sings his best.

A HOLIDAY.

The vines around the window frame
Within, their late, sweet fragrance send;
Our table, since the children came,
Is nicely filled from end to end,
And this dear roof above our heads
At last is all my own, and Fred's.

The kettle singing o'er the blaze,
The pretty tea things on the board,
Bring back the scenes of other days,
And those hard words, "we can't afford.'
Indeed, it always had been so,
But for the Special Sale, you know.

He gave us just the chance to rise
And build by sure degrees, a home;
He held a picture to our eyes
And said, "Begin to earn it, come!"
Our sad hearts gathered hope, and still
From day to day we said, "I will."

So now the vision is complete!
A home for comfort, not display,
With furniture and carpets neat,—
Come darlings 'tis a holiday.
This easy chair to Papa give,—
Fred, we at last begin to live!

O sweet to rest from toil, and know
A welcome waits in one bright place:
O blessed thought, that one may go
Where smiles shall deck each loving face.
"Our Mutual Friend" can teach the way
How all may make a holiday.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

YES, the summer's days are ended,
And the nights have dreary grown;
Flowers we loved and fondly tended,
With the sunny days are gone.

O'er the woodbine, rose, and lily,
Now the bee no longer hums;
But, to cheer the days so chilly,
We have bright chrysanthemums.

Though the faded leaves are lying
Rustling 'neath our ruthless feet,
Though the sombre clouds are flying,
Beauteous flowers we still can greet.

Joyous blossoms! shedding o'er us
Gladness, e'en as winter comes;
Gayly clothed, they stand before us,
Welcome, bright chrysanthemums!

THE LORDS OF ITALY.

BY ERNEST JONES.

All in silence mounts the lava,
Through its veins of red-hot ore,
All in silence lightnings gather
'Round the mountain glaciers hoar.

Weight on weight—and all in silence,
Swells the avalanche's snow,
Till a scarce-heard whisper hurls it
Crushing on the world below.

Drop by drop—and all in silence,
Up the mound the waters creep,
Till away in night and darkness,
Down the o'er weighted barriers sweep;
Oh! the hamlet slept securely,
But it woke not from its sleep.

Dream ye not on flowers reposing,
'Mid the grasses fresh and sweet—
Of the hell beneath you raging,
Rushing upward to your feet?

See ye not the haze of summer,
Thin and calm above ye spread,
Yon red hand—that high in heaven,
Aims already at your head?

Hear ye not those sullen murmurs
From the great volcano's breast,
Like a heart within it beating
With an anger scarce repressed,
Like thy fiery heat, Italia?
Bursting from its slavish rest?

Silent as the snow-flake sinking,
Truth on truth keeps gathering strong,
As the nations turn to thinking—
Thinking of their right and wrong.

Thoughts that make the bravo tremble,
Thoughts that make the despot flee,
For the thinker may be fettered,
But the thought itself goes free.

Thus, 'mid long historic pauses,
Times will come with great events,
Like the deluge-tides returning
On decaying continents—
Sweeping worn-out wrongs before them,
Wrecks and wrongs and discontents.

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A TALMUDIC LEGEND—THE CREATION OF WOMEN.

A Prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel: "Your God is a thief; he surprised Adam in his sleep, and stole a rib from him."

The Rabbi's daughter overheard the speech and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking his permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent.

The girl stepped forward, and, feigning terror and dismay, threw her arm aloft in supplication and cried out, "My liege, my liege! Justice! Revenge!"

"What has happened?" asked the Prince.

"A wicked theft has taken place," she replied.

"A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a gold one in its stead."

"What an upright thief?" exclaimed the Prince.

"Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!"

"Behold, then, sire, the kind of thief that our Creator was; *He stole a rib* from Adam, and gave a beautiful wife instead."

"Well said!" avowed the Prince.

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THE SWEETEST MOMENT IN LOVE-MAKING.

"Perhaps there is no period," says Anthony Trollope, "so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close, and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of whole hearts in writing words, which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by anybody but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl *who has made a shirt for the man she loves*, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars, haycock, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced."

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JUDGE MAYNARD AND WIFE;

OR,

How a Home was Secured for a Little Wanderer.

By Wm. O. Clough.

EVERYBODY who resided in the "Indian Head" city was excited. Everybody slept with a six-shooter under his pillow, and anticipated a bloody conflict during the night. It was the same old story every day retold, and every night repeated in the local paper: "Daring Burglary—The residence of a prominent citizen entered last night, and robbed of watch, jewelry and greenbacks. The escaping desperadoes attempt to assassinate an officer. $500 reward." It was a "full face" heading, displayed, and the matter was leaded. Every family purchased an additional paper to send to a friend. Every city matron was alarmed, nervous, and unusually particular in adjusting bolts and bars. Special instructions were issued by the chief of the police, and, in fact, a reign of terror was imminent. The wise men of the city shook their heads with a self-satisfied air, and said the local reporter was more than half at fault for the condition of the public pulse, and avowed their belief that the newspapers are the fountain from which flow all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Truth and candor compel us to state in a separate paragraph that the reporter had drawn a long bow. It was not so much his fault as it was of those who crave, and [illegible] have, something exciting, or a sensation—otherwise the paper is dull, and the editors old fogies. It was a dull season of the year. The would-be suicides had recanted, and turned away from poison, the water, the rope and the knife. Murderers were rusticating; the firemen had no calls to duty; the "show" business was dull, and consequently there were no stars on the boards to be puffed or abused; there were no lectures, annual balls or concerts. It was a dull time, and yet the daily papers could not wait for news. An occasional drowning accident—Mr. Sowerby is building a new house on Smart street—Mr. Moses has whitewashed his barn, and Farmer Cabbage has green peas for sale, with an occasional police court simple drunk or family quarrel to be adjudicated, was all the imagination had to feed upon in supplying the demand for a live local paper. A burglary was a godsend, and although the absurd individual whom we have mentioned, wrote it up in the highest style of the art, and the people purchased the paper to obtain the bottom facts, he was censured for creating a public panic, and making it necessary for many families to stay at home, who would otherwise have become patrons of the mountain or seashore hotels. It only need be said that this ubiquitous person "borrowed no trouble."

Mrs. Jane Maynard of Fairmount street, shared in all the excitement the burglary issues of the paper created in her neighborhood, and did not fail to express her opinion early and often concerning the great crime the reporter had committed in publishing facts that "frightened people." She ventilated her belief over the garden fence, while holding a protracted *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Bowman and Master Saunders; she speculated with herself until she became so fidgetty that her own shadow alarmed her; she lost her reason so that she slammed the door in the face of the poor boy from Back street, who had come for the broken food, thinking him a marauder; she catered to her imagination continually, and finally was a "burglarized" monomaniac, who fancied that every rosebush and shrub in the garden concealed a thief, while the shadows of the trees were living monsters who had come to possess themselves of her valuables.

To her husband, Judge Maynard, a man who had a large charity for all mankind, and was ever inventing excuses for the wayward, wicked and unfortunate, who, through years and fickle changes, had borne his wife's infirmities with patience and forbearance, and was "dead" to her many peculiarities—the repeated woeful tale, "We shall certainly be robbed; I know we shall!"—had become stale. It had no effect upon him whatever. In fact, he paid not the slightest heed to what she had to say, but, on the other hand, turned a deaf ear, and excusing himself from an argument, betook himself to his library, and closed the door.

Upon such occasions, she would fret and scold until nature was exhausted; she would abuse the poor house dog till he skulked to the yard in safety; the cat—always patient, a domestic—would run and hide; the birds in the cage would cease their singing, and the neighbors would close their window blinds, listen and make comments, in which they generally allowed that Judge Maynard was a model husband, or he would not endure in silence so much nonsense from such a vixenish

The neighbors, however, were all mistaken in their analysis of the relations between Judge and Mrs. Maynard. The good woman was by no means vixenish, neither did she in the least degree annoy her husband. He understood her. He pitied her, and let her have her own way. She was an afflicted, disappointed woman, who had seen sorrows that had made her what she was long before she became a resident of Fairmount street. She had loved and lost. Her children had died when at an interesting period of infancy, and her moaning over the empty cradle had been of that character which reduces the bravest woman to "chronic old maidishness." Her judgment was warped, and her constant nervousness controlled her deportment.

Judge Maynard understood all this, and hence never added the weight of his frown or the accent of a careless word to her grief. He treated her more like a sick child than a healthy woman, and, to use a worn-out expression, "she had her own way, and was seldom disputed with."

On the night in question, doors were fastened to a nicety; clothes-pins were put through the rings of the keys, to prevent their being turned past the door-knob; the night-locks were "catched" with a positiveness that was laughable; window *blinds* were closed, and doubly fastened with double twisted cords; window springs were inspected; the bulkhead examined; the shed searched in every crevice and corner, and real and imaginary precaution taken to preclude a surprise from the pest of the community.

After shutting up for the night, Mrs. Maynard seated herself in the family rocking-chair, and while vigorously tilting backwards and forwards, read and re-read again and again the account of the burglary, and criticized the paper for publishing it. She was unreasonable.

At ten o'clock she was nearly insane. She spoke to the judge, and reminded him of the hour, but he was deep in Coke or Blackstone, and did not answer; she put the silver ware in a basket, and the basket under her bed, regulated the stove and the servant, put her milk can out at the back door, and again searched the shed, and examined the bolts, bars and locks. Her husband was then aroused to a realizing sense of the lateness of the hour, and the necessity for rest, after which the fond couple retired for the night.

The judge felt no uneasiness regarding the situation, and consequently quietly fell asleep. Not so with Mrs. Maynard. She listened and fretted, sat up in bed whenever a footfall was to be heard on the sidewalk, a cat mewed, or a dog barked. Presently a noise reached her ear from the second story front chamber. It increased; it sounded like the step of a man; surely, some one had stolen in while she was talking with Mrs. Bowman, and concealed himself over her head. To sleep with that thought in her mind, was an impossibility. She waited a few moments, and was convinced of the truth of her reasoning, whereupon the judge was aroused. He could not be convinced that the house was haunted, or that there was a thief "gently over him stealing," but to satisfy her, he would go to the chamber, and investigate. She objected, and urged him to call the police. He insisted, and she followed to the foot of the stairs, and watched with breathless anxiety a death struggle. A painful suspense followed, when the judge returned to give information that it was nothing but a curtain flapping in the breeze at an open window.

Mrs. Maynard remarked that she would give Mary Ann, the servant, a talking to in the morning for leaving the window open, and proceeded with candle in hand to examine the bolts and bars, while her husband returned to his couch and was quickly asleep.

Mr. Maynard again sought repose. She could not sleep, however, for her blood was feverish, and she was haunted by burglars. Half an hour passed. The clock in the distant church tower struck eleven, and still she was sitting on the head of her bed in an anxious frame of mind. The back-door rattled. She felt certain of a housebreaker this time. The noise was repeated—anon the thief had turned the key in the lock regardless of the clothes-pin. She was excited.

"Mr. Maynard! Mr. Maynard!" she shouted.

"Yes, my dear," responded the patient husband, rising up in bed. "What is it?"

"A burglar at the back door!"

"You must be mistaken, Jane," said he, mildly. "I hear no one."

The noise was repeated, and he was convinced. He hastily clothed himself, and with candle in hand, followed "half way" by Mrs. Maynard, proceeded to the door indicated by the sound. Every move was made cautiously. He halted and listened. Could he believe his senses; he thought he could. Was it prudent to face an armed, and doubtless desperate man? he thought not. An idea came to him. He would go out by the side door and make a careful reconnoissance of the premises. Mrs. Maynard was frantic. The idea was preposterous—absurd. She feared for his life, and did not understand how she was to protect herself when left alone. The judge listened to no argument. He had determined upon a course of action, and notwithstanding her earnest pleading, sallied forth into the darkness.

To Mrs. Maynard, the few minutes of his absence seemed an eternity in its duration. His footsteps sounded dull, and finally ceased. There was a painful pause. She felt her heart throb and her strength fail, and was about to swoon, when the judge returned.

"Did you find anybody there?" said Mr. Maynard, catching her breath hysterically.

"I did," replied the judge, solemnly.

"What?"

"The cat," and he gave that amiable domestic pet a toss into the kitchen.

There was an ominous stillness in which neither spoke for several moments. The judge busied himself in removing his dressing-gown and slippers, remarked that he presumed everything was safe and again retired to bed.

Silence again settled on the house, and he slept peacefully. Not so with Mrs. Maynard. She took the candle and again examined the lock, and window fastenings. She listened and imagined. She fretted and condemned the reporter for getting up a scare—she tilted in her rocking-chair and fanned herself vigorously, but all to no purpose. Her nerves were "unstrung," and she could not compose herself. The midnight hour came, and she was still watching and waiting. One o'clock found her in the same mood. A few minutes later, she "felt that something unusual had happened." There was a continual noise at the front door. She listened at the key-hole—endeavored to discover the cause by peeping through the side-lights—walked the floor in painful suspense, and finally aroused the judge.

The judge yawned stupidly, said it was "all moonshine," but rather than have her become anxious, he would inquire into the cause. He put on his clothing with considerable care, donned his dressing-gown and slippers mechanically, and with candle in hand—Mrs. Mayrard was of that number of housewives, who will not allow the use of kerosene in her house—wended his way through the house like a Christian martyr making arrangements for a sacrifice. Jane followed at a safe distance. He opened the outside door, and stepped upon the platform—the piazza—without the slightest show of fear. The rays of the moon pierced the foliage of the trees, and fell softly upon the shrubbery—all was deathlike stillness. He paused, placed one hand involuntarily behind, and with the other held the light above his head that he might the better distinguish any object that might be prowling about.

"Do you discover anything, husband," shouted Mrs. Maynard, in a suppressed voice.

"Yes."

"Well, what?"

"I discover the dog," he replied, with great moderation of speech.

"Is that all?"

"No; I discover a child."

"A what!"

"A baby—a little wanderer—a waif, or whatever you are pleased to call it. Come and take it in."

"Whose child is it?"

"How should I know its parents?"

"What's the little creature doing?"

"Sleeping in a basket under the veranda, and the dog appears to be performing the part of a nurse."

SEE ENGRAVING.

Doubting and trembling, *she* came forward, lifted the burden and took it to the sitting-room. All her motherly instincts were aroused, and although the excitement of the previous hours made sleep and rest necessary to her health, she heeded not. The baby must be cared for. She had no other thought.

The judge made no comments. He slowly removed his clothing, and like a somnambulist wended his way back to bed. It is doubtful if he fully realized what had happened.

Mrs. Maynard put the baby in a long since deserted crib, and, while pensively meditating on the little faces that had gone from it, and made her life a barren desert, fell asleep in her chair. There was no more excitement about burglars that night.

* * * * * * *

The following morning, Mary Ann made an early report to Mrs. Bowman, and, as a natural consequence, it was not long thereafter, before the whole neighborhood was in possession of minute and magnified facts concerning the stranger.

Impossible and improbable stories were in everybody's mouth, and rumor and gossip were enjoying high carnival together. Some said they had all along suspected that the judge was no better than he ought to be; others remarked that it was a great sin—yes, an enormous crime—for a man at his time of life; and not a few shook their heads, and with an air of "knowing it all," jokingly said —"Next." The old ladies wondered how Mrs. Maynard felt about it, while the children, on their way to school, called upon her and—kissed the baby.

And so the attention of the neighborhood was turned from burglars and burglaries to scandal, and a nice, enjoyable time they had in illustrating the fact that "no matter how circumspect and honorable a man may be before his fellow citizens, he is not above suspicion, and may at any moment feel the poisoned arrows of the thoughtless piercing his breast, and the venomous tongue robbing him of his good name.

Mary Ann reported that the baby had come to stay. Mr. and Mrs. Maynard had talked the matter over at dinner-time, and although the eavesdropping domestic could not get the gist of their conversation, she was satisfied the judge had imposed upon her mistress, and that no endeavor was to be made to discover the parents of the child.

Her discovery was duly reported, when the scandal took new life. In fact, it is doubtful if ever before or ever since, an event of so great importance occurred on Fairmount Street, created so profound a sensation, or gave such satisfying food for the morbid minds of the multitude to feed upon. "Now, who do you suppose could be so cruel as to abandon a child at midnight?" queried Mrs. Thompson. "A heinous crime!" shouted Mrs. Memford. "The wretch—I would like to see her strangled!" forcibly muttered Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Bowman's washer-woman. Another discoursed on the profligacy of the members of the bench and bar. Miss Mary Honeyman simperingly said, "That's the way all men turn out. You cannot trust them out of sight." And Mrs. Sophrony Scroggs intimated that she had lost confidence in Mr. Moses Scroggs, and should immediately apply for a divorce.

Judge Maynard, a well-meaning man, who minded his own business, knew nothing of the terrible scandal of which he and his wife were the innocent cause. The acquaintances with whom he talked and chatted at the intermission of the court, and when passing to and from his house, were to him, as to all other mortals who are afflicted under parallel circumstances, most polite and affable. No mention was made of the baby.

Mrs. Maynard was also in ignorance of the comments of her neighbors. Had *she* been informed of the situation, there would have been spoken some plain English which would have added fuel to the fire.

At the end of two or three days, everybody in the city and many persons residing in the suburbs, were talking about the baby. Milkmen were hailed and quizzed, and butchers and grocery men repeated and repeated the story to inquisitive old ladies until they hoped the reporter would "write it up," and thus "put the people out of misery."

Among the surburban residents who heard the wonderful tale, was Miss Sarah Maynard, a maiden sister of the judge. She was terribly excited. She could not be content to wait for further developments, and therefore she donned her Sunday garments, begged a ride of Farmer Allen, and went post haste to "see about it."

She found her sister-in-law at home and, shocking as it must have been to her hysterical nerves, she found the story true—they had got a baby. She held up her hands in holy horror, and after composing herself as best she could under the circumstances, she sat down in a rocking-chair; and while rapidly tilting backward and forward, told the "true story" of all the scandal. She blamed her brother; she could not believe it of him; she cried; she abused Mrs. Maynard; she threatened to go away into some strange place and die, and finally broke down and called for a camphor bottle.

Mrs. Maynard was amazed. She knew not what to do or say. She waited, hoping the judge would come. He was late. Finally she attempted to explain. Miss Maynard would not hear a word. Farmer Allen called for her, and she departed, after making a slurring remark, and saying, "she never wished Judge Maynard to call her sister again!"

* * * * * *

When Judge Maynard came home to dinner, his good wife told him all that had happened. His surprise was very great.

"What shall be done about it?" said he, in a tone of voice that indicated his great grief.

"I've been thinking," said Jane Maynard, "how we can silence the scandal."

"For Heaven's sake, tell me how."

"My dear," said the good woman—she seldom said "my dear,"—"it was through the reporter of the evening paper that we are in trouble, and I have an idea it must be through him that we get out of it."

"I don't understand you, wife."

"Why, write a card of explanation, and when he loiters into court this afternoon for the news, ask him to publish it."

"I will do it," he responded, earnestly. The judge sat down to his desk and wrote as follows:

"EDITOR OF THE EVENING CHRONICLE.—It has come to my notice that myself and family have become the subject of considerable unfriendly comment by many doubtless well-meaning citizens and their wives, because of a child who was left at my door on the 20th inst. I desire to say in your columns that on the 15th inst. my wife and myself visited a home for "Little Wanderers" in a neighboring city, with a view of adopting a child. We made all our arrangements, and the child was to be delivered to us on the afternoon of the 20th. The messenger started on the proper train. An accident occurred whereby the train arrived here several hours behind time. The messenger immediately came to my house. He was conscious of being shadowed by a police officer, who evidently thought him a burglar. While on the piazza of my house, he was fired upon. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, he left the child, and made good his escape. The child's name is Franklin Maynard, and if blessed with a good constitution, and worthy, will be carefully reared to manhood by my wife, and educated for the bar.

"Very respectfully,
JONATHAN MAYNARD.
Fairmount Street, September 22."

The scandal ended. Miss Maynard apologized, and peace and quiet resumed full sway again in the "Indian Head" city.

The Old Sweet Song.

I REMEMBER a song whose numbers throng
As sweetly in memory's twilight hour
As the voice of the blessed in the realm of rest,
Or the sparkle of dew on a dreaming flower;
'Twas a simple air, but when others depart,
Like an angel whisper, it clings to my heart.

I have wandered far under sun and star,
Heard the rippling music in every clime,
From the carol clear of the gondolier
To the wondrous peal of a sacred chime:
I have drank in the tones which bright lips let fall
To thirsting spirits in bower and hall.

The anthems bland of the master grand
Have borne me aloft on their sweeping wings,
And the thunder roll of the organ's soul
Drowns not the murmur of fairy strings,
Or the shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills
With the breath of morn o'er the sleeping hills.

But none remain like the simple strain
Which my mother sang to my childish ears,
As nightly and oft o'er my pillow soft
She gently hovered to soothe my fears:
I can see her now with her bright head bent
In the light which the taper so feebly lent.

I can see her now, with her fair, pure brow,
And the dark locks pushed from her temples clear;
And the liquid rays of her tender gaze,
Made eloquent by a trembling tear
As she watched the sleep that is sweet to all,
Like rose-leaves over my spirit fall.

And the notes still throng of that old sweet song,
Though silent the lips that breathed them to me,
Like the chimes so clear which mariners hear
From the sunken cities beneath the sea;
And never, ah! never can they depart
While shines my being and beats my heart.

That song, that song, that old sweet song!
I gather it up like a golden chair,
Link by link when to slumber I sink,
And link by link when I wake again.
I shall hear it, I know, when the last deep rest
Shall fold me close to the earth's dark breast.

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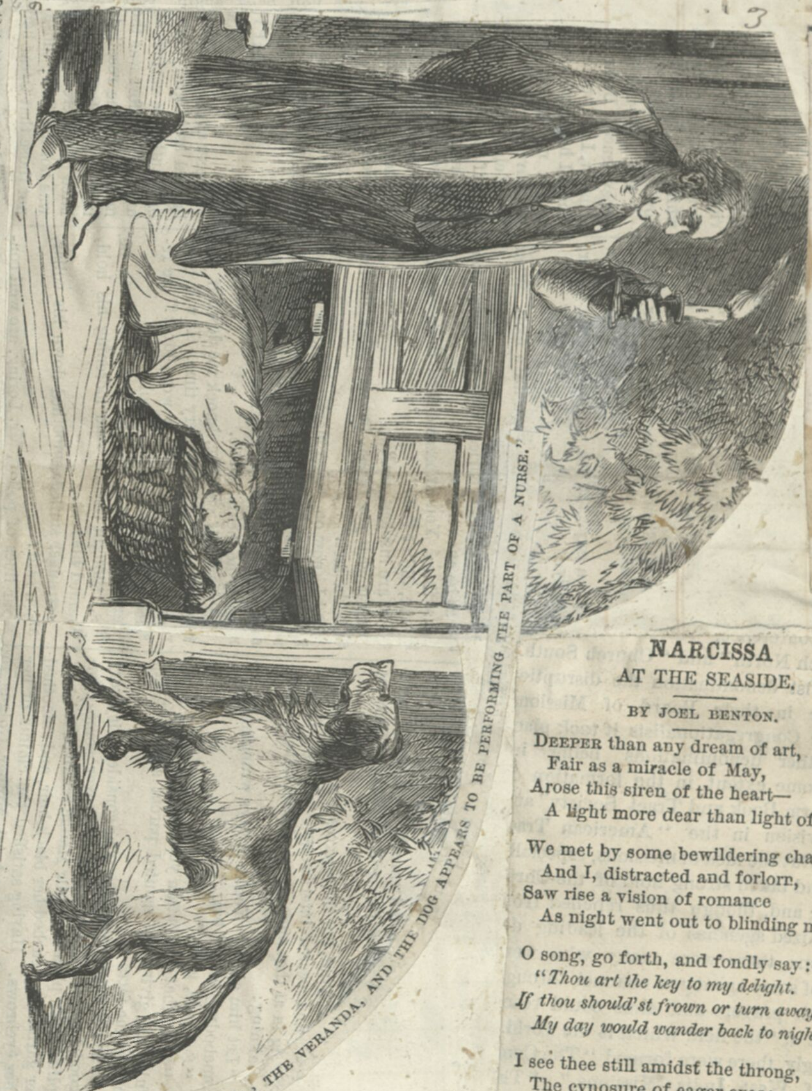

"SLEEPING IN A BASKET UNDER THE VERANDA, AND THE DOG APPEARS TO BE PERFORMING THE PART OF A NURSE."

A ten-year-old, boasting to a schoolmate of his father's establishment, put it as follows: "My father can do almost anything. He's a notary public, a 'pothecary, and can pull teeth, and he's a horse doctor, and he can mend wagons and things, and can play the fiddle, and he's a jackass at all trades."

NARCISSA
AT THE SEASIDE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

DEEPER than any dream of art,
Fair as a miracle of May,
Arose this siren of the heart—
A light more dear than light of day!

We met by some bewildering chance,
And I, distracted and forlorn,
Saw rise a vision of romance
As night went out to blinding morn.

O song, go forth, and fondly say:
"Thou art the key to my delight.
If thou should'st frown or turn away,
My day would wander back to night."

I see thee still amidst the throng,
The cynosure of eager eyes;
No skill, nor art, nor speech, nor song
Can win them from this sweet surprise.

Thy spell in absence holds me fast,
I feel its peril more and more;
As some great wave in weakness cast,
I break in wonder on thy shore.

WILL TRIUMHPHANT.

By Winnie Woodfern.

"This studio suits me, sir. How much will the rent be of this room and the small one opening out of it?"

"Is it for yourself, young lady?"

"It is, sir."

"But—pardon my curiosity—surely you are not going to live here?"

"Why not?"

"Because—because you are so young; such a mere child. Have you no parents, friends, nor lover's friends, with whom you can board?"

A shadow passed over the girl's face, and the firm-set lip quivered; but without raising her eyes she replied:

"I have nothing of the kind, sir. I am an orphan, and entirely alone in the world. My art is the only thing I love, and upon it I am entirely dependent."

"My poor child! Come and board with us; my wife and daughters will love you, and you shall be as one of the family."

"You are very kind, Mr. Wilson, but you must excuse me if I say I prefer being alone. It is necessary for me to devote every leisure moment to the study of my art, and the preservation of my health; and in your family, I fear I should—"

"Become an idler like the rest of us, hey?" replied the old gentleman, good-humoredly. "Well, well, my dear, you know best, and you shall have the rooms at once. But remember one thing; you are to take them rent free, or not at all. Nay, not a word—I won't hear it!" And holding his hands tightly over his ears, he retired from the room.

Tears of gratitude filled the young girl's eyes as she gazed after him, but hastily dashing them away, she busied herself in preparing her future home. The trunks that had been left at the door were now brought up, and their contents distributed around the two apartments. All day long the girl labored alone—alone, as she was henceforward to do—and by nightfall, a neat straw carpet covered the floor, a writing-desk, table, sofa, and easel, and a few tiny chairs were disposed around with artistic effect, a few fine paintings hung upon the walls, and close beside the easel the graceful figure of a Turkish girl held up a porcelain lamp. A French bedstead with snowy pillows and counterpane, an inviting arm-chair and footstool, and a small toilet table, with a swinging mirror appended to it, comprised the furniture of the smaller apartment, and vases of fresh flowers diffused their fragrance through both.

The mistress of this elegant little home was apparently not more than seventeen years of age. Her form was slight and rounded, though not wholly developed; her dress, consisting of a neat blue muslin, made low in the neck, and with short sleeves, and her long curls of dark brown hair, gave her a childish appearance; but one look into the profound depths of her dark blue eyes, told that her life had been measured by deeds, not by hours, and that high, pale brow yet bore the marks of the better baptism wherewithal she had been baptized.

The lower part of her face was childlike; the mouth smiled, and the outline of the soft cheek and chin was exquisite, but above, all was stern and sad. It spoke of the crucifixion of an ardent, aspiring nature, on the cross of its own hope; of mind triumphing over matter, but only by a heart-rending struggle.

Days, weeks passed on, and still in that pleasant little home the young artist lived and labored. She had many obstacles to contend with. Though the furniture of her little rooms was rich, and her dress always fashioned with artistic skill, and of the finest materials, these were only relics of her past, and of this she never spoke. The present was a stern reality to her, for trial, and disappointment, and penury were her constant companions. But hers was a glorious heart, and an unshrinking nature.

Still she toiled on, beautiful in her strong determination and her rapt enthusiasm. "God helps all those who help themselves," was her constant motto; and without friends or love, she pressed right onward to the goal. There was soon to be an exhibition of paintings in the city, and she was just completing one which she intended to offer for the prize. The subject was the Coronation of Napoleon, and she had pictured the moment when he placed the crown upon his head with his own hands.

It was truly a masterpiece. The triumphant expression of the noble soldier as the well-earned laurel rested upon his brow, and the deep, far-seeing glance of his eye, as if the future lay spread out like a map before him, were given with great effect.

But on gazing at the picture, every one was struck with the idea that the artist painted that proudly triumphant, immovable, and inexplicable expression, not from memory or history, but from her own heart. Her spirit could feel like his—her soul could understand the tumultuous emotions that rushed through his—and therefore it was startingly life-like and natural.

The picture was finished and sent to the exhibition rooms. No eye save hers had gazed upon it; for she had determined to trust her own judgment, and seek no sympathy if she failed. And in the strength of this resolution, she did not visit the rooms till the day came for awarding the prizes. As she mingled with the motley crowd, the glorious face of her Napoleon was the first to glance fixedly at her from the walls, and a wild hope shot through her heart as she saw how truly superior it was to most of the heads around it. The judge arose to read the name of the fortunate artist who bore away the palm. What? Could she believe her ears? Her Napoleon had taken the highest prize.

A unanimous call for the artist awoke her from her stupor, and with a proud step she passed through the crowd that made way for her respectfully, and stood before the committee. A murmur of surprise ran through the hall. Could that child be she who had distanced all competitors? Impossible! Even the judge was moved, and taking the wreath of golden flowers and leaves that lay before him, he laid it with the affectionate touch and the murmured blessing of a father on the young head bowed before him. She gently raised the chaplet, and replaced it again herself, and as she shook back her long curls and raised her brow to the light, all saw upon the fair face that same flush of gratified power, that same still intensity of purpose that characterized her hero-king, and a perfect storm of applause greeted her as she descended, and after a few moments' stay, took her departure, still alone.

And thus, oh, dreamer, must a stern resolve ever work its way. Home and friends may be deserted, love may die out in the heart, but Fame is sweet, and the voice of a people lifted up in stormy cheers, is all of happiness. And this shall surely come to genius and determination, for "Will Is Fate!"

* * *

Seeing is not always believing. There are many men you can see and yet cannot believe.

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NANCY WAS WILLING, BUT JOSH WAS BASHFUL.

On a farm not many miles from Ashtabula there resided, until recently, a brown-haired, blue-eyed, fair-complexioned, buxom country maiden, who would have been happy as the day is long but for the fact that Josiah ——, a bashful country lad, the owner of a large farm and a little colored moustache, the admiration of the girls and the envy of the boys for miles around, had been persistently courting her at the paternal mansion for two years, but could never be brought to propose. Yet Josh wanted the girl as bad, if not worse, than the girl wanted him; and he was always on the point of saying something, but never yet had it got to his expectant listener's ears. At length, at the end of two years, Mary Ann got so excited over it that she could hardly wipe her mother's dishes, while Josh would stop and lean upon his hoe in the cornfield and think to himself, "Why am I such a born fool? I really think she would would have me if I had only gumption enough to ask her." With this he resolved to take her to ride that very day, and have a settlement once for all. At first he thought he would hire a livery rig and go in style, but the expense deterred him. "Darned if dad's shay and our nag won't do, she needn't have me." So said Josh, as he threw down his hoe, put on his coat, and started to the house to hitch up old "Nancy" and get his sweetheart. The chaise, which had done service for many centuries, was drawn out, and Josiah, arranged in ruffled shirt-front, scarlet necktie, dark-blue vest, and white linen pants, with swallow-tailed coat, and stove-pipe hat, the colored moustache displayed to the best advantage, stepped in behind his fiery steed and drove for his Dulcinea. She seemed coquettish about "going out in the hot sun with a man she wasn't engaged to, even if he had gone with her so long;" but she was persuaded, and Josh helped her into the "shay." Without a word of conversation between them, the first mile was passed. Mary Ann sat in one corner of the vehicle blushing, red as a peony, while Josiah was hesitating whether to pop the question now or wait a while. A second half mile was passed and still silence reigned, broken only occasionally by the crack of Josiah's whip against "Nancy's" lean sides. They now entered a forest bordering on Josiah's domain, and out of the sunlight Josiah grew bolder. He began to talk about his crops, and another mile was passed, still he could not muster up sufficient courage to say the word which must decide his fate. For two long and weary years the lassie had also waited and watched for the question, and now "Barkis was willing," yet unable to ask her. Outwardly silent, but inwardly fretting and fuming, this queen of country damsels sat revolving in her mind how she could bring matters to a crisis. At length, as the horse stopped for an instant on the brow of the hill to nibble a bit of grass, she bethought herself of a plan. She begged her lover to go to a farm house not far distant and bring her a cup of cold water. Then the sly creature kept watch until he was half way back to the carriage with the cup, and partially hidden from view by a clump of trees, when she seized the whip and punched it into the horse's ribs with such force as almost to cause them to crack. "Nancy" gave a spring forward and rushed madly down the hill, Josh hastily dropping his cup of water and flying in hot pursuit. At length he reached them, after a hard run. The "shay" lay broken and overturned in the middle of the road, the horse was quietly browsing the grass near by, while Mary Ann, her face as pale as marble and her beautiful white dress soiled with dust, lay apparently insensible a short distance off. Josh's attempts to rouse her were of no avail until, becoming thoroughly frightened, he began to cover her cheeks with impassioned kisses, calling upon her to live for him. Then, and not till then, did the beautiful deign to open her eyes, when, with tears gushing forth, she said: "Oh, Josh! if you'd only said it afore, this would never have happened."

THE BRUTE.

The grasshopper:
He cometh;
He cometh numerously;
He bringeth his family;
Also his relatives;
And his friends;
Likewise his mother-in-law;
And her friends;
As well as all that hate her;
And they are legion.
The wisdom of men computeth them not;
They spread over the land;
And there is no place where they are not.
They nip the spring grass;
They devour the fragrant onion sprout;
And the savory celery.
The wheat-field is left desolate;
And no green thing remaineth where the hopper hath been;
His pathway is the abomination of destruction.
The ranchman mourneth for his green fields that were, but are not;
Mayhap he sweareth;
Possibly he saith audibly, and crieth aloud—damneth.
What careth the hopper grass?
It troubleth him not.
Ask the prophets of Kansas;
And the wise men of Nebraska;
And they will answer likewise.
But the relief committee agent lifteth up *his* voice and calleth the hopper blessed.
The patriarch grasshopper cometh from the mystical western land;
The realm of Brigham;
The land of Mormons;
Whence come many bad things and some that are good.
The hopper is one of them;
Several of them;
But he is not good.
He cometh in the latter summer days,
In sun-darkening myriads;
As the winds come when forests are rended;
As the waves come when navies are stranded;
Like unto a Democratic victory.
He alighteth on a potato vine;
And on the fragrant tomato tree;
And on the succulent roasting ear, whilst it is yet in the milk and toothsome;
And upon all other fruit of the field that cometh late into market;
And they all disappear and are seen after that evil day no more forever.
And the lady grasshopper maketh straightway her nest "down in the cornfield";
And in the wheat-stubble;
And upon the hillside;
And all over the sandy plain;
And everywhere else under the sun;
And filleth the nest with eggs;
And then she continueth to make nests and fill them likewise with eggs, every day, until the winter days cometh and the ground freezeth hard, when no grasshopper can make nests.
And the eggs, are they not rash eggs;
With double yolks?
And warranted to hatch?
Yea, verily, and the warranty is good.
And the lady grasshopper's mate—what of him?
Verily, I say unto you, he sitteth upon the sweet-potato vine and singeth all the glad summer day;
He climbeth up the cornstalk and loppeth off its verdant branches;
He taketh no heed of the morrow;
Nor of the groans and curses of the irate ranchman.
And in the hottest autumn days he leadeth the fisherman beside the babbling waters;
And up the steep mountain side;
And over prickly pear;
And through soap-weed;
And among thorny bushes;
And when at last the fisherman falls upon his knees and puts his hands upon Mr. Hopper, where is he?
Alas! he is not there;
But he soareth above;
And cracketh his heels together;
And laugheth out of his left optic at the fisherman, who is seated on the hillside,
Digging cactus-thorns from hands and knees,
And framing cuss words.
Alas! he never will kneel any more.
And when in the fullness of time the wintry days have come;
And stilled his voice in death;
With frost's icy mantle about him, he goeth hence to his fathers,
Content with the fitting close to a spent life,
And happy in the reflection that he will live again, in his children,
When gentle spring shall come again,
And again,
And again, forever,
In the eternal cycle of returning years.

* * * * * * *

'Tis spring;
Winter has loosened his icy fetters;
Robin redbreasts carol in the cottonwoods;
The beecher-tilton trial is well on;
And genial sunshine again bathes the earth.
Are those eggs spoiled?
Not by a jugfull.
In the earliest warm, sunny day,
Forth come a few millions of the juvenile hoppers;
Tiny, mitey midgets;
The pickets, the scouts, the advance guard of countless hosts that soon will follow.
Ye honest ranchman laugheth in his sleeve, and sayeth:
"The hoppers are hatching; spring frosts and snow will fix them."
Alas! fallacy of man's faith;
The little hopper relieth on Providence;
And his reliance is sublime;
It putteth the "shoddy religion" of man to shame.
Drown him in floods that would have appalled Noah;
Bury him in Arctic snows;
Subject him to frost that freezeth the ears off a brass monkey;
Encase him in the heart of an iceberg;
Let old Boreas caress him with winds or fondle him in his icy embrace;
The little martyr calmly foldeth his arms, draweth up his nether limbs, and waiteth;
Waiteth for the next sunrise, when he cometh forth to breakfast, gay as a schoolgirl and with an appetite that is a luxury.
You can't kill him;
Neither can you scare him;
Nor can he be discouraged;
He dieth only of old age,
And very late in the fall.—*Denver News.*

8
9
6
70

Dr. Edward Ray

1844				
Apl 3	To	Soleing 7 Boots 4/.		67
June 3	"	Soleing 7 Heeling & Patching 7 Boots	1	17
21	"	Mending		12½
Oct 26	"	"		12½
"	"	"		25
Nov 7	"	Capping & Heeling 7 Boots	1	—
Dec 12	"	1 pr Soles for Self 25c – 1 pr do for Son 20		45
20	"	9 lb Pork @ 9c		81
1845 Jany 18	"	Soleing 7 Heeling & Patching 7 Boots 5/.		83
Feby 28	"	1 Jar of Blacking 12½ Soleing & Capping Boots 4/6		68¾
April 28th		Repairing 20c – July 18th Repairing 50c – Repairing $1.17c —	1	87½
Aug 7th	"	Md 17c – Octr 20th Md 3/ – Repairing 25c —		92
		Repairing 25c – Jan 25 1847 Repairing Boots 87½ —	1	12½
		Repairing do 75c – March 26th Repairing Boots $1.00 —	1	75
		Heeling & Pegging Boots this Change July 8th 1845		37½
		Md 17c – June 1st Heeling Boots 25c —		42
1847 Dec 15th		Soling Boots 4/ – Shoes 42c – Jan 1st Md 8c	1	17
1848 Feb 3d		Md 8c – March 12th Md 42c Leather 25c		75
		Soling Boots 4/ – Soling & Capping Shoes 42c	1	09
		Patching Boot 12½		12½
1849 March 12th		Md 4c – 75 lb Bluefish @ 4c —	3	06¼
1850 March 2d		Soling Boots 4/ – Aug 20th Soling Heeling & Patching Boots 1.25	1	82
Sept 20		Repairing Boots 5/ – Jan 18/51 Repairing Boots 5/	1	67
Feb 15th		Soling & Heeling Shoes 58c – Md 25c —		83
June 30		Patching Shoes 12c – Soling & Heeling Shoes 62c		74

Contra Cr

1844 Apl 3	By 1 Side Leather 26 lbs @ 21 —	5	46
Jany 18	" Cash borrowed, — — —	8	—
1847 Feby 26th	By Cash 87½ c		87½
Nov 18th 1847	By 4 Bush Turnips @ 50 — —	2	00

Dr. Elisa Ruſsell

1844	To Amt from Page 11 — — — — —	23	07
June 13	" Mending 4d — 1/2 Gall Oil 45 Heeling 1/. —		68
July 18	" Patching Shoe 12½ — 1/2 Gall Oil 48 —		60½
Aug 13	" Soleing Shoes 3/6 — Heeling & Patching do 37½ —		96
Octr 10	" " " 4/. —		67
Nov 11	" Capping Shoes — — —		37½
Dec 3	" Mending 12½ — 20th 73½ lb Pork @ 9 —	6	69½
"	" 5 lb Gut Fat @ 6 —		30
1845 31	" 7¼ lb Pork @ 9 — Jany 10th Soleing & Heeling 3/6	1	23
Feby 26	" Soleing Shoes 4/. Mch 15th Patching Shoes 20 —		87
Mch 15 —	" Heeling " 1/6 — 20th Soleing & Patching Boots 80 —	1	05
Apl 7	" Soleing " 2/6 — Tapping & Heeling Shoes 2/6		83
28th	" 16 lb Pilot Bread @ 5c — May 7th Soleing & Heeling Shoes 3/6 —	1	38
	" Heeling Boot 8c — Patching Shoes 25c — Heeling Shoes 25c		58
May 17	" Heeling Shoes 20c — 28th Mend Boots for James 25c — Tapping do 20c		65
June 10	" 8 Bundles Chips @ 4c — Carting 8c — 12th Soleing for James 4/ —	1	25
27	" Heeling Boot for James 1/ — Patching 12½ — July 28th Heeling 20c		50
Aug 16	" Mend 4c — Soleing Heeling & Patching Boots James $1-00 Mend 1/ —	1	23
Dec 16th	Soleing Shoes for Lydia 42c — Mend 8c — Repairing 42c		92
1846 Feb 7th	3½ Bushels Turnips @ 50c — Repairing 2/ —	2	08
April 9th	Repairing 3/ — Repairing do 20c — Repairing do $1.00	1	70
May 21st	Mend 8c — Repairing 87½ for James — Repairing do Lydia 2/ —	1	29
	Mend 1/ — Repairing Boots for James $1.12½ —	1	29
Dec 26th	Repairing for James 75c — do 12½ — Repairing 25c —	1	12½
1847 Jan 6th	Repairing 62½ — do 1/ — do 62½ — do — 12½ —	1	37½
April 23	Patching 12½ do — 12½ — Mend 20c — Soleing 50c — Tr do 42c	1	37

Contra Cr

1841 Oct 19th	By the Amt brot from Page 11)	63	47

Dr. Charles W. Hussey

1844	To Am't from Page 25.		
May 4	" Soleing Boots 4/.		67
June 1	" Mending " 1/.		17
1845 Mch 10	" Soleing & Heeling Boots		1 –
Apl 7	" " " " "		1 –

Dr John . W. Coleman

1846 Nov 29th	Patching Boot 12½, (March 6th 1847) Repair'g Boots 87½	1	00
April 24th	Heeling Boots 25c		25
1846 Oct 19th	Mend 25c Mend Shoes for Daughter 17c this ougt to have been the first Charge		42

67
17

60
25
42

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

WHAT to do with it? It was not the first time this question had troubled him. We use the term advisedly, for very often since the poor man had accumulated so much wealth that he was really at a loss what disposition to make of it, had that query perplexed his mind. But never had it pressed so forcibly upon him as on this chilly spring evening, as he sat in his cosy library gazing abstractedly into the mass of coals, glowing at the heart, but encrusted with white and gray ashes, the remains of a generous wood fire.

Among the pictures his fancy traced in the embers was the old paternal homestead. There it stood, a humble dwelling, by the wayside, the roof-tree bending over it; there was the capacious barn with its open doors; near by the rustic well with its stoop and pole—the cart just unyoked; in front the devious road winding over a slight ascent; in the rear the orchard and the meadow land, with the bit of brook running through it: while bounding the horizon, the dim distant mountains, which hemmed him in, as it were, fromthe bustling world beyond. All these and much more he saw in the bed of coals; and as memory went back—back through nearly three-score years—to the scenes of his boyhood, his youthful dreams and hopes and aspirations were recalled vividly to his mind.

The great question that then employed his thoughts was—how to get it? Get that which, now possessing, he was at a loss how to dispose of. A smile of very doubtful meaning flitted over the old man's face as the feelings and purposes of his youth occurred to him. He recollected well the day-dreams in which he then indulged—visions of large possessions, and of the use he resolved to make of them. He remembered how he used to imagine his dream realized, and the pleasure he took in bestowing favors upon this and that deserving object; here helping a companion to start in life, there making comfortable the declining years of the aged and indigent. His beneficence knew no stint, and he found ample reward for his lavish bestowals in the luxury of doing good.

Well, the wildest dreams of his youth, in respect to acquiring wealth, had been more than realized. From his first step in life he had been an especial favorite of fortune. Success crowned all his efforts. Prosperity flowed in upon him a steady, unbroken stream, until now, "living on borrowed time," having passed the prescribed three score years and ten, he could compute his wealth a hundred fold beyond the most extravagant aspirations of his early life. But the impulses that stirred his boyish heart, in which it was his delight to indulge, what of them? Had they been obliterated by the process of accumulation? It would not be strange if it were so. That process is too often a hardening one. Perhaps the smile that played over the old man's features as he recalled the generous enthusiasm of his youth was at its folly. If so, that smile soon gave way to an uneasy, disquieting expression, as the thought came home to him with a sting of reproach, that he had so almost wholly ignored those noble promptings.

Not that he was a penurious man. That objectionable epithet was never coupled with the name of Richard Rangely. On the contrary, he was lauded for his liberality. Never was an appeal to his generosity for a worthy object made in vain; and he was no niggard in his gifts. He had made large benefactions to various charitable institutions. He had endowed halls of learning. His name stood high on the roll of generous givers. Surely there was no occasion for self-reproach. Still he was not satisfied with himself.

As he sat there in the firelight he felt a craving for something more than the applause awarded him. The encomiums bestowed upon him for his benevolent acts seemed empty and were far from satisfying him. He felt a degree of pride in the praise of his fellow-men, and in the knowledge that by his endowments his name would be perpetuated, very common and very pardonable. He believed that he had placed his money where it would do the most good. He was satisfied with the result of his charities; yet had he done all the good which it was in his power to do? Were there not some special acts of benevolence he could perform—some way of carrying out his youthful resolves, from which he would reap a higher sense of gratification than from all his other charities, strewn broadcast as they were? These were the questions he now pondered.

While the thoughts of the old gentleman are thus employed, we will briefly touch upon a few points which will serve to introduce him more fully to the acquaintance of the reader.

As life goes Richard Rangeley's had not been an unhappy one. He had experienced a feverish enjoyment in the accumulation of wealth, but there was a secret void in his heart which all of his wealth, great as it was, could not fill. He had had his romance in his youth. He was of poor parentage, or rather his father possessed but a moderate competency. While yet a mere youth, Richard unfortunately placed his affections on the daughter of the great man of the village—great because the wealthiest. We say unfortunately, in that it gave a coloring to all of his after life. There was apparently no disinclination on the part of the maiden to reciprocate his sentiments, but the father and family at once were in arms. Such a *mesalliance* would never be tolerated, must not be thought of, and Richard was speedily given the cold shoulder. In the course of time another suitor for the lady's hand appeared, who fortunately possessed what Richard lacked, and after a brief courtship she became his wife. Before that event took place, however, Richard had left his native village, and had never since revisited it.

He had long contemplated seeking his fortune abroad, and the incident just alluded to hastened the execution of his resolve. He left home a disappointed man, and for a time a desponding one. If he had not had the "right stuff" in him, the chances were that the mortification he experienced from the rebuff he had received would have worked to his harm, perhaps to his ruin. Very fortunately he was one of those who, instead of suffering such a disappointment to crush them, are spurred on to achievements, which, but for it, they would never, it may be, have attempted. Bravely he struggled to subdue his morbid tendency, and concentrating his energies he bent them all to one object—the one great object to the attainment of which the efforts of the mass of mankind are directed—the acquisition of property. Success attended these efforts. Constantly occupied in business pursuits, his mind soon recovered its normal tone, and, as we have already intimated, throughout his long career prosperity had smiled upon all of his undertakings.

And yet his early disappointment cast a shadow upon his life, which deepened with his years, and had left him in his advanced age a lonely old man. Very unwisely, as he now acknowledged, it led him to renounce the ties and joys of domestic life. It was not so much the memory of his first love that led to the renunciation, but during his more susceptible years his mind was so engrossed in business that he gave no thought to the subject; and when that feverish period had passed by and he had leisure to look around him and think of something besides money-making, he had become so wedded to his bachelor habits that he could not break away from them. He had imbibed the idea that he was doomed to a life of celibacy, and had become resigned and reconciled to what he deemed to be his fate.

He had now retired from the active pursuits of life. Long since he had attained to the goal of his most ardent aspirations. The stimulus that inspired his youth and manhood's prime had ceased to operate. He had not that insatiable desire which clings to some men to the last moment of existence, the desire to accumulate. Perhaps he would have been a happier man if he had. But his ambition for wealth was satisfied, more than satisfied. The excitement of trade had died within him, and he would not permit himself to be seduced with the mania of stock gambling. The temptation had been spread before him, but he had resisted it. What he had won he had won fairly and honorably, and he was too high minded and conscientious to stoop to the trickery of "rings" and "corners." He was not envious of those who amassed colossal fortunes on the ruins of others. He could look back upon his long business career without a feeling of self-reproach. If any man was fairly entitled to enjoy his gains, that man was Richard Rangely. And yet meagre was the happiness they afforded him.

Sitting there brooding over the coals—recalling his lost youth—contemplating the entire scope of his existence—he was constrained to admit that his life had been a failure; with all his vast possessions he felt that he was a bankrupt; that, compared with the humblest man in his employment, blessed with wife and children and surrounded with the endearments of home, he was poor—wretchedly poor. He had risen early to his work and labored late into the night; had endured untold anxieties and encountered untold perplexities to compass his ends. He had wasted his youth and manhood in the accomplishment of his object. He had curbed all the social instincts of his nature—had neglected to cultivate that genial intercourse with his fellow-men which lends to life its chief charm; and for what? In the bank books there was an array of figures signifying there was such an amount to his credit; in the bank vault was a metalic box containing documents signifying that such and such lands and buildings belonged to him—that such and such stocks and bonds were his property. These were all, the results, the products of his struggles and sacrifices. Did they compensate them? Ah, but there were the respect and consideration they conferred upon him? Very true—the respect and consideration of a sycophant crowd! How worthless the comparison with the envied treasures of the common day-laborer, his humble serving man! Such and of like nature were the old man's musings.

The deep revery in which he was plunged was broken by the entrance of a servant, who placed a letter before him and then lighted the gas. For some time after being again left alone the old gentleman gave no heed to the letter. But presently, as his eye caught the post-mark, he was aroused from his abstraction and exhibited no small degree of interest in the missive. It was addressed in the handwriting of a lady and bore the postmark of his native village. He turned the letter over with a curious scrutiny, as men sometimes will on receiving one from an unexpected quarter. Who could it be from? What was its purport? More than fifty years had passed away since he left home, and a full decade had elapsed since he had written a letter to or received one from there. He had relatives in his native place, an elder brother and his family, but there had been little if any correspondence between them. Occasionally, with intervals of long years, letters passed between him and his brother; and just now, in his tender mood, his conscience reproached him for his neglecting to take more interest in that brother's affairs. This letter obviously was not from him. But it might be from one of his family. He had daughters, he believed; perhaps this letter was from one announcing his sickness, perhaps his death, for he was an old man, nearly ten years his senior.

With some hesitation he at last broke the seal of the letter and sought its contents. The expression of doubt and apprehension that he wore as he commenced their perusal soon passed away, and there was a general lighting up of his countenance as he continued to read. The letter was as follows:—

"UNCLE RICHARD:—You will very likely be surprised on receiving a letter from one you never saw, and of whose existence you may not even be aware. The object of my writing I trust will excuse the liberty I have taken. It is this: On the 20th of the coming month will occur the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of father and mother. His children and grandchildren have determined to commemorate the occasion by a Golden Wedding. They have taken the responsibility of soliciting your presence, and have deputized me to extend the invitation. Father is not informed of our intention, but we know that your presence would be highly gratifying to him, and you may be assured of a hearty welcome from each and all of us. He has often spoken of you with affectionate regard, and regretted that you and he had been separated through life. Father and mother, I am sure, would cordially unite with their children in their expressions of esteem, which they beg to extend through

"Your affectionate niece, ANNIE RANGELY.

"P. S. Have you any recollection of Mr. Edward Denning? He was at one time considered the richest man in the village, and was very proud, so I am told, of his wealth and the position it gave him. By some means he lost all his property. His wife and daughter died some years ago. Being old and destitute, and suffering from a paralytic stroke, the poor man, at his own request, was a short time ago taken to the alms-house. I mention this because I remember when it occurred to have heard father say that you once knew him, and that 'Uncle Richard' would be interested to learn the fact."

It needed but a glance at the face of the old man to show how deeply he was interested in the letter, and more particularly in the postscript. He read the latter twice over before carefully depositing the letter in his pocket-book—twice over, and very slowly, as if weighing every word it contained. Had he any recollection of that man, Edward Denning? For fifty years and more his name had not passed his lips—had not been mentioned in his hearing; yet had it seldom been out of his thoughts.

"*She* dead and he in the alms-house; poor man! poor man!" he sadly repeated to himself as he paced slowly to and fro the apartment, reflecting on the strange chances and changes of life.

The time had been when he harbored hard, bitter feelings against Edward Denning. He had not forgotten the haughty manner in which his love for his daughter had been spurned—the offensive superciliousness to which he had been subjected on that mortifying occasion. But time had modified his feelings, blunting his animosity. His sympathies were now awakened and the past forgotten. He only thought of Edward Denning, once the autocrat of the village, reduced in his extreme old age to pauperism, and now the inmate of the poor-house, with sentiments of pity. For the daughter he had always cherished a feeling of regret rather than resentment. She had slighted his affection and married another, but he believed she was constrained to this by the will of her father. He had not heard of her since her marriage. She became to him as one dead the hour she wedded, so that the tidings of her real death caused no shock to him.

Seating himself after a while again before the fire, Richard Rangely stirred up the embers, as if he would obliterate all past memories, and adding fresh fuel, the kindling pile soon burst into a cheerful blaze. With an effort he changed the current of his thoughts and turned his mind to the subject of his niece's invitation. Should he accept it? He had often of late had a strong desire to visit his native place, and why not embrace the present opportunity? One thing only had and now restrained him; undue sensitiveness in regard to the circumstances under which he left it. He imagined that his return would revive the recollection of his love for Annie Denning and of his being discarded. He forgot the years that intervened since that event—forgot that death or absence had probably removed many if not all who were cognizant of the facts; forgot how soon such matters pass from the minds of men. Ever fresh in his own memory, he had all along adopted the idea that all the incidents were as fresh in the memory of others, and he shrunk from making himself the object of remark.

But sitting before the replenished fire, he began to take another and more reasonable view of the case. Few, probably, out of the families interested in the affair ever heard of it. There was nothing peculiar about it to impress it upon the mind, and it would be sheer folly in him to permit it any longer to be a bar to his return. Having arrived at this sensible conclusion, he wrote a letter accepting the invitation of his niece, and when he retired for the night it was in a better frame of mind, and a heart more at ease, than he had enjoyed for many a year.

Chapter II.

OAKLAND, the native place of Richard Rangely, is hundreds of miles distant from the metropolis where he resided. It is, or was, a quiet country town devoted to farming. Railroads, at the time of which we write, had not penetrated far in its direction, and the only public means of communication with the outer world afforded its inhabitants was the semi-weekly stage-coach, and they relied on the papers brought by this conveyance for information of what was passing abroad. Through these they managed to keep pretty well posted in regard to general affairs and to preserve an interest in the leading topics that agitated the public mind. They were not, as are the dwellers in cities, subject to a constant state of excitement by sensational rumors flashed over the wires which another hour contradicts, but their weekly papers generally contained only well authenticated facts, carefully sifted from the exaggerated despatches which deceive and distract the city reader. They had faith in the news paper. What they read there they believed. Their editor was their oracle.

Living thus apart, and hearing so rarely from their city relative, the Rangelys of Oakland were almost in total ignorance of his affairs. Rumors had reached them, it is true, that he had been very successful in his business, but of his vast wealth they had never dreamed. From what they had heard they had made up their minds that he was "well to do" in the world, and thought no more of the matter. His name indeed was seldom mentioned among the children, and it was only when the subject of the Golden Wedding was broached that any interest was manifested in his existence or non-existence.

So long a time had elapsed since anything had occurred to break the monotony of Oakland life—nothing in fact for years save the sad event touching Mr. Denning—that the prospect of a Golden Wedding produced a real live sensation. It was at once the one topic of conversation of the town, and it was pleasant to observe how heartily every one entered into the affair. Father Rangely, as he was familiarly styled, was a universal favorite. He was respected as one of the few "old families" in the place—the Rangely farm having passed from father to son through many generations—and although it was only by hard labor and strict economy that he had been enabled to "make both ends meet," that fact abated not a jot of the esteem of his neighbors. The Dennings, in their palmy days, and one or two of like kidney, affected to look down upon him, but his townsmen, honest souls, had a true appreciation of his worth and the dignity of labor. There might have been a show of deference to the rich Mr. Denning, yet at heart they were faithful in their allegiance to the sturdy old farmer, Father Rangely, for they looked upon the hardy tiller of the soil as the peer to the noblest in the land.

Although an octogenarian the old man was yet hale and hearty, and capable of performing a better day's labor than many a young man. He had been a worker from his youth up, and had literally "earned his bread by the sweat of his brow." His eldest son, who, with his family, lived with the "old folks," persisted on his taking the rest to which he was so fairly entitled, but he would not hear to him. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," was the usual rejoinder to his son's importunities, and that settled the matter.

There was one strong desire long cherished by the old man, andthat was to incorporate an adjoining piece of land with his farm, which would vastly improve his property. To this end he had labored year after year, and as yet labored in vain. One or another thing was sure to occur to frustrate his wishes—now short crops, now a ruined crop, now a low market and the like, so that at the date of our story he seemed as far off from the attainment of his desire as at the first. Still it was a bait to renewed exertion, although he alone was tempted by it.

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Father Rangely had lost several children, but there still remained two sons and two daughters to cheer and comfort his old age. His sons and one of his daughters were married. His youngest child, Annie, the scribe, had not as yet "lost her freedom," as she was wont to say. She was just flowering into womanhood, and was the pet of the family, and deservedly so, too; for besides being accomplished in all housewifely virtues, she possessed one of those sunny temperaments which win all hearts and diffuse a cheerful light and genial warmth on all around them.

Nor did Annie Rangely lack those personal charms which, say what we will, incline us favorably toward their possessors, and if united to graces of mind and heart, render us devout worshippers at their lovely shrines. Mr. Rangely had given his children the best education that could be obtained in that remote region, and as they were "naturally of quick parts," as their neighbors phrased it, they exhibited an intelligence somewhat above the ordinary village standard. In all domestic circles there is one who wears the palm for smartness, and by common consent Annie was regarded the "smart one of the family."

A brief allusion to the other members of the family must suffice. The eldest, as we have said, lived at home. The second son resided in an adjoining town and carried on a farm in connection with his father-in-law. The married daughter lived in another State. Each had children married, and all were to be present at the wedding, for which interesting event the old homestead was in a bustle of busy preparation. We have neglected to mention a widowed and only surviving sister of Mr. Rangely, from whose limited means she was mainly supported, and who had recently made her home with him. She completed the family circle.

"I wish that brother Richard could be present," said the old gentleman, as they were talking the matter over just before the eventful day.

"Yes, it is a pity he could not be," said his wife; "it would be so pleasant to have a complete household gathering."

"Perhaps he may come, who knows?" said Annie, casting a meaning glance at her brother.

The sly witch! She was burning to tell them that she had stowed away snugly in her pocket a letter from uncle Richard announcing that he would not fail, if his life was spared, to be present. But she restrained herself, for the sake of the gratifying surprise his unexpected appearance would afford her parents.

Not at the homestead alone but in all the neighborhood busy hands were employed preparing for the anticipated nuptials. It was an event that had never occurred in Oakland, a golden wedding, and consequently the one in prospect was of absorbing interest, and when at last the morning of the important day arrived, from afar and near the neighbors were seen wending their way to the old farm house, each bearing his or her offering. Annie and her aunt were kept busy the entire forenoon in arranging on the tables in the "best room" the wedding gifts, so as to display them in the most advantageous manner.

These gifts, you may be sure, did not consist of costly *bijouterie*—of utensils wrought of the precious metals—such as are usually presented on these occasions, and which are intended, in reality, not so much as tokens of the good will of the donors, as to gratify their vanity by an ostentatious exhibition of their offerings. Very different from these were the contributions on the occasion referred to. They generally consisted of plain, substantial, serviceable articles for the household or the person, intended not in the least for show but wholly for use; and more deeply prized were these simple, homely offerings by the recipients, than would have been those of a thousand fold more value, bestowed only in compliance with a custom disparaged by its followers but who had not the courage to discard it.

In order, however, to characterize the occasion, even if ever so slightly, a pair of gold spectacles for the aged bridegroom and a gold thimble for the bride, were the combined offering of the grand-children. Of the gifts we shall attempt no description. They comprised a motley variety, but there was scarcely an article that could not be turned to good account. And then the bountiful supply of edibles—the frosted cakes and flaky pies, and crispy doughnuts—a marvel to behold! To these might be added the choicest cuts from the "critter" last killed on a neighboring farm, the dainty spare-rib, cornfed, the plump, well-cured ham, etc., etc. It put to task the ingenuity of Annie to arrange in due order the avalanche of good things showered down upon them. But in good time everything was disposed of to her satisfaction, leaving her at liberty to turn her attention to other matters.

And matters enough were there to distract any one less cool and methodical than our young maiden. The ceremony was to take place early in the afternoon, which was to be followed by a grand supper, to be served at a seasonable hour to enable those living at a distance to reach their homes before the night set in. Instead of the noontide meal a lunch had been provided for the numerous kindred, who had arrived during the morning. All the affairs had been so admirably ordered through Annie's supervision that everything worked like clock-work.

As the hour of noon drew near Annie stationed herself at a window whence she could overlook the stage-road leading into the village, toward which she bent eager, anxious glances. It was already beyond the time when the stage was due. What could detain it? Had any accident occured?—were the mental queries of the expectant watcher. No, it was coming! Afar off the rising dust announced its approach, catching sight of which, Annie left her post, threw on her bonnet and hurried from the house.

There was no regular tavern at Oakland, but a poor widow, mercifully inclined, had put out a sign: "Entertainment for Man and Beast," and when by a rare chance there was a passenger for Oakland, the stage stopped at her domicil otherwise the horses were merely watered at the trough, and then the stage proceeded on to the postoffice on the hill.

Annie arrived at the widow's before the coach, and stood wistfully watching it as it lumbered along the village street. Would it stop at the little inn? Was he a passenger? These questions soon received their answer. There was a cracking of the whip, and the next moment, with considerable of a flourish, the stage drew up before the door in which she stood. The driver descended from his box, let down the steps, and opening the door, said,—

"Oakland, sir."

An elderly gentleman, dressed in a plain suit of Scotch grey, emerged from the coach, which immediately started off, leaving him gazing around him with a curious half-wondering look, turning first in this direction and then in that, as if endeavoring to obtain the bearings of the place. So absorbed was he in his scrutinizing survey, he took no notice of Annie, who hesitatingly advanced toward him.

"Is this Uncle Richard?"

The question, uttered in a low, slightly faltering voice, drew the attention of the new comer to the speaker. His face immediately lighted up with a pleasant smile, and extending his hand toward her he said in the most cordial tones,—

"Yes, my dear child, if this is, as I suppose, my fair correspondent, Annie!"

"I am Annie Rangely," was her response, as with a becoming blush she took his hand and fervently pressed it, "and most happy is she, dear uncle, to be the first to welcome you to your old home."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear niece," said the old gentleman, with much feeling, drawing her toward him and pressing a kiss upon her forehead, "and truly happy am I to be welcomed by you."

For reasons best known to herself, Annie did not wish the arrival of her uncle to be generally known, and so after a few words she invited him to enter the humble inn. There was nothing in the appearance of Richard Rangely to indicate that he was a man of more than ordinary means. He was greatly averse to anything like ostentatious display, for which reason he had left his private travelling equipage in the adjoining town, with orders for it to follow him on the succeeding day, and had made the last stage of his journey in the public conveyance. He knew very well if he entered Oakland in his own carriage, everybody would at once know it and everybody be talking of it. Not very ambitious of such notoriety, he thought best to make his entrance in the quiet manner he had. He succeeded admirably in escaping attention, for none but Annie and the widow were aware of his arrival.

Annie held quite a long talk with her uncle, during which she enlightened him in respect to the day's proceedings, and divulged a project she had formed, by which the appearance of her uncle would be a greater surprise to her father. Her uncle entered readily into her scheme, and everything being arranged for the successful carrying of it out, she left for home full of the matter.

Three o'clock in the afternoon was the hour for the wedding. Before it had arrived the capacious front room and the apartment adjoining were crowded with kindred and neighbors. The ceremonies were to be conducted according to the beautiful Episcopal service, as was the original wedding. When everything was in readiness, the scene presented—the venerable couple, their heads full blossomed for the grave, standing up there to repeat in heir old age the vows of their youth—was well calculated to touch the heart.

As the officiating clergyman addressed them in a few appropriate remarks preparatory to the commencement of the ceremonies, every one present seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and when he commenced the service with, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony"—the intense, almost painful, silence that pervaded the assemblage plainly evinced how deeply enlisted was each heart in what was taking place.

Following this came the prescribed inquiries, touching the willingness of the party to take each other for wife and husband, then the question was asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" For a moment there was silence; then a voice, tremulous with emotion, responded,—

"I do!"

As he uttered the words Richard Rangely stepped out from the throng and took the hand of his brother's wife. At the sound of his voice and sight of his person the elder brother gave a start of surprise, and bent a searching glance upon the speaker, of whose presence he then for the first time became aware. All present waited in breathless expectation for the recognition. It was not long delayed. With a commingled expression of doubt, astonishment and delight depicted upon his countenance, he placed his hand on his brother's shoulder, with the exclamation,—

"Richard! This is indeed a golden union!"

Then reverently lifting his hands, he said in a voice full of fervor,—

"May God, even the God of our fathers, bless thee, my brother!"

And then, in the simple, though touching language of scripture, "he fell upon his brother's neck and wept."

The tears in the eyes and the quick sob like breathing of the spectators proclaimed how profoundly their sympathies were enlisted, and some time elapsed ere the clergyman could command his feelings and proceed with the services. And when at last the benediction was pronounced, there was a general pressing forward to salute the aged couple, and to welcome back the long absent one.

When the commotion had in a measure subsided, the children and grand-children arranged themselves in a half circle before the now doubly wedded pair, and to a familiar tune sung the following Marriage Hymn, written by Annie, which was "affectionately inscribed to our parents." They were a family of singers, and with voices sweetly blending and hearts throbbing in unison, the performance was, as under the circumstances it could not well fail to be, exceedingly effective.

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We've come our devious way,
With filial love to celebrate
Your Golden Wedding Day.
The suns of fifty years have set
Since first you pledged your vow,
And friends and kindred here have met
At its renewal now.

"The touch of time to form and face
Its changes may impart,
But we rejoice i leaves no trace
Of change upon the heart!
With hearts as young, with love more true,
With faith that years bestow,
The nuptial vows you now renew
Of fifty years ago!

"Within that lengthened round of life
How varied is the scene!
While sunny blessings have been rife,
Deep shades have passed between.
Within these walls the fleeting years
Have seen your children wed;
Forth from these walls, bedewed with tears,
Have passed the early dead!

"But thanks to God who kindly spared
Your lives to see this day,
Thanks for the blessings you have shared
Through all life's changeful way.
That He may guide, uphold you still—
Still shield you with his care—
Your latter days with blessings fill,
We breathe our fervent prayer!"

Of the great supper which concluded the festivities, or dinner rather, for it partook more of the character of that meal, we have but little room to speak, although for a long time it was talked of as the great event of Oakland. Father Rangely occupied the central seat of the long table, his wife on the one hand and his brother on the other, while his offspring and neighbors took their places on each side of them. There was plenty of room, abundance of cheer, and you may be sure that all went "merry as a marriage bell." Happily there were no post-prandial speeches to mar with their solemn formality the joyful occasion, and after an hour or so of solid enjoyment the neighborly guests took their departure, leaving the united family by themselves.

The younger men bers of the family also soon after dispersed to enjoy their holiday as seemed best to them, and ere long "blind man's buff" and other old fashioned games were in mirthful operation in other rooms. Meanwhile, the elder portion drew together in social conclave. As the elder brother was expatiating, in the fullness of his heart, on the generosity and good-will of his neighbors, the younger remarked,—

"Brother David, I have not as yet my offering on this happy occasion. I beg of your acceptance, in the first place, then, of this, as a trifling token of my brotherly regard," and as he spoke he placed a document in his hands.

With a look of curious interest the old gentleman unfolded the paper and read it. It was a deed to him of the long coveted land. With a face beaming with gratitude he dropped the instrument, and grasping his brother's hand, said,—

"My dear Richard, you have made me the happiest man in existence!"

"Then, brother David, in order to insure, if possible, a continuance of your happiness, let me make this addition to my gift," and as Richard spoke he placed a package in his brother's hands.

Vain would be the attempt to describe the emotions of the old gentleman, or to depict the astonishment he exhibited, which was alike manifested by all present, when he took from the package twenty United States bonds, each of the denomination of $1000. From the bonds to his brother's face, then back to the bonds, for some time his glance alternated, his fingers meanwhile rustling the crisp securities as if distrusting his own senses. Not a word was spoken, and all seemed bound by some spell, until Annie arose from her seat and approaching her uncle threw her arms around his neck, at the same time bestowing upon him a hearty kiss. As she started to return to her seat, her uncle enfolded her waist with his arm, saying,—

"Tell him, tell your father, that whatever thanks he has to bestow belong to you, for it was solely owing to your instrumentality that I am present at this family gathering; and let me add for myself, that to the same instrumentality am I indebted for the happiest hours I have known for long, long years! Not to reward you for that happiness," he continued, as he placed in her hand a folded bond similar to those in her father's possession, "but for the kiss you have so affectionately bestowed, I beg you to accept this."

As Annie opened the paper she gave a sudden start as her eyes caught the imprint on its face $5000, and made a motion as if to return it.

"No, no, keep it, my dear girl!" said her uncle laughingly. "A younger man would consider that kiss cheap at ten times the amount!"

"In Heaven's name, Brother Richard," broke in the old gentleman, his tone and face expressive of the most intense astohishment, "are you made of such stuff as these that you scatter them about so lavishly? Shake me, pinch me, Jane!" he added, turning to his wife, "that I may be convinced that I am not dreaming!"

All this was said with such downright earnestness that all present burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, that of the younger brother being the heartiest of all.

"No, David, not made of them," he responded as soon as he recovered his voice, "still I have, as the old razor strap man was wont to say—'a few more left!'"

But we will not prolong the scene nor our story. Suffice it that Richard Rangely had arrived at a satisfactory solution of the perplexing problem—what to do with it?—and that other relatives besides his brother and Annie had reason to bless him for what he did with it. Nor was this all. On the condition that his agency should be kept a secret, he bestowed an annuity on the man Denning, so that his after life was passed in comfort, freed from the disgrace, or to use a milder term, the shame of pauperism. This was Richard Rangely's noble revenge for all he had sacrificed and suffered.

Still farther. His visit to his birthplace so revived his youthful attachment to his old home, that he determined to make it his permanent place of residence; and by the many endowments he made for the benefit of the public, the inhabitants of Oakland as well as his own kindred had good cause to hold in grateful remembrance the Golden Wedding.

Contra Cr.

		$	Cts
1845 Jany 18	7 By 1070 lbs Coal @ 7$ pr Ton	3	75
	By Carting ½ Ton Coal 25		25
June 17th	By Cash to Ball $1" 20	1	20
		$ 5	20

Contra Cr

		$	Cts
April 3d	By Bar Soap 16" – May 4th – Bar Soap 16" June 12th " Bar Soap 16"		48
	Cash to Balls $1" 08	1	8
		$ 1	56
	Bar Soap 15" – do 20" – Horsehair 50"		85
	3 Loads Manure @ 50" – Soap 15"	1	65
Jan 8th	Soap 15" – Feb 7th Soap 15" – Soap 15"		45
	Soap 30: April 22d – 17 @ 6¼ $1–06	1	36
	Cash to Balls 83		83
		$ 5	08

Contra Cr

		$	Cts
1847 June	# Butter from J. Sherman a 30" – 26th do 1# @ 30"		60

Dr. Jesse Coffin

1844 Feby 9	To Soleing & Heeling 1 Boots	4/		67
10	" " ------ "	3/		50
27	" " ------ "	4/		67
			$1	84
Dec 25	" " & Patching 1 Boots	4/6		7
1845 Jany 6	" " " Heeling "	5/6		92
10	" Mending 1 pr "	2/3		37
	Soleing & Heeling "	4/		67
Feby 10	" " " Welting "	3/		50
			$ 3	21

Dr George J. Coleman

1847 April 7th Repairing 50 — Repairing Shoes 42c — 24th Repairing boys 62½ — 1 54

May 5th Repairing Shoes 42c June 19th — Repairing 17c — 59

farm, the dainty spare-rib, cornfed, the plump, well-cured ham, etc., etc. It put to task the ingenuity of Annie to arrange in due order the avalanche of good things showered down upon them. But in good time everything was disposed of to her satisfaction, leaving her at liberty to turn her attention to other matters.

And matters enough were there to distract any one less cool and methodical than our young maiden. The ceremony was to take place early in the afternoon, which was to be followed by a grand supper, to be served at a seasonable hour to enable those living at a distance to reach their homes before the night set in. Instead of the noontide meal a lunch had been provided for the numerous kindred, who had arrived during the morning. All the affairs had been so admirably ordered through Annie's supervision that everything worked like clockwork.

As the hour of noon drew near Annie stationed herself at a window whence she could overlook the stage-road leading into the village, toward which she bent eager, anxious glances. It was already beyond the time when the stage was due. What could detain it? Had any accident occured?—were the mental queries of the expectant watcher. No, it was coming! Afar off the rising dust announced its approach, catching sight of which, Annie left her post, threw on her bonnet and hurried from the house.

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Contra Cr.

1844 Octr 26	By Cash to balance	1	84
1845 Jany 14	" " on a/c	2	—
Octr 7th	" " on a/c	1	21
		3	21

Contra Cr

1847
June 9th By Cash 50—

MET IN A TRAIN.

IT was a delightfully cool day in July when four travellers, two ladies and a corresponding number of gentlemen, entered the car, bound for S——. I say four travellers, for they are the only ones who will form a part in this story.

"Come, Gypsy, here's a seat; now fix your shawl and traps, and follow my example by making yourself comfortable."

"All right, Mischief, I'm coming. My good grief! I do wish people would not endanger my precious neck by placing their luggage in the way."

The speakers were Gypsy Moreton and Mischief Halden.

As they sat side by side, passing remarks not complimentary to many in the car, let me describe them. Gypsy Moreton was well named. A little below medium height, with eyes as black as ebony; long, black, silky lashes, delicately pencilled eyebrows, black hair, clear olive complexion, and red lips, which, when open, disclosed to view teeth of dazzling whiteness.

Michief Halden was of a different style; somewhat taller than her companion, not beautiful, still there was something very attractive in her fresh, mischievous face. But Mischief had glorious eyes; how shall I describe them? I can't; but everybody said they were glorious. Light or dark, do you ask? Well, to distinguish them, I will call them blue. Such wickedly laughing eyes! Gypsy told her she must not attempt to talk seriously, for her eyes would belie her words.

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"Jove! is she not handsome?"

"Who?" asked Sydney Owen, lazily.

"Why, that gypsy opposite: I am going to see if she will flirt."

"Better not try it."

"Yes, I shall."

The speakers this time were the two gentlemen, to whom I called your attention in the beginning of this story.

The one attracted by Gypsy's face, was what some would call handsome. Tall, auburn hair, complexion somewhat bronzed, blue eyes; he also boasted a mustache and whiskers. His dress proclaimed him a gentleman. His name was Everleigh Ralston. His friend was Sydney Owen, a man about thirty, very dignified, as perhaps all lawyers should be.

"Now, Everleigh, can you not refrain from indulging in your usual pastime?"

"Come, old fellow, don't lecture, I doubt whether she will notice me."

"So do I."

Let us return to our lady friends, and see what they are saying.

"Say, Gyp, look at that man over there! He looks as if, were he standing on a railroad track, the cars would run into his mouth, thinking it the depot."

"Now, Mischief, you must behave yourself, and not pass such remarks."

After delivering this gentle reminder, Gypsy composed herself to read her novel, but, glancing opposite, she met the gaze of a pair of blue eyes, and—she did not read any more. I am sorry to say it, but she did flirt with the highly gratified Everleigh Ralston, much to the horror of Sydney Owen. Well, I leave them to their flirtation.

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"Now, John, you must harness the horses, for the train will soon be in."

"You must not worry, my dear, I will be in time for the train."

The horses were harnessed, and Uncle John started to the station to meet his expected visitors.

"Well, girls, all ready?"

"Oh, dear old Uncle John! I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed his niece, Mischief Halden. "Let me introduce you to Gypsy; here she is."

"Come, young ladies, jump into the wagon. Oh! I forgot to tell you that I expect two gentlemen from the city on this train."

"Who are they?" asked Mischief, pricking up her ears.

"A Mr. Ralston, and another, named Owen; they advertised for a quiet country place, and we answered. They came to see the place, and were very much pleased."

"Are they good looking?"

"Judge for yourself; here they are."

"Good evening, Mr. Halden; waiting for us?"

"Let me introduce you to my niece and her cousin."

The necessary introductions over, Uncle John shouted; "Come, all jump into the wagon, or mother's tea will be cold."

Perhaps a few necessary particulars will not be amiss here.

Mischief and Gypsy had accepted Uncle John's invitation to spend the summer with him, instead of going to some fashionable resort, better suited to their friends' taste. Ralston and Owen sought quiet and their own company, and Uncle John's place suiting them they concluded to board with him.

"How is dear Aunt Hannah, Uncle John?"

"Very well. Hope you left all well at home."

"Quite well, thanks."

"Here we are at last; how do you like the old place since I altered it, Mischief?"

"It is delightful."

It was delightful; situated back from the road, among a group of willow trees, nestled a large white house, with green blinds; a beautiful lawn extended from the house to the road, and more beautiful still was the large mill pond with its margin bordered by small cottages and drooping willow trees. Gypsy Moreton was enchanted.

"Oh! I could live here forever."

"You would soon become tired of it," remarked the restless Mischief.

Meanwhile the gentlemen, or rather Everleigh Ralston, was congatulating himself upon being acquainted with "His Gypsy," as he called her. It was a case of love at first sight on his part. While Sydney Owen, who prided himself on his hardness of heart, in regard to ladies, "Didn't see why he couldn't come to a quiet country place without being pestered by ladies in the house."

They were all standing on the broad piazza when Uncle John was about to introduce Mr. Owen to Aunt Hannah.

"Take care, lest you fall down the steps in the spasmodic convulsion of taking off your hat."

Completely ignoring this pert remark of Mischier's Mr. Owen commenced to talk with Uncle John.

Gypsy and Mischief had retired to their room to prepare for tea.

"John, show the gentlemen to their room; I will have tea on the table in a jiffy."

"Say, Gyp, isn't Mr. Owen dignified? I would like to take him down a peg or two."

"I dare you to try it. Mr. R. has captivated my susceptible heart."

Another dialogue was going on in a different part of the house.

"Oh! Syd, isn't she glorious?"

"Who?"

"Who! why, Miss Moreton."

"Ha! does the wind blow in that direction?"

"Yes. What do you think of Miss Halden? Saucy I should think she could be."

"I do not like her at all."

Just then the tea bell rang, and they met in the dining room. After tea all adjourned to the parlor, but as all were weary they retired early.

**** **** **** ****

Two months have passed away. Everleigh Ralston has been made happy: Gypsy has promised to be his wife.

Sydney Owen has at last fallen in love with wilful Mischief; but she gives him no chance to say what his tongue burns to repeat. One evening Gypsy and her lover were wandering among the trees on the lawn; Sydney and Mischief were in the parlor. Sydney was about to declare himself, but Mischief, perceiving his intention, jumped up, saying,—

"Don't you want me to sing for you?" and without waiting for a reply, she sang.

He asked for another song, but she replied,—

"It is too warm."

"I will fan you."

"Very well."

Again he asked for another song.

"No, I won't sing any more to-night. You didn't fan me, you fan your self."

"Mischief, you must listen to me; I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes. Don't bother me any more."

"Do you really love me!"

"Yes, to my sorrow."

"When will you be my wife?"

"Oh! fifty years from now."

He could obtain no other reply from her.

There is to be a wedding at Uncle John's Christmas; Sydney and Everleigh came to claim their brides, whom they first met in a railroad car.

UNCLE BILLY'S OBJECTIONS TO CIVIL RIGHTS.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

I "INTERVIEWED" Uncle Billy, a good old colored friend of mine, the other day, on the question of civil rights.

"Don't want nuffin mo'," said Uncle Billy. "Got too much already fur dis niggah."

"How is that, Uncle Billy? Is it not a good thing to be equal before the law?"

"Now, Marse Boss," grunted Billy, plaintively, "dar's jist whar de misery comes in. We're ekal befo' de law, an' dar yer hit our weak pint. Befo' de waw, ef niggah stole chicken an' pig, yer jerked him up, guv him thirty-nine lashes, an' let him go. But jist let a cullud pusson try it *now!* Yer hauls him 'fore court, and sen's him to de penitentiary, jist like he wus one of yer poor white trash. Dat's what 'tis to be ekal 'fore de law!"

I suggested to Uncle Billy that this might be obviated by being a little more honest.

"Marse Boss," interrupted Billy, "we can't run agin Natur'. It's nat'ral fur niggah to steal pig and chicken, fryin' size. Yer knows it is, an' 'tain't no use tryin' to stop us. Now we uns are willin' to let you uns alone, and youall jist let us alone on this pint. We're *powerful weak* on dis pint, Marse Boss."

Just here a perverse and disloyal spirit tempted me to hint to Uncle Billy that the colored people were indebted to their Republican friends for this change in their *status*.

"Well, den, Marse Boss," said he, "all Ise got to say is, de law's got to be changed. Mus' hab a law for de white man and a law for de black man."

Strange as it may seem, some of our best citizens echo Uncle Billy's sentiment. They are inclined to view the Negro's minor transgressions in a lenient light, and I *know* that some of our Democratic judges impose lighter penalties upon colored men for small offenses than they would do in cases where the guilty parties were white.

Before Uncle Billy left I asked him how he would like to sit down at the table with white folks in the hotels.

"Great Goddlemighty!" exclaimed the good old man. "I allow youse tryin' to make fun o' dis chile. Why, you knows yourself dat no cullud pusson ebber lets a white man see 'em eat ef dey kin holp it!"

This is strictly true. The ordinary Southern Negro will not eat in the presence of a white spectator.

"Well, Uncle Billy," I said, "it is very evident that you don't want any civil rights."

"Not anyting mo', I tank you," replied Billy. "Nearly done ruined now. Hev to pay my own doctor's bills; lost all my money in de Freedmen's Bank; nebber got no forty acres an' de mule dey promised me; an' can't holp myself to a little chicken, fryin' size, widout gwine to de penitentiary. I'se got 'nuff cibbel rights!"

The above is no production of the fancy. It is a true incident, honestly told, and it is impossible to talk to the country Negroes without hearing just such things as I have related.

ORANGE-WOOD;

OR,

THE PLANTER'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

BLOOD RIVALS.

ORANGE-WOOD was one of the most beautiful plantations in the South. Its oranges ripened in the genial beams of a tropical sun, and its cotton, rice and other products always found the readiest sale in the great markets. Champney Wilde inherited the estate from his father, who fought with Marion in the Revolution; and under his superb management it had advanced to its present stage of cultivation.

The planter was a widower possessed of two children, the eldest of whom was a son aged about three and twenty, the youngest a daughter of fifteen.

Otto Wilde possessed his father's thorough business qualifications without his temper; his intellect, without his vices. Mona, the daughter, was quite lovely, and promised to ripen into a dazzling womanhood. Like her father, she was self-willed, and had already quarreled with one or two governesses.

It was near the close of a September day that the planter entered the room in which Mona sat, languidly drumming on the piano, and said:

"I have just received a letter from your new governess, Mona."

"My new governess!" cried the girl, looking up with a startled expression. "Until this moment you have not mentioned her to me."

"I was not obliged to do so," responded the planter, tartly. "As you have failed to get along with your Southern governesses, I sent North for one. She will be here to-morrow; then you shall meet her—Miss Ilda Mossfay."

"I like the name!" said Mona, who was of a romantic turn of mind. "I think she will remain a long time—at least, until I have grown tired of her name."

"She shall remain longer than that if I am satisfied!" said the planter, firmly. "I have had enough of this dismissal of governesses. Already your actions have hurt our family name," and with the last word on his lips, Champney Wilde walked from the room leaving his daughter at the piano with angry eyes and curling lips.

"I wonder what kind of a woman this Ilda Mossfay is," she said to herself. "If I take a liking to her she will stay; if not she goes, that is all. Three governesses in nine months. Well, that is doing pretty well I should say. I will not be governed by a woman I do not like. But, perhaps, the Northern governess will suit; her people are cold blooded beings no doubt, and this already prophecies an agreement between us."

Mona Wilde in many respects was what many people called a spoiled child. Without a mother's care she had been permitted to grow like a wild weed, unchecked by good correction, and, until a short time prior to the date of our story, unnoticed by her father. Champney Wilde spent much of his time at the gambling table with his rich neighbors; much money was lost and won, and occasionally stakes more precious than the shining coin of the land placed on the throw of the cards. Notwithstanding his passion for gaming, the planter prospered in the management of his vast estate. His son occupied his time in attending to the outdoor affairs of the plantation, and was beloved by all.

On the day after the conversation between Champney Wilde and his daughter, Ilda Mossfay came to Orange-Wood.

She was a Northern brunette very handsome and intelligent. The planter expected to see a woman well advanced in the twenties, and was surprised to learn that she was just turning her nineteenth year. Mona took to the new governess immediately, and the arrival of Ilda at Orange-Wood changed the future life of the planter's child. There was something lovable about the young woman, a charm in her rich voice that brought the blood to Otto Wilde's temples when he first heard her speak, and her dark eyes were deep, dreamy, and full of sweetness.

Mona progressed rapidly in her studies under Ilda Mossfay's eye, and the planter noticed all with pleased smiles.

The autumn passed away, and the lovely southern winter resumed its rule over the aged year.

Ilda Mossfay still tarried at Orange-Wood; but the freshness that illumined her face when she came had in some measure disappeared. Now she took long strolls through the groves with Otto Wilde, and he spoke in dulcet tones with his lips near her ear. And she would blush at many of his sentences, and turn her head away to hide her crimson face.

More than once a dark figure had watched the twain among the orange trees, and the morning after the espionage there was sure to be a quarrel between the planter and his son. Champney Wilde found fault with his boy's management of the fields, and professed to have discovered discrepancies among his accounts. He hinted plainly that he could get along without him, and showed by his manner that he would not care if Otto left home forever. The youth bore his father's anger without so much as a murmur, continued his walks with Ilda Mossfay, and resolved to remain at home.

It was evident that a terrible quarrel between father and son was imminent. The governess saw the gathering clouds, and said one night to Otto:

"I, the cause of it all, will leave. There must be peace between father and son, and to secure that peace a sacrifice must be made. I will be the offering; freely I give myself to the sacrificial altar. To-morrow I will depart from Orange-Wood."

"Depart from Orange-Wood? No! no!" said Otto Wilde, white as the dead. "I am the trouble, and it is I who will go."

"Hear me, Otto!" cried the governess. "If I had never set my foot on the plantation, your father would not scowl at and curse his only son. I am the cause of the rupture in this family. I came here at your father's request, and you know that I love Otto. And I have told you about your father's passion."

"Yes, yes," and the young man turned his head away as the words dropped from his lips. "My father has asked for your hand?"

"Yes."

"And you told him that you could never become his wife?"

"I told him this, Otto."

"What did he say, then—what do?"

"His face suddenly became as white as the dead, and I thought his eyes were reading the secret I have kept from him—our betrothal. Indeed, they seemed to pierce my heart and burn like living coals there. And when he spake it was through clenched teeth, and with face half averted."

"But what did he say?" cried Otto Wilde, eagerly.

"He said—'This is the present, and it is dark; the future may be darker; there is such a thing as Nemesis.'"

"Was that all?"

"That was all he said. I have followed his exact words."

For a moment Otto Wilde was silent; he seemed to be counting the leaves at his feet—the pretty leaves, bathed in mellow moonlight.

The twain were in the orange grove, and did not see the man who was watching them a short distance away.

That person was Champney Wilde, and his hands were clenched, and there was a scowl on his face.

"This must not last!" he hissed. "I did not send for that girl that she might become my daughter. I will not submit."

Then, in the long silence that followed his muttered words, the planter watched his son and the woman he loved—watched them until they left the grove, and returned to the mansion. Entering himself, Champney Wilde hastened to his private room, and unlocked a polished rosewood desk. The lifting of the lid revealed numerous drawers, and from one he took a small bottle that contained a powdered substance that resembled flour. He next dropped a small portion of the powder into a goblet of water, and watched it dissolve without changing the color of the fluid.

Having performed this operation, the planter set the goblet on the mantel board, replaced the bottle in the desk, and began to pace the room quite recklessly.

For many moments he walked to and fro, with his hands clasped on his back.

Terrible thoughts must have flitted through his mind, for his eyes at times seemed about to desert their sockets, and his angular face was ghastly in its pallor and expression.

When he at last glanced at the clock ticking against the wall, he stepped to the mantel, and picked up the goblet.

"I didn't think it was so late," he said, in a husky whisper, and as he turned, he glanced over his face at the dial.

"Don't do it! don't do it!" said the clock.

"I will," replied Champney Wilde, with terrible determination.

"He is your son! Spare him! spare him!"

"He has forfeited his right to call me his father," said the planter to the clock. "Shut your mouth."

With a mad look at the clock, which seemed to have spoken, the planter turned again, and put his hand on the door.

"It is murder! it is murder!" said the clock.

The next moment the goblet was on the table, and Champney Wilde stood before the ticking accuser.

"I'll stop you!" he said, hoarsely, and an instant later the silence that reigned in the apartment was heavy as a funeral pall.

The clock had ceased to tick, and with a smile of triumph on his pale face, the planter left the room.

He passed down the hall with the goblet in his hand, and he paused at last before his son's door.

When he gently opened the portal, he saw Otto asleep on the couch, with his face turned to the wall.

On an oval table near the bed, stood a goblet which was the counterpart of the one in the planter's hand. It was full of water, that glistened in the moonlight streaming through the gauze curtains.

After a thorough inspection of the room, the planter advanced, and took the goblet from the table, at the same time placing the one he had brought thereon.

Then he leaned over the couch, and gazed for a moment on the placid countenance of his son.

From the room he sought his own chamber, at the door of which he paused suddenly, for the rustling of a dress had fallen upon his ear.

He looked down the hall like a guilty man, and saw a female figure disappear in a room.

That woman was Ilda Mossfay.

Champney Wilde stood at his door awhile, waiting for her reappearance, but growing tired at last re-entered his room, and set the clock to ticking again.

CHAPTER II.

THE POISONED GOBLET.

CHAMPNEY WILDE had scarcely left his son's room, when the youth awoke.

He saw the brilliant rays of moonlight on his couch, and having admired them awhile, turned to the table, and put out his hand for the goblet.

But at that moment the door opened, and a woman sprang towards the couch, and caught the glass already lifted from the table.

TRUGGLED TO FREE HERSELF FROM HIS VISE-LIKE

With an exclamation of surprise, the planter's son recognized Ilda Mossfay.

"Ilda," he said, "what means this?"

"Do not ask me now," she said. "Give me the glass. I may tell you to-morrow."

He quickly relinquished the goblet, and saw the governess dash its contents from the window.

"Good night," she said, and before he could reply, he was alone in the room.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself. "I filled the glass with pure water before I went to sleep, but there are settlings in it now," and leaning from the bed, he examined the white particles in the bottom of the goblet.

"Poison? I wonder if it is poison!" he murmured, and his handsome face grew pale. "It must be something deadly, for Ilda was white as a sheet when she came into my room. I will try to fathom this mystery before I sleep again."

He rose and donned his clothes. Gliding from the house, he sought the negro quarters and listened at the doors of the huts of several suspicious mulattos. All was silence beyond the low-browed threshold; the nomenclature of the slave was hushed, and Otto Wilde crept back into the house. At his father's door he listened, and looked through the keyhole into the chamber dimly illuminated by the night lamp. He saw the outlines of his parent on the bed, and heard his regular breathings.

"I am nonplussed," said the young man, returning to his chamber. "I must wait until to-morrow, and then go to Ilda for the solution."

Slowly the night wore away, and the morning came.

Otto did not meet his father at the breakfast table, nor had be an opportunity to question the governess.

Shortly after the morning meal, which the youth discussed alone, he received a message from his father. The planter was in his room, and started when Otto opened the door and bade him good-morning.

"Take the cotton book down to Seaward & Son, and stay until they make the corrections they have promised to make," said the planter, closing a small ledger.

"When must I depart?" asked Otto, mildly.

"Right away, if practicable," said the planter, with firmness. "If you start at once you may be able to return to-morrow. I expect you will find the firm equivocative and troublesome. In that case, you know what to do. Do not return without the promised corrections."

The next minute the planter was alone, his son was walking down the hall with the ledger of the plantation accounts under his arm.

He wanted to see Ilda, but found her engaged with his sister, and reluctantly turned from his project.

"I will see her when I return," he said. "If there is a person beneath our roof murderous enough to put poison in my night glass, I want to know it."

A negro saddled the young master's horse, and saw him ride away towards Columbia, on a mission to one of the largest cotton firms in the South.

Ilda Mossfay was surprised when she heard that Otto had taken such a sudden departure. She met the planter in the corridor and ventured to inquire concerning his whereabouts.

"He will return about dusk," said Champney Wilde. "How is Mona getting along?"

It was seldom that the planter inquired about his daughter's progress. That morning he asked many questions about her. The governess answered him with a show of pride, for her pupil was making rapid progress with her studies, and she had reason to congratulate herself on her success.

Champney Wilde did not betray himself in the conversation; to the end he preserved his pleasing exterior, and parted from the girl with a smile on his face.

It was the evening of the same day when Ilda left the planter's house, and entered the beautiful grove through which a road led to the mansion. There she hoped to encounter Otto on his return from Columbia, for the planter had informed her that he would return that evening.

The long golden beams of the setting sun illuminated the grove, and the warbling birds leaped from branch to branch, making the dusk melodious with their vespers.

Long and anxiously the governess looked down the road for the horseman who came not, and she was about to retrace her steps, when the crackling of a twig saluted her ears. Turning, she beheld Champney Wilde, the planter, at her side.

"Good-evening, Ilda," he said, in a mad voice. "I thought I would find you here. You are waiting for that scoundrel son of mine, I suppose?"

"Your son, sir, is a gentleman!" said the governess, despite her firmness, frightened. "Beware! Mr. Wilde, I might repeat your words to him."

"Do it if you dare, Ilda Mossfay!" cried the planter, clutching her wrist and drawing back a clenched hand with menace. "Tell him one thing that you know about me, and I'll—well, I don't know what I will do!"

SEE ENGRAVING.

She struggled to free herself from his vise-like grip; but he was strong, and held her at his mercy with his hand still clenched.

"I saw you last night!" she said, defiantly, looking into his face. "I saved his life by snatching the poisoned chalice from his hand, and dashing the liquid from the house."

"Yes, I saw you!" cried Champney Wilde, hoarsely. "Will you tell him?"

"I will, Heaven help me!" she said.

An oath dropped from the planter's feverish lips, and he was hissing, "I will end the matter here!" when a man leaped upon him and tore him from the governess.

"Back, sah!" cried the sable deliverer. "Dis lady am Massa Otto's friend; he tell me to watch ole massa while he gone 'way."

The negro was Otto's coachman.

Champney Wilde's face became livid, and he was advancing upon the black, when the tramp of a horse came up the road, and the ledger fell at his feet.

"There's the account, corrected by Seaward & Son," said Otto Wilde, looking at his father. "They proved themselves gentlemen this time. "Now I want to know what this scene means."

As the youth spoke, he leaped from his horse and walked to Ilda, the governess. In a few words he knew the true situation of affairs.

"I will go from Orange-Wood," he said, looking at the white parent. "You are my father; the ties of blood are strong. I cannot give you over to the law."

"Go!" cried the planter; "take your Northern vixen, and may the curses of my inmost heart follow you to the end of life."

That night the carriage belonging to the mansion rolled through the grove, and returned empty the following day. Otto Wilde and the beautiful preserver of his life were leaving the poisoner's home.

A few weeks later Mona also left the plantation, and Champney Wilde found himself childless.

A year passed away, and disease seized upon the planter's frame. It brought him to the brink of the river, and brought him remorse, as well.

One night Otto led a woman into the planter's chamber, and held a babe to the lips fast growing cold. It was Ilda's child, and with the knowledge that the past was forgotten by his children, the Southern planter died.

No poisoned goblets are now in Orange-Wood.

lliam K Beaman Jn

Bill of Stock $6.00	6	00
8th Cash Lent $5-00	5	68
advance $3.00	3	00
$5.00 Cash $4.00 Cash do $1-00	10	00
Stock $3.00 Cash Paid Stock $5.10	8	10
from 20th Jan up to the 31st 10 Weeks @ $1-00	10	00
3.25	3	25
Board from the 31st up to the 7th of April	1	00
2nd 1 Weeks Board from the 7th of April		62
$1-00 do from 14th to the 21st @ $1.00	2	00
Board from 21st up to the 28 @ $1-00	1	00
half on Stebins bill of $5.66	2	83
Board from 28th up to 5th May @ $1-00	1	00
from 5th up to the 12th @ $1-00	1	00
	55	48
from the 12th May up to the 19th @ $1-00	1	00
Weeks Board from 19th up to the 26th	1	00
1 Weeks Board from 26th May up to the 2d June @ $1.	1	00
1 Weeks Board from 2d June up to the 9th $1	1	00
1 Weeks Board from 9th up to the 16th June @ $1.00	1	00
Cash Lent, 50		50
To Cash 75cts to Pay. Mr. Barnard's Bill		75
28th 1 Weeks board from 16th up to the 23d @ $1.00	1	00
Cash Lent $1-00 - (26th) Cash 50 - do. 10	1	60
	64	33
Cash Paid W K Beeman $1.59 to Balls	1	59
	$ 65	92

Acct With Edward C Hugsey

Nov 2d 1846	By Cash $4-27- Pegs 20" Binding & 30"	4	77
24th	By Cash recieved $3"83"	3	83
	By Cash $2-00 . do 1..37½ Cash 46"	3	84
Jan 30th	By Cash Paid $2"71- Cash $1-00	3	71
Feb	By Cash $1-00- $1.68" 63" do $2.06	5	37
	By Cash $1.76 -- April 3d- By Cash $2.63	4	37
April 10th	By Cr from Day Book of all therein mentioned which Settles the same	19	71
24th	Cr Cash $1..50 Cr Cash $1.99	3	49
May 2d	Cr Cash $1"75-	1	75
5th	Cr Cash $1.42 - May 15th- Cr Cash $1.51	2	93
		53	77
19th	Cr Cash or Labour $1"99" (26th) Cr 71"	2	70
June 2d	Cr $2"22" June 9th- Cr $1"25"-	3	47
16th	Cr Labour $3"72	3	72
26th	Cr Labour $2"26	2	26
		65	92

Mr Edward Morris

May 4th 1844	Repairing Shoes 4/- May 15th - Soling Boots 4/-	1	34
1846 Nov 29	Repairing Boots & Shoes 40c Mend 4d. Soling Shoes 62½	1	09
Feb 20. 47	Repairing Boots 83c		83
1847 April 24th	Mend 12½		12
		$ 3	38

Mr Harvey Crocker

1847 May 22d	Mend 25c - 27th - Repairing 31c - do 6c - Repairing 62½ do 12½	1	37
28th	Repairing Boots 30c - June 1st - Repairing 12½ - June 9th Repairing 25c		67½
	2 Pr Shoes @ 8/- 2 Pr @ 9/6 - June 14th - Mend 4d - do 4d -	5	96½
16th	Repairing Boot 12½ & 19th 1 Pr Shoes goat @ 9/6 -	1	77
	Repairing Shoe 12½ ~~1 Pr Shoes 9/6~~	0	12½
June 2[illegible]	[illegible] from the 12th May up to the 19 [illegible]	1	00
	[illegible] Weeks Board from 19th up to the 26th -	1	
	1 Weeks Board from 26th - May up to the 2d June @ $1.	1	0
	1 Weeks Board from 2d June up to the 9th $1	1	00
	1 Weeks Board from 9th up to the 16th June @ $1.00	1	00
	Cash Lent, 50c		50
	To Cash 75c to Pay. Mr. Barnard's Bill		75
23th	1 Weeks board from 16th up to the 23d - @ $1.00	1	00
	Cash Lent $1.00 - (26th) Cash 50. do. 10c	1	60
		64	33
	Cash Paid W Ko Beeman $1.59 to Balls	1	59
		$ 65	92

No poisoned goblets are now in Orange-Wood.

Contra Cr

1844 May 4th	By Load Chips $1.50 - Cash to Balce $1.88	$ 3	38

Contra Cr

1847 June 9th	By 1 Side Soleleather 20½" @ 17" —	3	49
	1 Goat Skin 9/ — 1 Calf 1" 13 oz @ 80" —	2	95
18th	1 Goat Skin 9/	1	50
Aug	2 Pr Pumps @ 60" — 1 Side Leather 20" @ 26"	6	40

Mr George Starbuck

1846 March 14th	Mend 4d – Soleing & Patching Boots 62½		69
	Repairing 83c – 20th Repairing 67c	1	50
April 9th	Repairing 75c – Mend 4d – May 15th – Repairing 75c –	1	56
1847 Jan 25th	Repairing 75c – Feb 26th Mnd 8c March 6th Mend 4d –		89
	Repairing 2 pr do 75c – 10th Repairing 75c – 4th – do 45c	2	34
May 5th	Repairing 75c – June 9th – Repairing 75c –	1	50
		$ 8	48
1848 Feb 2d	Soleing & Caping Boots 42c – Soleing Heeling & Caping 4/	1	09
	Repairing Boot 5/c		83
March 27th	Repairing Boots 2/3 do 4d – Heeling & Pegging Shoes 20c		63
April 13th	Soleing & Caping Boots 3/6 –		58
		$ 3	13
1849 ~~April~~ 2d	Patching Boot 12½ Soleing Heeling & Caping Boots 75		87½
1849 Nov 18th	Md 10c – do 17c Feb 27th Soleing & Heeling Boots 75c do 75c = 4d	1	83
1850 March 1st	Soleing Boots Patching 62 – Soleing Shoes 42c	1	04
27th	Soleing & Heeling Boots 75 – do Heeling 25c –	1	00
April 20th	Soleing & Heeling Boots 75c – Caping do 20 –		95
May 20th	Md 10c – do Boots 25c June 6th Heeling & Patching Boots 37½		72
	Soleing & Patching Shoes 62½ – Md 17c –		79
		$ 6	33
1850 July 10th	Md 6c – do 6c – do 10c – Oct 25 Md 20c – Sept 10th Md 40c –		82
Nov 20th	Md 17c – Dec 6th Soleing & Heeling Boots 75c do – 75c –	1	67
15th	Md 24c – Dec 30th Md 25c Jan 1st Md 33c –		82
Feb 15th	Md 6c –		6
	do 17c – Md do 21c –		38
		$ 3	75

Dr Robert Folger

1847 Feb 6th	Repairing Boots 8c – March 6th Ball Due on Act $59c		67

Contra Cr

		$	cts
1847 Jun 22d	By Cash Received $7" 48 —	7	48
	Cash to Balls $1" 00 —	1	00
		$ 8	48
1848 May 17th	By Cash to Ballance $3.13" —	3	13
	Cash to Ball 87½ —		87½
	By Cash to Balls $6" 33 —	6	33.
1851 March 22d	By Cash to Balls $3" 75" —	3	75

Contra Cr

Elihu Swain

1846 Oct 7th	Repairing Shoes for Son 4/6 — Dec 26th Md 1/ —		92
Feb 6th 1847	Repairing Shoes for Son 4/6 —		75
		$ 1	67

Mr John Sherman

1847 Jun 13th	Pr Shoes 10/6 — (19th) Repairing Boots 87½ —	2	62
30th	Md 4d — do 8 — Oct, 18th, Repairing 20 — do — 4d —		40
1848 march 21	Repairing Boots 5/ —		83

Mr George M. Swain

Dec 17th	Md 17 — 24th, Soling Boots 50 — Heeling Shoes 17 —		84
Jan 8th	Soling & Heeling Boots 75 — Son — 16th — Md Boot Self 25 —	1	00
Feb 26th	Soling Boots 50 —		50
June 24th	Md 25 — do 17 — July, 20th — To Pr Boots $1.25 —	1	67
Aug 10th	Md Harness 10 — Soling & Heeling Boots 92 —	1	02
	Carried to Page (60)	$ 5	03

Mr Charles Godfrey

1851 Dec 17th	Md 20 — Jan 8th — Soling & Heeling Boots 75 —		95
	Soling Shoes 50 — April 6th — Md 12 —		62
		1	57

Contra Cr

Cash to Balls $1 67 —	$ 1	67

Contra Cr

Contra Cr

1851 July 20th	By Cash Recieved $2 76 — Cr 2/ —	3	09
Dec 6th	By Cash to Balls. $1 — 94: —	1	94
		$ 5	03

Contra Cr

July 28th	By Cash 50c Jan 30th 1852 Cash $1-07 —	$ 1	57

Nancy Colesworthy

1847 Nov 15th	To 4 Bush Turnips @ 50"	2	00
	Pumkins 7" – 1 Ton Coal $7.00 Carting 50"	7	83
Dec 20th	3# Mutton @ 6d — 18# Butter @ 23"	4	39
11th	Cash $1.00 (23d) 5¾# Beef @ 7" ½ Bush Potatoes 50	1	90
25	1 Ham 13¾# @ 12½ Pork 23" – Corn 10"	2	04
Jan 8th	Cash $2.00 Pork 13" Corn 10"	2	23
15th	Cash $2.00 – (22d) Cash $2.00. 2 Gall Molasses @ 38"	4	76
29th	Cash $2.00 (Feb 11th) Cash $2.00 (16th Cash $1.25"	5	25
19th	Cash 75" – (23d) Cash 67" – (25th) Cash $1.00	2	42
March 5th	Cash $1.00 (6th) Cash $1.00	2	00
12th	Cash $1.00 – (14th) Cash $1.00	2	00
1848 21st	Cash $2.00 – (25th) Cash $1.00 (28th) Cash $1.00	4	00
April 1st	Cash $2.00 – 7th – Cash $2.00 – 13th – Cash $2.00	6	00
20th	Cash $2.00 (27th) Cash $2.00 May 9th Cash $4	8	00
17th	Cash $2.00 – 21st – Cash $2.00, 2	4	00
29th	Cash $2.00. June 12th – 2 Gall Oil @ 50	3	00
	2 Lods Peat @ $1.25" – 2 Ton Coal @ $5.50	13	50
	Carting $1.00. 75# Fish @ 4" —	4	00
	3 Bush Turnips @ 60 – Bush Beets 80" —	2	60
	Calfs Head 25" – 2 Gall Oil @ 50" —	1	25
Dec 29th	Gall Oil 50" – 3# Pork @ 8" – Jan 10th 3# Pork @ 8"		98
Jan 10th	1750# Coal @ $5 50 Carting 44" —	5	25
	3# Pork @ 8" – Peck Potatoes 28" – 1¾# Pork @ 8"		66
	Pork 22" – Onions 5" – 955# Coal @ $5.50. Cart 25"	3	14
1849	Carting 22" – Feb 16th – Chips 25" —		47
	Gall Oil 50" – Gall do Sperm $1.10 –	1	60
20th	1 Pr Shoes $1.12½ 1 do 62½" –	1	75
	11# Beef @ 7" – 11# do @ 5" —	1	32
24	Mackerel 9" – Peck Potatoes 25" – Fish 21"		55
March 12th	½ Bush Turnips 30" – 12# Beets @ 18" – Gall Oil 50" —		98
	Codfish 24" – 1 do 18" – Cash 50" – 5¼# Beef @ 10"	1	45
19th	2# Beef @ 14" – 1¾# Pork @ 9d – Leg Veal 50"		96
	Peck Potatoes 25" – April 3d – Cash $2.00	2	25
April 3d	¼ Ton Coal $1 37" Carting 12½ Charcoal 25"	1	75
13th	Peck Potatoes 25" – ½ Bush Potatoes 60"		85
	5# Beef @ 9" – Gall Oil 50" 2¼# Pork 18"	1	13
15	5# Beef @ 9" (17th) Peck Potatoes 32" –		77
19th	6½# Beef @ 8" – (20th) 3¼# Pork @ 8" —		78
May 2d	5# Beef @ 9" – Fish 12" Cash $1.50 Cash do $1.00	3	07
14th	6½# Beef @ 10" – 7# Beef @ 10" – Peck Potatoes 25"	1	60
29th	Cheese 17" – 7½# Beef @ 9" – Potatoes 10" – Herring 12"	1	07
June 27th	½ Quintal Fish $2.12½ Aug 21st – ¼ Cord Wood $1 50	3	62
Sept 5th	Carting 12½ ½ Quintal Fish $2.12½ Carting 12½	2	37
Oct 28th	Mackerel 24" – Cash 60" Fish 22 – do 10 – 2 Bush Corn $1.50	2	66
	7# Beef @ 10" – 16½# Mutton @ 6½ $1.04" Meat 25" 2 Bush Corn 1 50	3	49
	2 Bush Potatoes @ 80" 1½ Bush Corn $1.12½ 85# Fish 4"	6	12
17th	Cash 40" – 1 Ton Coal $6.00 –	6	40
		$140	22

Contra Cr

By Board from Nov. 15/47 to June 14/48 30 3/7 Weeks @ 2$ pr week	60	85
" Board from July 2d to 5th/48 – 3 days		85
" " " " 24th " Aug. 4th – 10 days	2	85
" " " Aug. 21st to 26th – 5 "	1	43
" " " Sept 17th to 19th – 2 "		57
" " " Oct 4th to 7th – 3 "		85
" " " " 14th to 16th – 2 "		57
" " " " 24th to 26th – 2 "		57
" " " " 30th to 31st – 1 "		29
" " " Nov. 1st to 4th – 3 "		85
" " " " 8th/47 to Mch 18/49 18 5/7 weeks	37	43
" " " Mch 18th to May 16/49 8 2/7 Weeks	16	57
" " " May 28th to May 31st 3 days		85
" " " June 26th to June 28/49 2 "		57
" " " July 12th to 14th July " 2 "		57
" " " " 22nd " 24 " " 2 "		57
" " " " 29 " 30 " " 1 "		28
" " " Aug. 3 " 4th Aug. 1 "		28
" " " " 19 " 21st " 2 "		57
" " " Sept 5 " 8th Sept 3 "		85
" " " " 22 " 29th " 7 "	2	—
" " " Oct 3 " 5 " Oct 2 "		57
" " " " 14 " 16 " " 2 "		57
" " " " 18 " 28 " " 10 "	2	85
" " " Nov. 5 " 30 " Nov 25 "	7	14
	$141	35

55

Mr Obed Bunker

1847 May 27th	Mnd 6" — Dec 15th Repairing Boots 42" —		.48
1848 Feb 2d	Repairing Shoes 2/3" — (19th) Heeling & Soling Boots 3/6 —		95
		1	43

Dr Frederick B. Coleman

1847 June 1st	Repairing Boots 75" — Jun 30th Repairing Shoes Son 50	1	25
	Mnd 4" — Pr Soles 20" — (March 5th 1848) Repairing Boots 87½	1	13
12th	Repairing Boots 75" — Patching Boots 25 —	1	00
1848 Nov 13	Soling Boots 4/ — Jan 10th 49 — Soling & Heeling 4/6 —	1	42
	Mnd 8" — Feb 24th — M.d 20" —		28

Dr Charles Starbuck Tolpice

1849 Jan 10th	Mnd 25." — do 20" — (25th) Repairing Boots $1-00	1	45
30th	Mnd 2/ — do 3/		83
		2	28
1850 Nov 27th	Mnd 20" — (1851) Jan 18th Mnd 10" — Soling & Heeling Boots 67"		97
Feb 15th	Soling Boots 50" — Mnd 17" — Soling & Patching Boots 62" —	1	12
April 9th	¼ Ton Coal $1 [illegible] Carting 12½ Charcoal [illegible]	1	
13th	Peck Potatoes 25" — ½ Bush Potatoes 60"		
	5# Beef @ 9" — Gall Oil 50. 2¼# Pork 18"	1	1
15	5# Beef @ 9" (17th) Peck Potatoes 32" —		7
19th	6½# Beef @ 8" — (20th) 3¼# Pork @ 8 ct —		7
May 2d	5# Beef @ 9" — Fish 12" Cash $1.50 Cash do $1.00	3	0
14th	6½# Beef @ 10" — 7# Beef @ 10" — Peck Potatoes 25"	1	5
29th	Cheese 17" — 7½# Beef @ 9" — Potatoes 10" — Herring 12"	1	0
June 27th	½ Quintal Fish $2.12½ Aug 21st — ¼ Cord Wood $1.50	3	6
Sept 5th	Carting 12½ ½ Quintal Fish $2.12½ Carting 12½	2	3
Oct 28th	Mackerel 24" — Cash 60" Fish 22 — do 10 — 2 Bush Corn $1.50	2	6
7th	Beef @ 10" — 16½# Mutton @ 6½ $1.04 Meat 25" 2 Bush Corn 1.50	3	4
2	Bush Potatoes @ 80" 1½ Bush Corn $1.12½ 85# Fish 4"	6	1
17th	Cash 40" — 1 Ton Coal $6.00 —	6	4
		$140	9

Contra Cr

March 25th	Matches 8" — By Cash to Ball $135	1	43

Contra Cr

1847 Jun 1st	By 1 1/2 M Shingles @ $3.00	4	50

Contra Cr

	By Lod Peat $1.25 By Cash to ball $1.03	2	28

1851 Oct 26th	By 3 Loads Peat @ $1.25 —	3	75

Dr George Starbuck

1851 April 5th	Pr Soles 25" — Md 6" — Capping Shoes 37" —		68
	Md 8" — Nov Capping Shoes 17" — Nov 20th —		25
	Md 8" — do 8" — Patching Boots Son 20" —		36
Dec 17	Capping Shoes 17" — Soling & Heeling Shoes 75" —		92
Jan 24th 52	Mend Boot 8" — Soling Heeling & Patching Boot 37" —		45
Feb 7th	Soling & Patching Boots 67" — (14th) Soling Heeling & Patching Shoes 75	1	42
20th	Soling & Heeling Boots 4/ — Steel Plugs 6" —		73
	Carried to Page 60" —	$ 4	81

Dr Benjamin F Coffin 3d

1851 Aug 5th	Md 10" — do 10" — Patching Shoe 17" — Oct 3d —		37
	Patching Shoe 10" — do — 12" — (26th) Soling & Heeling Shoes 75" —		97
Nov 6th	Patching Shoes 20" — (17th) Md 10" — (Dec 8th) S Shoes 42"		72
Jan 10th	Md 10" Soling & Heeling Boots 75" —		85
		2	91

Mitchell & Austin

July 20th 1851	Md 6" — (25th) Md 6" — (Aug 2d —) Md 17" —		29
Oct 21st	Capping Shoes 25", do — Soling Shoes 58" J. Austin —		83
30	Soling J Austin Shoes 58" — (Dec 12th) Heeling Shoes 20" Md 8 J Austin		86
	Patching Shoe 10" —		10
	Carried to Page 60 —	2	08

Mrs Lydia Coffin Wid of Seth

1851 Oct 18th	Soling & Heeling Shoes 67" —		67
	do " do " do 67		67
	Soling Heeling & Patching 62" —		62
	Soling Boots 50" — Patching Shoe 10 — do — 10 — Md 8" —		78
Jan 19th	Soling & Heeling Shoes 62" — (24th) Soling Shoes 42" —	1	04
Feb 16th	Soling & Heeling Shoes 67"		67
	Md 12" —		12
	Carried to Page 59	$ 4	57

To Edward C Hussey

May 17th	By Cash to Balls $4.81	4	81

Contra Cr

1852 Feb 4th	By Cash rec to Balls $2-91	2	91

Contra Cr

1852 Jan 26th	By their bill rendered $1.37	1	37

Contra Cr

	By Cash to Balls $4.57	4	57

1155
1153

57 Dr Francis G. Bunker

1850			
Sept 20th	Soleing Boots 67 — Cash Lent, $1.00	1	67
	" " " do " do 5.00	5	00
21st	Soleing Boots 67 — (1851 March 10th) Md Rubber 25		92
April 10	do 12 — Soling Boots 4/ — June 20th, Soling & Patching Boots 67	1	42
Dec 10th	Soling Boots 4/ —		67
Feb 28th	Soling Patching Boot 42 — May 1st Soling Boots 4/	1	09
1852	Soling Boot 25 — Nov 20th Soling Boot 25 —		50
Aug 14	Soling Boot 25 —		25

1851 Dr John Barnard

Nov 17th	Soling & Heeling Boot 37 — Heeling do 13 —		50
Dec 10th	Soling & Heeling Boots 75 — Heeling Boot 12 —		87
17th	Soling & Heeling Boots 75 — 1852 Jan 12th Soling & Heeling 75	1	50
Feb 28	Soling & Patching Boots 75		75
	Mend 20 — April 17th Repairing Boots 75		95
		$ 4	57
April 18th	Patching Boots 25 — 20th, Soling & Heeling Boots 5/ —	1	08
	do " — — do " do 4/6 —		75
		$ 1	83

647

1852			
Oct 26th	Soling & Heeling Boots 75 — 27th S. & Heeling Boots 75	1	50
Nov 8th	x Patching 20 — Dec 6th — Soling & Heeling Boots 75 —		95
Dec 16th	x Soling & Heeling Boots 75 — Jan 1853 —		75
	x Soling & Heeling Boots 75 — Jan 18th S & Heeling do 75	1	50
	Patching Boot 20 — Feb 15th — S & Heeling 75 —		95
19th	Soling & Heeling 75 — Soling & Heeling Boot 37	1	12
April 3d	Soling & Heeling Boots 75		75
April 11th	Patching & Sewing Boot 1/ — S & Heeling Boots 75		92
		$ 8	44
	Aug 9th Recd 8 —		8

Contra Cr

1850 Sept 20th	~~By Cash $1.00~~ Pig $4.00	4	81
1851 May 14th	Dressing 2 Bonnets @ 2/–		67
27th	By Cash 75 – June 2d, Cr 30 – June 20th By Cash $1-00	2	05
July 20th	By Cash $1-00 – 1 Pr Pants $2-00 –	3	00

Contra Cr

1852 April 17th	By Cash to Bal $4.57 — —	4	57
1852 Oct 24th	By Cash to Bal $1.83 ——	1	83

Dr Charles G Gardner

1851 April 22	Soling & Heeling Boots 5/- May 2d Soling & Heeling Boots 92"	1	75
June 2d	Soling & Patching Boot 25" June 18th Soling & Heeling Boots 5/	1	08
July 10th	Mnd Boot 25"		25
		$ 3	08
July 25th	Soling & Heeling Boots 4/- Mnd 25" Soling & Heeling 4/-	1	58
	Balls Due on Acts 8"		08
Aug 2d	Mnd 8" Aug 24th Mnd 8" Soling & Welting Boot 67"		83
		$ 2	50
Oct 18th	Soling & Heeling Welting Boots $1.25"	1	25
	Caping Shoes 17" Mnd 8" 1852 Jan 22d Soling Boots 42"		67
27th	Soling & Heeling Boots 92" do Boot 33"	1	25
Feb 25th	Soling & Heeling Boots 62" (March 4th) Soling Shoes 42"	1	04
	Heeling & Patching Boots 37" March 12th Heeling & Plugs 25"		62
	Caping Shoes 17" (29th) Soling Boots 42"		59
April 8th	Soling Boots 67"		67
1852	Mnd Rubbers 12" (20th) Soling & Welting Boots 67"		79
May 1st	Soling & Heeling Boots 62" do Mnd 6"		68
8th	Repairing Boots 25" Mnd 12" do do 12"		49
June 14th	Mnd 6" Mnd 17" (24) Soling & Heeling Boots for 75"		98
28th	Heeling & Caping Shoes 42" Soling & Patching 75 Mnd 6"	1	23
July 15th	Soling Boots 50" Aug 2d Soling Boots 50	1	00
14th	Mnd Boot 17" Sept 1st Soling & Patching Boot, 37		54
6th	Mnd 10" Soling & Heeling Boots 4/6		85
	Soling & Heeling do 4/- do 2/-	1	00
	Patching 12" Mnd 20"		32
Sept 20th	Mnd 12" Oct 4th Mnd 12"		24
Dec 2d	Mnd 5" (28th) Soling & Heeling Boots $1-00	1	05
	do do do 67	14	67
	do do do 75		75
Jan 18th	Patching Boots 25 Soling & Patching Boots 62"		87
		17	55
March 5th 1853	Patching Boat & Strap 17" Soling & Patching Boots 37		54
24	Soling & Patching Boots 87"		87
April 5th	Soling Welt & Strapping Boots 42 Caping & Sole 25		67
		2.	08
1853 May 3d	Patching Boots & Strap 20"		20
10th	Soling & Heeling Boots 4/- Soling & Patching Boots 30"		97
June 13th	Soling & Heeling Boots 75" 20th Soling & Patching Boots 3/9	1	37
July 20th	Soling & Sowing Boots 4/- Aug 8th H Shoe 13" Patching Boot 12"		92
	Soling & Heeling Shoe 31" 18th Soling & Patching Boot 50		81
Aug 24th	Soling & Patching Shoes 50" Patching do 12		62
	His Acts Carried to Page 61	$4.	89

Contra Cr

	By Cash to Balls $3..08 –	3	08
1851 Aug 5th	By Green Corn 7c –		7
Oct 18	By Cash to Balls $2.43	2	43
		$ 2	50
1852 May 1st	By Cash Recieved $5..00 –	5	00
1853 Feb 1st	By Cash to Balls $12 – 55	12	55
		$ 17	55
	By Cash to Balls $2.08 –	2	08
Aug 29th	Recieved of Abraham Wing the sum of Four Dollars Eighty Nine cents Balls of Act –	$ 4	89

59) Mrs Lydia Coffin Wd of Seth

1852 March 29th	Soleing Boots 50 — Tn do.. 2/6		92
April 20th	Soleing Boots 50 — July 5th — Soleing Boots 50	1	00
Aug 23	Md Shoes 17		17
		2	09
1852 Oct 4th	Soleing Shoe 25 — 11th Soleing & Patching Shoes 62		87
20th	Soleing & Heeling 62 — Nov 4th Md Shoe 12		74
Nov 25th	Soleing Shoes 42 — Patching Shoe 10		52
Jan 6th	Soleing & Heeling Shoes 4/ — 10th S & Patching Shoes 50	1	17
~~Jan~~ 20th	Soleing & Patching & Heeling 67		67

3 97

Dr Reuben Swain 3

1852 Feb 14th	Short Pay 7 — Md Boot 12 — do 5		24
March 12th	Soleing & Heeling Shoes 75 — Md Shoes 12		87
May 17th	Md 8 — June 24th, Md 12 — do 6		26
July 20th	Md 20		20
		$1	57
1852 Oct 24th	Sewing & Patching Shoes 17 — do 6		23
27th	Heeling Shoes & Plugs 3/ — Nov 12th Patching Boot 10		49
	Md Rubber 8 — Nov 25th, Md Rubber 17		25
	Heeling & Patching Boots 37		37

1852

Sept 20	By Cash to Balls $2-09 ——	2 09

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1852
Aug 10th

AB 496

60

Dr George M Swain

85/4
340

	(Brot from Page 53)		
1851 Dec 16th	Soling & Heeling Shoes 75		75
Jan 1st 52	Caping Shoes 17 – Soling Boot 2/		50
19th	Soling & Heeling Boot 75 – do 37 –	1	12
Feb 10th	Soling & Heeling Boot 37 – Soling & Strap. Boot 39		76
28th	Repairing Boot 17 – March 8th Soling Boots 50		67
		3	80

Dr Mitchell & Austin

	To Ballance to new Act 71		71
April 2d 1852	Md 8 – Md 6 – May 1st Heeling 8 S Shoes Daughter 42		64
June 10th	Soling Shoes 42 Oct 1st – Md 17 –		59
	to 4th Md 12		12
Nov 12th	J Austin Soling Shoes 50 – Dec 2d – Soling Shoes 2/6 –		92
19th	Soling & Patching Shoes 50 – Jan 3d S & Heeling Shoes 75 J Austin	1	25
		$ 4	23

Dr Reuben Swain

1852	Short Pay 7 – Md Boot 12 – do 5		
Feb 14th			
March 12th	Soling & Heeling Shoes 75 – Md Shoes 12		
May 17th	Md 8 – June 24th Md 12 – do 6		
July 20th	Md 20 –		
		$	

1852 Oct 24th	Sowing & Patching Shoes 17 – do 6		23
27th	Heeling Shoes & Plugs 2/ – Nov 12th Patching Boot 10 –		49
	Md Rubber 8 – Nov 25th Md Rubber 17		25
	Heeling & Patching Boots 37		37

AB 496